THE

ANTI-JACOBIN

Review and Magazine;

&c. &c. &c.

For JULY, 1800.

NOBIS AUTEM UTILITAS DEMUM SPECTANDA EST.
PLIN. EPIST.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

ART. I. *General Biography; or Lives, Critical and Hiſtorical, of the moſt eminent Perſons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions, and Profeſſions, &c.*

(Concluded from P. 146.*)*

IN examining the execution of this work, we obſerve one predominant colour of SOCINIANISM obtruding itſelf violently upon our offended eyes at every opening. Thus that death of Herod which is ſo circumſtantially related by St. Luke in the XIIth of the Acts, where we read, that "*immediately* the *Angel of the Lord* ſmote him, becauſe he gave not God the glory," when the aſſembly pronounced him a God; is retold us by Dr. Enfield, in this vitiated and Socinian manner. "He ſeemed," cries this biographer, as willing to wound, and *not* afraid to ſtrike, the very inſpiration of the Scripture, "too well pleaſed with this extravagant flattery; but *ſoon after* he was *ſeized* with a violent diſorder in his bowels, &c." The ſupernatural cauſe of all, we ſee, is totally ſuppreſſed. The Angel, who is brought forward by the Divine Hiſtory as the dealer of the blow and the diſpenſer of the diſorder, is left wholly unnoticed. The incident, itſelf, however miraculous

in its nature as following *immediately* upon the offence committed, however aſcribed expreſsly by inſpiration itſelf to a miraculous agency, is narrated by the Doctor as a merely phyſical event, and therefore as coming *ſoon after* the offence. Even all the circumſtances, attendant on his death are equally ſuppreſſed, becauſe they equally concur to confirm the miraculous nature of it. Herod did not die of any diſorder incident to man as has been abſurdly ſuppoſed by ſome, the *morbus pediculoſus*, or the like. No! "he was eaten of worms," σκωληκοσῤῥωτος, "and" ſo "gave up the ghoſt." Worms miraculouſly bred in his bowels, and miraculouſly eat their way through them; thus ending his life, not in the ſlow and lingering courſe of a natural diſorder, but with the ſteady ſwiftneſs of a miraculous one, even in the period of *five* days.* Dr. Enfield, to the confuſion of all criticiſm, and to the falſification of all Scripture, has had the boldneſs to repreſent his diſorder as a mere complaint in his bowels, and his death as the mere reſult of that.

"Aetius, a Chriſtian divine, a native of Antioch, and a Biſhop of that city, in the fourth century," we are told by Dr. Enfield, in another place, 'followed the doctrine of Arius, and advancing further than his maſter in opinions deemed by the prevailing party heretical,' actually became a Socinian like the Doctor himſelf, but 'was' therefore 'ſurnamed the Atheiſt. Aetius, who, though ſtigmatized as a contentious ſophiſt, appears to have been an able diſputant, was of opinion, that there muſt be an infinite difference between the Creator and his creature,' into one of whom the folly of Arius had already degraded the Son of God; 'and therefore maintained' with all the madneſs of Socinianiſm, 'that the Son was, in ſubſtance, altogether *unlike* the father;' though he is expreſsly declared, by the very words of God himſelf, to be 'the expreſs image of his perſon,' and to be 'upholding all things by his power'—'Conſtantius' the Emperor 'might very properly have adviſed the clergy not to diſturb themſelves, or the laity, with diſputes concerning the ſimilarity of ſubſtances, of which they could have no idea,' *however revealed by God.* Yet, to ſhow the Doctor as contradictory as he is abſurd here, he himſelf has written, juſt before, 'concerning the ſimilarity of' thoſe very 'ſubſtances;' by declaring that Aetius, who 'appears to have been an *able* diſputant, was of opinion, that there *muſt* be *an infinite difference* between' the two."

But Socinians may diſpute even with the word of God againſt them, while believers, with even the ſtrength of God,

* Joſephus ant. xvii. viii. 2. ἐφ' ἡμέρας πεντε.

founding

ſounding from Heaven (as it were) on their ſide, are to be ſilent and ſhrinking.

Of this unbecoming ſpirit, in the General Biography before us, we ſhall adduce one inſtance more. But it is a ſtrong one. And we are almoſt ſorry to ſay, that the article is equally Dr. Enfield's. It is his account of the too notorious D'Alembert, all panegyrical from beginning to end. Yet we know the man to have been actually and avowedly—an ATHEIST. "I own to you," he ſaid himſelf, in a letter of 1770, then profeſſing only his *doubts* concerning a God, "that concerning the exiſtence of God, the author of the *ſyſtem of nature*," an impudent atheiſtical work juſt then publiſhed, "ſeems too reſolute and dogmatic, and on this ſubject ſcepticiſm ſeems the moſt rational."* The man who could, at this moment, *doubt* of the being of God, muſt have ſo dreadfully debaſed his underſtanding, as to plunge into a *diſbelief* of it at the next. Accordingly he allowed himſelf to be addreſſed as a profeſſed Atheiſt, and to reply as a profeſſed Atheiſt, to the addreſs a few years afterwards; when, "at one of the ſittings" in the academy, ſaid Mr. Beauzet,

"Seeing that I was nearly *the only perſon* who *believed in God*, I aſked him (D'Alembert), how he poſſibly could ever have thought of me for a member, when he knew that my ſentiments and opinions differed ſo widely from thoſe of his brethren? D'Alembert, *without heſitation*, (added Mr. Beauzet) anſwered, I am ſenſible of your amazement—, we knew that you *believed in God*, but being a good ſort of man, we caſt our eyes on you, for want of a philoſopher,' alias an Atheiſt, 'to ſupply your place."†

What reprobation then is here ſhewn of this man's Atheiſm, and what indignation is here expreſſed againſt it? A Chriſtian, even a Deiſt, muſt ſurely ſhow the one and expreſs the other. But Dr. Enfield neither expreſſes nor ſhows. He ſpeaks only in this half-chiding tone of voice. "His (D'Alembert's) averſion to ſuperſtition and prieſtcraft," cries the Doctor, as if he was the "dimidium animæ" of the *philoſopher*, "carried him (it is true) into the region of infidelity," even into a formal conſpiracy againſt Chriſt,‡ and into an actual profeſſion of Atheiſm itſelf. Yet even this very gentle caſtigation of D'Alembert as an infidel, and this very partial ſuppreſſion of his avowed Atheiſm, are inſtantly ſoftened down to our ſpirits, for fear theſe ſhould kindle into a virtuous flame, by a declaration, that "the eccentricity of his opinions did not de-

* Barruel's Memoirs, part I. Vol. I. p. 19, 20. Tranſlation.
† Ibid. 130, 131. ‡ Ibid. 326.

ſtroy the virtues of his heart." The Atheiſt is concealed in the Deiſt, and the Deiſt is recommended to our eſteem for his virtues. In all this we behold Dr. Enfield acting a part very injurious to his reputation as a divine, very injurious to his honour as an hiſtorian. We have ſeen him declaring before, that Aetius, the Socinian of the fourth century, was conſidered, by his cotemporaries of the clergy, as an Atheiſt. And here we ſee a Socinian writing the life of an Atheiſt with a continued applauſe of him, diluting his Atheiſm into mere Deiſm, even again diluting his Deiſm with the praiſe of his virtues, thus ſinking from ſight the ſworn rebel againſt his Redeemer, and thus ſcreening from ſhame the avowed denier of the God of Heaven. We hope and truſt, that Dr. Enfield was no Atheiſt himſelf; but he certainly acts like one. He ſo acts, indeed, becauſe he writes almoſt entirely (we believe) from Condorcet's Eulogy upon D'Alembert; an eulogy of an Atheiſt written by an Atheiſt, but written at a period when Atheiſm was ſtill obliged to wear a maſk of gauze even in France. For the ſame reaſon Dr. Enfield ſuppreſſes all mention of that melancholy death, which D'Alembert ſuſtained at laſt, and in which this very Condorcet took ſo forcible a part.

" His health being recruited," ſays this biographer, ' he continued to occupy his honourable ſtation among philoſophers till the 29th of October, 1783, when, in the ſixty-ninth year of his age he expired; leaving behind him the reputation of amiable virtues and eminent talents."

Such is the death of an Atheiſt behind the curtain, drawn by the hand of a Condorcet and an Enfield! But what was it in reality and in truth? The curtain ought to be undrawn for the benefit of the public, and the agonizing countenance of the Atheiſt expoſed for the detection of the impoſture. " He died," we find from Abbé Barruel, " five years after his patron, Voltaire, who had cloſed his life in a mixed tempeſt of remorſe, of blaſphemy, and of ſupplication—

" Leſt remorſe ſhould compel him (D'Alembert) to ſimilar recantations, which had ſo much humbled the ſect; *Condorcet*," himſelf " undertook to render him inacceſſible, if not to repentance and remorſe, at leaſt to all who might have availed themſelves of his homage done to religion. When the rector of St. Germain's, in quality of paſtor, preſented himſelf, *Condorcet*, like to the devil who watches over his prey, ran to the door and barred the entrance. Scarce had the breath left his body, when the pride of *Condorcet* betrays his ſecret. D'Alembert *really had felt that remorſe*, which muſt have been common to him with Voltaire; *he was on the eve*

of

of ſending," like Voltaire, "as the only method of reconciliation, *for a miniſter of that ſame Chriſt* againſt whom *he* had alſo conſpired" with Voltaire; "but *Condorcet* ferociouſly combated *theſe laſt ſigns of repentance* in the dying ſophiſter, and he gloried in having *forced him to expire in final impenitence.* The whole of this odious conflict is comprized in one horrid ſentence: when *Condorcet* announced the deceaſe of D'Alembert, and was relating the circumſtances, he did not bluſh to add, HAD I NOT BEEN THERE HE WOULD HAVE FLINCHED ALSO."*

What a very "prince of the devils" does Condorcet here appear! and how dreadfully has Dr. Enfield been ſeduced, by this beelzebub, to ſuppreſs D'Alembert's whole life of Atheiſm; and to omit D'Alembert's whole death of horror! From ſome ſympathy of ſpirit, from ſome *conſanguinity* of ſoul, we fear, the Doctor overlooked all the evidence of Grimm, the Hiſtorical Dictionary and Barruel, to fix his eye upon Condorcet, the Atheiſt eulogiſt of an Atheiſt author.

We have dwelt the longer upon theſe articles of Dr. Enfield's, becauſe he is the principal writer in this General Biography, and becauſe he appears a wild hereſiarch in moſt that he writes. We ſhall finiſh our pourtrait of him, by one touch more of his countenance, borrowed ſtill from his own pencil. "The ſtory of his death," he tells us, concerning the notorious father of Arianiſm in the Church of God, "is related both by the hiſtorian Socrates, and by Athanaſius, but with circumſtances which very much weaken its credit. We leave it in the ſame ſtate of uncertainty in which it is left by Mr. Gibbon;" the Socinian again uniting with an Atheiſt (as ſome ſtrokes in Mr. Gibbon's hiſtory prove him to have undeniably been an Atheiſt) in not daring, indeed, to *deny* the general fact of Arius's dreadful death, becauſe this ſtands upon an immoveable baſis of hiſtorical authority; but in attempting to "weaken its credit" by petty cavils and frivolous objections. Mr. Gibbon ſays, as cited by Dr. Enfield, 'Thoſe who preſs the literal narrative of the death of Arius,'

* Hiſtorical Dictionary, article D'Alembert, p. 349. "It is true that Condorcet, ſorry to have inadvertently revealed the ſecret of his aſſociate's remorſe, ſought to deſtroy the effect of it. It is true, that queſtioned another time on the circumſtances of D'Alembert's death, he anſwered, in his philoſophic jargon, *that he did not die like a coward.* In fine, it is true, that in his firſt letter to the King of Pruſſia, in date of the 22d Nov. 1783, he repreſents D'Alembert dying with a tranquil courage, and with his uſual ſtrength and preſence of mind. But it was too late to lead Frederick into error on that ſubject, as the adept, Grimm, had already written, *That ſickneſs had greatly weakened D'Alembert's mind in his laſt moments.*" 11th of November, 1783.

and all ſurely muſt preſs it who know what "literal narrative" is, all, indeed, who can read, 'muſt make their option between *poiſon* and *miracle*.' An Atheiſt, *we* remark, could not credit the poſſibility of a *miracle*; and Mr. Gibbon has, therefore, referred the believers of the fact, to the mere operation of *poiſon*. Yet he ſpeaks not out, and Dr. Enfield ſpeaks for him; though not as an Atheiſt, but merely as a Socinian or a Deiſt, "only we muſt add," he cries, "*that* it is eaſier to believe, *that* mortified and irritated prieſts," when the only prieſts with him before or at the moment were his own partizans,* "in the moment when the man whom they had baniſhed as an hereſiarch," and who was now to be reſtored only in conſequence of a falſe ſubſcription backed by a falſe oath,† "was returning triumphantly," with this perjury and that impoſition, "into the boſom of the Church, *might*," an hiſtorical fact being thus ſet aſide by a bare poſſibility! "think it their duty to deliver her from her moſt formidable enemy; than that the Deity would, by a miracle, bring a man to an ignominious and ſhocking end, for no other offence than becauſe he could not believe in the myſteries of conſubſtantiality and eternal generation, even though revealed by God himſelf, and (as the author ſhould in common juſtice have ſaid alſo) becauſe he had juſt before added to this impiety a formal falſhood of ſubſcription with a ſolemn deed of perjury. That the man was *not* poiſoned, all the circumſtances of the narration concur to prove demonſtrably. "As he went out of the Imperial Palace,' ſays Socrates, tranſlated literally, 'he was eſcorted by the *Euſebians* through the midſt of the then city, and appeared conſpicuous to all; and when he came near the Forum called Conſtantine's,—*fear, from ſome conſciouſneſs, ſeized* Arius: with the fear, *came a relaxation of bowels*: he aſking if there was any privy near,' a ſtrong proof this, yet all unnoticed by our antiquaries, of even *public* privies being frequent *latterly* in the great cities of the empire! 'and learning there was one behind the Forum of Conſtantine, went thither. There a faintneſs ſeizes the man; and *with the evacuations then falls out immediately the ſeat*,' or great gut, 'and *a vaſt quantity of blood followed it*, and *the ſmall guts*; and blood ran out *together with the very ſpleen and liver*; he therefore died immediately." ‡

So impoſſible is it phyſically to attribute the death to the power of poiſon! We may as well attribute the death of Herod, which we *know* to have been produced by the interpoſition of an Angel, and we almoſt fear Dr. Enfield would have attributed his death, if he had dared to ſpeak out, to poiſon ad-

* Socrates 1. 38. † Idem. ibid. ‡ Idem, ibid.

miniſtered

miniſtered by the Chriſtians, St. Peter, St. Luke, and their Apoſtolical or Evangelical aſſociates. A genuine Socinian participates ſo freely of the freezing ſpirit of an Atheiſt, that he will ſtand ſtill in any poſture of idiocy, rather than move into the warming belief of a miracle. He will contradict all hiſtory, he will kick at all decency, he will convert Apoſtles into poiſoners, and baniſh God from his own univerſe, rather than admit the exiſtence of a miracle. Such is the ſottiſhneſs of man, pretending to be wiſe *againſt* the wiſdom of God! But, as Dr. Enfield proceeds with all this inhaled ſpirit of a Condorcet and a D'Alembert together,—

—" the creed which Arius, according to the report of an hiſtorian by no means inclined to favour him," Socrates, " preſented to Conſtantine, on his return from baniſhment, was not contradictory to his avowed tenets: and it is not to be credited, that, after having been for ſo many years reſolute in his oppoſition to the Catholic faith, he ſhould at once abandon his principles, even when he had been permitted to retain them, by ſubſcribing to the Nicene creed." Behold here the probity and the preciſion of the Doctor in hiſtory!" The Emperor," ſays that very hiſtorian, " willing to make a trial of Arius, ſends for him to the Palace, and aſked him if he concurred with the decrees of the Nicene Council," which averred (as we have ſeen from the Doctor before) the conſubſtantiality of the Son with the Father in the Godhead. " He readily, without any heſitation, before him *ſubſcribed the decrees concerning the faith,* but ſubſcribed them *ſophiſtically.*" He, therefore, who could " not believe in the myſteries of *conſubſtantiality* and *eternal generation,*" did formally ſubſcribe his belief to them, and did therefore ſubſcribe a creed *directly* " contradictory to his avowed tenets."

So groſsly has the Doctor here falſified hiſtory, even the very hiſtory to which he refers, in order to ſave the blaſted credit of a knave and a heretic in one! " And the Emperor, in wonder at this" ſubſcription, " *added even an oath.* But Arius *took this* alſo *ſophiſtically.*" Arius took a falſe oath. This indeed the Doctor has wholly omitted. But it is apparent in his own hiſtorian. He *ſubſcribed* and he *ſwore* to his belief of that very doctrine, which he had always oppoſed before, which he actually diſbelieved at the time, and for his oppoſition to, or diſbelief of, which Dr. Enfield has applauded him as his *continued* principles. The world, perhaps, never ſaw a man ſo bold in falſification, ſo audacious in perjury applauded by one pretending to any character as a writer or as a gentleman before. " But the manner in which he acted fraudulently, as to his ſubſcription, was this as I have heard;" that a fraud was committed by Arius in the oath and in the ſubſcription, is hiſtorically certain, and is therefore aſſerted

poſitively by the hiſtorian. But the *nature* of the fraud in *both* is ſtated upon report only; a report, however, that from its antiquity and certification comes very nearly up to hiſtory itſelf, and even comes the nearer from the hiſtorian's fairneſs, in diſcriminating the reported from the poſitive incidents. "Arius having written *his own opinion* upon a paper, they ſay, placed it under his arm-pit, and *truly* ſwore *he thought as he had written.*" In what picture of infamy muſt ſuch a juggler appear to every man of common honeſty! "That this then was ſo done," adds the hiſtorian, confirming his credibility again by his cautiouſneſs, "I hear as I am writing, that, indeed, the Emperor added even an oath to the ſubſcription, I have collected out of the Emperor's own epiſtles."* Such a cloud of darkneſs has that very hiſtorian thrown around the head of Arius, who is ſummoned by Dr. Enfield to ſhed a luſtre of light upon him; a cloud properly ſuited to the countenance, and a darkneſs congenial to the heart of ſuch a knave! Yet, "had his party prevailed during his life," as the Doctor concludes in a ſtrain that even aſtoniſhes *our* ſpirits which have been ſo long accuſtomed to his *mood* of wildneſs, "*there can be no doubt* [but] that after his death *his name would have been enrolled among the ſaints.*" Could a Condorcet or a D'Alembert have ſpoken with more ſpite againſt the Chriſtians? Yet even this ſpite is exceeded by what follows. "Having had the *misfortune* to be regiſtered by the *church*, which *called itſelf orthodox* among heretics," he means, regiſtered among heretics by the church which called itſelf orthodox, "he can only be found by poſterity in *the humbler liſt* of *honeſt men.*" We have often heard of the popiſh canonization of knaves; but we here behold a Socinian, a deiſtical, an atheiſtical one; we behold a man in deſpite of hiſtory, of acknowledged hiſtory, of plain ſubſtantial facts in it, one therefore confeſſed as the meaneſt and the loweſt of knaves, obtruded upon the world for an honeſt, becauſe he was an heretical man, the natural ſaint of fraudulence either Arian or Socinian, the very dæmon of Deiſm, the very genius of Atheiſm.

Theſe remarks we could continue upon others of Dr. Enfield's articles. But we withhold our hand. We have ſingled out theſe, indeed, to ſhow the malignant purpoſes of him, who was the original projector of the work, we believe, and appears the principal executor of it at preſent. Nor can Dr. Aikin be ſcreened from the ſcandal attached to ſuch articles. He has publiſhed all the collected malignity of the other. We

* Socrates I. 38.

cannot

cannot refrain therefore from expreſſing our hopes, with exception only to one or two articles by Dr. Aikin, that a Biography ſo drawn up, ſo publiſhed, ſo groſsly contradictory to the truths of hiſtory, upon record, and ſo violently offenſive to the feelings of Chriſtianity in our boſoms, may be treated with the indignation which it juſtly merits from the public.

ART. II. *Sketch of the Life and Literary Career of Auguſtus Von Kotzbue; with the Journal of his Tour to Paris, at the Cloſe of the Year* 1790. Written by himſelf. Tranſlated from the German by Anne Plumtree. To which is ſubjoined an Appendix, including a General Abſtract of Kotzbue's Works. 8vo. Pp. 334. Symonds.

THE celebrity which the works of this author have procured to him hath made him an object of public attention, not only on the Continent, but even in this country; indeed, to ſuch a height has admiration been carried among us, that a ſtagnation of *original genius* ſeems to have taken place in our own dramatic writers, and the brighteſt of them has been content to ſhine in a few plumes plucked from the gaudy offspring of the German poet.

In the works of a writer ſo much read, ſo much imitated, there muſt be an extraordinary degree of merit, although we confeſs, it is not of that deſcription to which we are inclined to allow ſuch ſingular pre-eminence. We wiſh to ſee great abilities devoted to other purpoſes than to degrade religion under the appearance of hatred to ſuperſtition, to decry all legitimate authority under the pretence of expoſing tyranny, and to ſanction the gratification of the moſt ardent of human paſſions, under the flimſy veil of ſentimental love. The moſt enthuſiaſtic of his admirers, we think, will not deny that ſuch are the evident purpoſes of many of Kotzbue's dramas. But we will not here anticipate the obſervations we ſhall have occaſion to make on his various writings in the progreſs of this article: he begins thus——

"As an author I have received my abundant ſhare of applauſe and abuſe, and ſince both have been frequently alike undeſerved on my part, it may, perhaps, not be wholly uſeleſs to thoſe young men who are ambitious of treading the ſame ſlippery path to receive inſtruction from a veteran."

After a few pages of delight at the renewal of infant ſcenery, he proceeds to detail ſome of the events of his earlier years; of the care which his mother took of his education he ſpeaks in the moſt grateful terms.

"She

" She engaged tutors for my inſtruction, young divines, who, while anxiouſly waiting, till, in quality of their godly vocation, they ſhould be called to the care of a flock, made me feel moſt heavily the weight of their ſhepherds crooks. They, indeed, ſpared no pains, within the ſphere of correction, to make a moſt hopeful ſheep of me, &c. &c."

Under tutors of this deſcription, he did not, it appears, make much progreſs; but being afterwards removed to the Gymnaſium at Weimar under Muſæus, he proceeded in the common courſe of inſtruction obſerved there; excluſive of the learned languages, of which he ſpeaks ſlightly, he applied himſelf to poetry, and the drama with all his native ardour. From his infancy, it ſhould ſeem he was devotedly attached to the theatre, and this attachment was infinitely increaſed by the opportunities which he had of attending that amuſement at Weimar, and the ſociety of ſome eminent writers with whom he was acquainted. All this is given in a playful and entertaining manner. We are not ſurprized to find *him* thus writing of the famous Goethe.

" I cannot find words to deſcribe the overpowering emotions excited in my ſoul, by this *wonderful, philoſophical,* romance.* From that moment, I conceived ſo enthuſiaſtic an attachment to its author, that, at his requeſt, I would even readily have run my hands into the fire to ſeek for his left ſhoe-buckle!!"

When an author is thus capable of faſcinating the mind, and alluring it to ſuch unlimited obedience, can it be ſaid that the doctrines of his work are not miſchievous, and deteſtable in the extreme? And under ſuch impreſſions, was not Kotzbue a fit recipient of illuminiſm? With a mind of ſuch a texture it is not wonderful that " logic" ſhould be " miſerable," that lectures on " univerſal hiſtory" ſhould be " dull," and that he ſhould feel an " inveterate nauſea" for all he learnt at ſchool. At ſixteen he became a ſtudent at the great academy at Jena. Here he ſtudied Latin under Weideberg, and French under Boulet; but he neither diſcontinued writing verſes nor acting plays. After one year's reſidence at this place, he paid a viſit to a ſiſter at Duiſberg; and even there he was not ſatisfied without a private theatre. Actors were eaſily to be found, but where to find a room? " This little town, as is commonly the caſe with little towns, was enveloped by a thick cloud of prejudices." They were at length relieved from their difficulty by the fathers of the Minorets, who accommodated them with a room in the convent. This compliance

* Werter.

affords

affords the author an opportunity of railing at the ſeverity of the Proteſtant clergy in Germany, and of comparing their ſtrictneſs with the liberality of the Monks. He thus wittily, for we preſume it was ſo meant, concludes his obſervation:

"Hell indeed is equally their bugbear for frightening their deluded creatures, but with them* there is ſtill ſome hope of eſcaping from it; whereas with the Proteſtant, 'tis once there, always there. In ſhort, whoever is deſtined to fall into the hands of a prieſt, will ſtand a much better chance with a Monk than a ſuperintendant."

In 1779 he returned to Jena, and applied, "with tolerable diligence, to ſtudying the law." He thus characterizes the profeſſors of Jena:

"The old H——, who entertained his audience with ribaldry, the dry S—— who never in his life produced but two jokes, which he was continually repeating, and at which nobody laughed but himſelf; the proſing taſteleſs W——, and the worthy but uncouth Sch—— were my preceptors.

Had theſe been ſo many *players*, in what different terms would he have deſcribed them! Impartial Kotzbue!

About this time he compoſed a tragedy, called "Charlotte Frank:" and he gives a ludicrous account of his own perſonification of one of the characters. This was ſoon followed by a comedy, called "Wives a la Mode"—neither of theſe pieces we have ſeen.

He finiſhed his academical career at Jena, by taking the character of an opponent at a doctor's degree. Soon after which he returned to Weimar and was admitted an advocate—"and here," ſays he, "while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myſelf a zealous client of the Muſes."

In this place he continued, enjoying the ſociety of his friend Muſæus, until the year 1781, when he went to Peterſburg. It does not appear in what capacity he viſited the Ruſſian capital; but, according to his tranſlator, he was for ſome years Preſident of the High College of Juſtice, in the territory of Eſthland. During his reſidence in Ruſſia, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, called "Demetrius Czar of Moſcovy." He made Demetrius "a true Prince," but having, by an Ukaſe of Peter I. been declared otherwiſe, the play was not permitted to be acted, until he (the author) had, in his own perſon, made a ſolemn declaration that he was "convinced of Demetrius's impoſture." He ſoon after produced a comedy, called "the Nun and the Chamber Maid," and a romance entitled "the

* Monks.

Sufferings

Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg;" "the Hermit of Formentera;" and "Adelaide of Wulfengen," were ſoon after written. Of the former we know nothing; of the latter we only know that it is the moſt deteſtable and miſchievous production which, in theſe days of miſchief, has fallen under our notice. A variety of other works, of a different nature, (ſome actually executed, ſome half done, and others only in meditation) ſucceeded. In the autumn of 1787, he was ſeized with a dangerous illneſs, during which he wrote "Miſanthropy and Repentance," and the "Indians in England;" the latter we have not ſeen, the former has appeared in this country in the ſhape of the "Stranger."

In the year 1789, his prolific pen produced the "Virgin of the Sun," the "Natural Son," and "Brother Maurice the Humouriſt." The firſt and ſecond of theſe pieces have been prepared for Britiſh palates by Mr. Sheridan, and Mrs. Inchbald, as "Pizarro," and "Lovers Vows."

We cannot omit the following anecdote: "At the time when Miſanthropy and Repentance" was played very frequently at Vienna, the following ſquib was one morning found in the Emperor Joſeph the IId.'s audience chamber: "In this place is performed daily *miſanthropy* WITHOUT *repentance*." We agree with Kotzbue that this "ſarcaſm" was both "ſevere and unjuſt."

The remainder of his literary life conſiſts of a relation of minute circumſtances of perſonal intereſt, and a ſpecification of the time when ſome other of his works made their appearance.

It has been not an uncommon opinion, that the political ſentiments of Kotzbue had a tendency to democracy; for our own parts we do not perceive, from the work before us, that he has any fixed principles at all on the ſubject. When any particular occaſion offers itſelf to call forth his ideas on religion and government, he rather expreſſes himſelf entirely from his own immediate feelings, ariſing from the actual circumſtance, than makes them ſubſervient to, or regulated by, any fundamental or permanent principles on ſuch important points; indeed, on the ſubject of religion, he treats all deſcriptions with equal contempt; and ſeems never to have recovered the diſguſt which he imbibed at the long ſermons in the Caſtle Church at Weimar.—Individually ſpeaking, it matters not to us what ideas he may entertain privately on the ſubject; but it does concern us, in common with the reſt of the Chriſtian world, to reprobate, in the ſtrongeſt terms poſſible, the preſumption and audacity of any writer who thus, *ex cathedrâ*, pronounces all the world, except himſelf, to have

lived

lived hitherto in a ſtate of deception and ignorance, and who thus inſults the underſtanding and feelings of thoſe who have held ſuch ſubjects as ſacred. That Kotzbue has done this in many parts of his works we have no ſcruple in aſſerting; and for having done it, notwithſtanding the juſtneſs of his claims to brilliancy of dramatic and poetic powers, we feel ourſelves compelled to doubt the ſoundneſs and ſtrength of his underſtanding, and to execrate the frivolity and capriciouſneſs of his principles.

The life, of which we have endeavoured to give the reader ſome idea, is contained in 110 pages, and is followed by what he terms his "Flight to Paris." This event took place immediately after the death of his wife, in the autumn of 1790. The illneſs and deceaſe of his Frederica are deſcribed in the moſt impaſſioned and affecting terms; but, though gratifying to him to have written, it would be tedious to tranſcribe. He travelled in a public carriage, the account of which is certainly ſuch as would deter a ſtranger from purſuing the ſame route, and is given with much vivacity and humour.

His deſcription of Frenchmen and French manners, at this period, is done with equal truth and ability.

"Here," ſays he, meaning Paris, "and every where, there is ſuch an eternal ringing of changes upon liberty, and whatever has any relation to it, that it is really fatiguing. Our hair-dreſſer, who is a member of the national guard, and a moſt zealous democrat, never calls the King any thing, but *le pauvre homme*, and the Queen is commonly *la coquine*, *la miſerable femme du Roi*; if he be in a particularly complacent humour, however, then it is *la femme de Louis Seize*; and if in a particularly ſarcaſtic one, then *la femme du pouvoir executif*."

The following anecdote we do not remember to have ſeen before.

"Some days ago a dreadful ſcene took place at the Opera. The piece performed was Iphigenia. At the chorus, *chantons, celebrons, notre reine*, the Ducheſs of Biron, and ſome others in the neighbouring boxes, clapped, and applauded extremely, and called *encore! encore!* which is not uſual at the Opera. The performers, however, ventured to repeat the chorus, when the Ducheſs threw a laurel wreath upon the ſtage. This was enough, and more than enough, to rouze the people's fury. They hiſſed, they cried, they gave the Ducheſs very opprobrious epithets; they got oranges, apples, and pears, both hard and ſoft, and pelted her ſo that her box was ſoon like a fruit ſhop, and ſhe herſelf all over bruiſes; fortunately a knife that was thrown miſſed her. Some among the populace, more wanton than wicked, brought in a bundle of rods to chaſtize her before the eyes of the whole public. She had ſufficient preſence of mind to keep her ſeat

ſeat, and to let them go on with perfect compoſure. Had ſhe quitted the box, they had probably broke into the ſaloon, and, had ſhe attempted to ſay a ſingle word, or to make an offenſive geſture, they had probably broke into her box. At length all was quiet. The Ducheſs had all the apples, pears, and oranges, and above all, the knife, collected together, and ſent them the next morning to the Marquis de la Fayette, with her compliments, and ſhe had ſent him ſome *ſtriking* teſtimonies of French freedom, which ſhe requeſted him to offer upon the altar of liberty in her name."

Kotzbue had the following anecdote, he ſays, "from very good authority :"—

"When the Duke of Orleans was at Court on New Year's Day, and was ſtanding to warm himſelf by the chimney, one of the courtiers ſaid to another, in a half-whiſper, yet taking care that the Duke ſhould over-hear him, *What buſineſs has that Ravaillac here?* The Duke however was ſo prudent as to turn a deaf ear to the remark."

On the 4th of January he quitted Paris; and on the 12th arrived at Mentz, where this "flight" ceaſes. The whole of his viſit to Paris is extremely entertaining, interſperſed with a great variety of amuſing and pleaſant relations on the ſubject of the Theatres, the National Aſſembly, &c. &c. all given in a lively and animated manner. The work concludes with "ſome account of a Theatrical Inſtitution at Reval," which appears to have been a private theatre where gentlemen and ladies performed for the benefit of the poor, and "a general ſketch of Kotzbue's books." We ſhall here, for the preſent, finiſh our notice of this work, as it is not improbable but that our attention may again be called to it.

It is but juſtice to ſay that the tranſlation is very well performed.

ART. III. *A Refutation of ſome of the more Modern Miſrepreſentations of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers; with a Life of James Nayler.* By Joſeph Gurney Bevan. *Alſo (by permiſſion of the Society for Sufferings) a Summary of the Hiſtory, Doctrine, and Diſcipline of Friends.* 8vo. PP. 124. Phillips. London. 1800.

OUR readers cannot have forgotten, that our firſt attack upon the Quakers was occaſioned by their refuſal to contribute to the defence of their country by voluntary donations, at a time when the general ſenſe of the nation ſanctioned the neceſſity of ſuch contributions. The reaſons aſſigned by the Quakers in ſupport of this refuſal appeared to us not only frivolous but falſe; and, at the ſame time, wholly incompatible with a due

diſcharge

discharge of their political duties as subjects. Hence arose an investigation of their principles and conduct, and a partial kind of controversy, which has been, for some time, dropped.

Whoever maintains a controversy with this extraordinary sect labours under a disadvantage to which he would not be exposed in a controversy with any other description of persons whatever. For no sooner is a charge brought home to any of their leaders, than they have recourse to some pitiful subterfuge or evasion, sometimes denying the authority of such leader, at other times calling for documents of which they know the existence but believe that their opponents are not in possession of them, and, not unfrequently, opposing new editions of books (from which passages, detrimental to their cause, have been treacherously expunged) to the original copies. In other instances, they deny that men, who have always passed for Quakers throughout life, are really members of the society. Thus a Quaker who signs himself *Examiner*, contends that JOHN WALKER, Author of the Elements of Geography,* which we had occasion to expose in a former volume, was not a Quaker. From all the enquiries which we have made on the subject, from the information of his fellow-students, and his intimates, it appears that he always wore the dress, assumed the manners, professed the principles, and attended the meetings, of the Quakers. Yet we are told that he is *not* a Quaker! But we must be excused, however, if, on such a subject, we prefer the testimony of Mr. Walker himself to the assertion of an anonymous correspondent.

It is this constant propensity to evasion which creates a natural disgust in the mind to the continuation of a controversy with such opponents. That disgust, however, must be surmounted. We have taken great pains to obtain possession of all the publications that can throw a light on the principles and conduct of the sect, and the trouble and expence which we have bestowed on this object have not been unsuccessful. While we acknowledge that the sect contains a number of upright characters, who act up to the principles which they profess, and conduct themselves with the strictest propriety

* We must avail ourselves of this opportunity to announce to our readers, that a new, very large, edition of this work (thanks to the praises of the Monthly Reviewers!) has been recently published. We earnestly recommend it to fathers of families, and masters of schools, to examine it with attention, in order to ascertain whether the profligate parts of it, which we pointed out as eminently calculated to corrupt the minds of the rising generation, have been expunged, before they put it into the hands of their children and pupils. *Whoever omits this duty is a traitor to his trust.*

through

through life, it is with concern that we have obſerved the growth of Jacobinical principles among its members, and, of late, an extraordinary zeal in procuring converts. We do not conſider the late legacies of a Quaker to the preſent LORD MAYOR and Mr. SHERIDAN, as deciſive proofs of the exiſtence of ſuch principles in the mind of the teſtator, any more than we regard the broad brimmed hat, and other external characteriſtics of Quakeriſm, as certain indications of inward humility; but they ſerve to ſhew a certain political bias, which, by many of the ſect, is carried to a dangerous exceſs. To thoſe who are acquainted with their hiſtory, there will appear nothing new and extraordinary in this aſſumption of political conſequence by the Quakers; but others, who, with the late Serjeant Adair, thought them a harmleſs, inoffenſive, perſecuted people, like Bayard of old, exempt from reproach, and even like Waſhington, as painted by the pencil of adulation, *ſpotleſs*, *immaculate*, may, poſſibly, be induced to conſider it in a different light. Be that as it may, the conſiderations which we have ſuggeſted will fully juſtify us in paying, to the pamphlet before us, more attention than the ſubject, at firſt ſight, ſeems to claim, or than the intrinſic merit of the book itſelf can poſſibly deſerve. It is written in the uſual way of the ſect; and, it will appear, from our obſervations, that it might, with more propriety, be denominated an evaſion of facts, than a detection of miſrepreſentations.

In the introduction,* P. 1, it is ſaid "many of the miſrepreſentations are now only remembered or heard of, by the anſwers which were given to them." If ſo, where was the need of the preſent "Refutation?" The very contrary appears to be far more apparent, ſince every perſon at all converſant in controverſial Divinity, muſt know, that almoſt the whole of the jargon, put forth by the early Quakers, is now only remembered by the very able and complete "REFUTATIONS" which they *received*, even to their utter diſavowal and concealment by the party whoſe cauſe they were deſigned to plead.† And

* An advertiſement informs the reader that "an anſwer is given for ſo much of Dr. Hawes's "*New and Impartial Hiſtory of the Church of Chriſt*" as contains erroneous aſſertions reſpecting the Society of Friends or any of their early Members, by a particular or virtual diſcuſſion under ſome of the heads into which the pamphlet is divided." The *nature* of Quaker anſwers we ſhall have occaſion to conſider, and an account of the *orthodox* Doctor's work will be given in its proper place.

† *Many* inſtances occur, where not only *ſelect paſſages* have been deſignedly OMITTED, but *whole works* bought up and DESTROYED, to prevent the future expoſure of their ſhame. Nor is the old Fox forgotten

And agreeably to this, it is even said, at P. 2, that "the tracts, which, on particular occasions, have been published by their authors, either to elucidate their doctrines, or defend them, seldom attract notice enough to be much purchased, out of the pale of their own society." A very notable instance of self-contradiction! *usual* with the Quakers.

The author then sets out with a pompous arrangement and pretended examination of the several accounts given of the society, by *Mosheim*, *Hume*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and their fellow fanatic *Wesley:* while he as carefully omits those of many others. We shall therefore follow the author's plan, and begin with "MOSHEIM."

At P. 4, he says, 'in P. 29, line 2,' "the Quakers are said to have made use of their pretended inspiration to excite the most vehement commotions in Church and State," and then modestly adds, "now I appeal to the page of English History, and DEFY *any man to shew*, that in the State, *any* commotions were *ever* excited by the people, much less (IF *that were* POSSIBLE) through *design*." But why does he artfully omit to mention the *Church*, in his challenge? We will, however, endeavour to help his recollection by the appeal which he challenges, and thence point out *some* of those *many* instances which he "*defies* any man to shew." Thus we shall see how far the FRIENDS were *deficient* in design or execution, ability or inclination: shewing, the "possibility," by *proving* its "*reality*," and done under the "*pretence*" of immediate "*inspiration*."

First, then, we shall remind him, that the *monstrous* BLASPHEMIES of FOX, NAYLER, and OTHER QUAKERS *their* followers, as Milner and others, occasioned a petition to the Council of State, from the *gentlemen*, *justices*, *ministers*, and *people* of the county of Lancaster, whose names were sub-

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forgotten by the young Cubs. *Proofs* of these may be seen in Leslie's Works, Vol. II. P. 103, *& seq.* against the *government:* and P. 451, *& seq.* against the *church*. With their artifice of calling for the *original* copy after twenty years circulation of *each copy*, as "*the word of the Lord*;" a tacit acknowledgement of their falshood, either way. A true Quaker dilemma! So well aware of this practice, was Mr. L. that, at P. 108, he tells his opponent "I set it down *thus particularly*, because the friends may know, that it (the original) is still in being, and in the hands of those who will *watch* the NEW *editions* of Fox's Works," (for it was even their *champion*, that was thus mutilated by his followers) "that they shall neither *add* nor *diminish* without being *told* of it: *because* great pains have been taken to get it out of their hands who are disaffected to their cause," &c.

ſcribed, as may be ſeen at large in Leſlie's Works, Vol. ii. P. 25, and then direct his attention to the *Mittimus* by which GEORGE FOX was ſent, with *another* FRIEND, to the Derby houſe of correction, *for* BLASPHEMY, as may be ſeen in Bugg's Works, P. 181, and Sewell's Hiſtory of the Quakers, P. 24.

"The petition ſheweth, that GEORGE FOX, and JAMES NAYLER are diſaffected to religion, and the wholeſome laws of the nation; and yet, ſince their coming into this country, have broached opinions tending to the deſtruction of the relation of SUBJECTS TO THEIR MAGISTRATES, *wives to their huſbands, children to their parents, ſervants to their maſters*, CONGREGATIONS TO THEIR MINISTERS, and of *a people to their God, &c.*

"The Mittimus is addreſſed to the Maſter of the Houſe of Correction in Derby, greeting, we have ſent you here withal, the bodies of G. Fox, late of *Manſfield*, in the county of Nottingham, (ſhoemaker!) and JOHN FRETWELL, late of Staniſby, in the county of *Derby*, huſbandman, brought before us this preſent day, and charged with the avowing, uttering, and broaching of divers *blaſphemous* opinions, contrary to a late act of parliament: which upon their examination before us, THEY *have* CONFESSED.* Theſe are therefore to require you, &c. Given under our hands and ſeals this 30th day of October, 1650."

GEORGE BENNET.
NATH. BARTON.

So much for their *champions*, FOX and NAYLER. We will now proceed to others, and refreth the author's memory again, with an indictment for other of his *peaceable* friends as related in Sewell, P. 345. "The jurors for our Lord the King, do preſent, upon their oath, that ARTHUR FISHER, late of the pariſh of St. Olave, in the borough of Southwark, in the county of Surry, yeoman: NATHANIEL ROBINSON of the ſame, yeoman: JOHN CHANDLER of the ſame, yeoman, and OTHERS, being wicked, dangerous, and SEDITIOUS SECTARIES, and *diſloyal* perſons, and above the age of ſixteen years, who, on the 29th day of June, in the year of the reign of our Lord Charles the ſecond, by the grace of God, King, &c. the 14th, have *obſtinately* refuſed, *and every one* of them hath obſtinately refuſed to repair into ſome church, chapel, or uſual place of common prayer, according to the laws and ſtatutes of the kingdom of England, in the like caſe ſet forth, &c. To wit, on the third day of Auguſt, in the year of the reign of the ſaid Charles, &c. in the pariſh of St. Olave, aforeſaid, in the Borough, &c. of themſelves, did *voluntarily* and

* See Fox's Journal P. 33.

unlawfully

unlawfully join in, and were preſent at an unlawful aſſembly, conventicle, and meeting, at the ſaid pariſh, &c. *under colour and pretence*" (obſerve the *pretence* is ſpecified) "of the exerciſe of religion; *againſt the laws* and ſtatutes of this kingdom, &c. in contempt of our ſaid Lord the King that now is, his laws, and to the evil and *dangerous example* of all others in the like caſe, offending againſt the peace of our ſaid Lord the King, &c. his crown and dignity, and contrary to the form of the ſtatute in this ſame caſe ſet forth and provided."

Alſo another for *William Penn*, and other *peaceable* friends by the *hundred*. The indictment containeth, according to Sewell (P. 479) "that WILLIAM PENN and WILLIAM MEAD, with divers other perſons, to the number of THREE HUNDRED, at *Gracechurch Street, in London*, on the 15th Auguſt, with *force and arms*," (which we thus ſee they can uſe *when convenient*) "TUMULTUOUSLY aſſembled together, and that WILLIAM PENN, by agreement between him and WILLIAM MEAD, had preached there in the public ſtreet, whereby was cauſed a great *concourſe and* TUMULT of people, &c."

What will the author now ſay to his challenge? Did he not *expect* it by artfully forbearing to name the Church again? If theſe inſtances are not ſufficient to confound and *abaſh* his temerity, we can eaſily furniſh more: but the general *notoriety* of thoſe adduced are abundantly *ſufficient* to *ſubſtantiate* the charge, "*wilfully exciting commotions in the Church.*"

We will now advance a ſtep further, and after naming the *puniſhment* of Nayler (being pilloried and bored through the tongue, with an hot iron) for blaſphemy, as may be ſeen in Buggs's Works, P. 250, and Sewells's Hiſtory, P. 136, give ſome other proofs from the exploits of their champion.

"Fox was moved to go into Beverly Steeple Houſe, and ſpeak in the *mighty power of God*, which was *ſo ſtrong*, that it ſtruck a mighty dread among the people: and while he was at *Juſtice Hothams*, a woman from Beverly attributed this to an Angel or Spirit, which afterwards paſſed away, and they did not know whence it came, or whither it went. Then I (*Fox*) gave an account that I was at the Steeple Houſe *that day*, declaring the truth." Journal, P. 55. 1651.*

In *another* Steeple-Houſe, *Fox* was "moved of the *Lord God*, to ſay to the Dr. — *Come down thou deceiver:*" he alſo adds, that "the prieſt, amazed, ran away, and he ſpake to the peo-

* This was kept ſecret till 1694, and *not* publiſhed until that time. It was alſo communicated to Bugg, by *the juſtice* himſelf. See *hidden Things brought to light*, in Buggs Works, P. 179.

ple. Journal, P. 56. 1694. "At *York Minſter* he was *moved of the Lord*" to ſpeak to Prieſt *Bowls*, and his people "from *the Lord*, ſaying *this is the word of the Lord.*" But, very properly, they did *not* believe him, on *his own* authority, according to the forewarning of our Lord againſt *deceivers:* for he acknowledges, "they hurried him out, and threw him down the ſteps." "Yet," he modeſtly adds, "the very groans from the *ſpirit of God* in me, opened the people, and ſtruck them to the heart, whereby many were convinced, and owned the groans reached them." Journal, P. 57, 1694.* Again, "the word of the Lord told him to go to the Steeple-Houſe: the prieſt diſcourſed with him, but he ſtopped him, and *made* him ſilent." Journal, P. 58, 1694. † "Another prieſt ſent to me to diſpute. Friends went with me, but the prieſt ſlipt out of the houſe, *and hid* himſelf *under a hedge.* Then I went to the Steeple-Houſe Yard, but the prieſt fled" (what *twice* at *one* time?) "*for* THE LORD'S POWER came over both prieſt and people, ſo that it was *a dreadful* thing to them, when it was told them THE MAN IN LEATHER BREECHES IS COME." Journal, P. 60, 1694‡. "At Oram, I was moved to go to the Steeple-Houſe, where the prieſt had got another to *help* him, but both *fled away.*" Journal, P. 64, 1694.§ "A trooper ſitting in the Steeple-Houſe, hearing the prieſt, great trouble came upon him, *and the voice of* THE LORD unto him, ſaying, *doeſt thou not know that my ſervant G. Fox is in priſon, go to* HIM, *for direction*, ſo I ſpake to his condition, and his underſtanding was opened." Journal, P. 45, 1694. ‖

So much for the *irriſtible power*, and *divine authority* of THE MAN WITH LEATHER BREECHES!

Theſe are ſurely ſufficient inſtances of the QUAKERS *diſturbing* the peace of the CHURCH; and being taken from the *Journal of G. Fox*, muſt be undoubted authority for *them.* Proofs, not *only* of their diſturbance, but of that *preſumptuous*,

* This was done in 1651, but kept ſecret like the other.

† Done in 1651, and kept ſecret till 1694.

‡ Said to be done in 1651, and publiſhed 1694.

§ Done in 1651.

‖ Done in 1650. See alſo many parallel caſes in the Journals of other fanatical enthuſiaſts as *Whitfield, Weſtley, Swedenbourg, Romiſh Legends, &c.* A compariſon is alſo drawn (in Pugg's Works, P. 180) between the *Quakers and Jeſuits*, and indeed they are more nearly related than the Quakers are willing to own, being founded on the *myſtic* ſchiſm, and continued by correſpondence from Penn, &c. as we ſhall have occaſion to mention in ſpeaking of their origin, in "the ſummary," &c.

blaſphemous,

blasphemous, and *lying* spirit, by which they were produced; and also evinced in the dreadful *doctrines* they broached, which will be considered in an examination of the "summary of discipline," &c.

Other instances of blasphemy are also given in the persons of *Fox*, *Nayler*, *Whitehead*, *Smith*, *Love*, *Burroughs*, &c. &c. in Bugg's Works, P. 340, and for the assumption of divine titles and equality with God, Christ, &c. in Leslie's works, Vol. II. P. 25. In one instance, Fox says of a *witness* brought to *prove* his blasphemy, "I called the accuser *Judas*, and told him, that Judas's end should be his: *that was the* WORD OF THE LORD AND OF CHRIST, *through me to him:*" and adds, "this Judas shortly after hanged himself." This being designed to shew God's judgements against their adversaries, as attested in several instances, named in Bugg's Works, P. 345, is happily contrasted by the same author, at P. 348.* For many similar instances, see Fox's Journal. Some also went into Churches and through the streets *naked*, besmeared with *fæces*, as *Solomon Eccles*, *Thomas Holmes*, *Daniel Smith*, *Mary Collinson*; the *wives of Adlington*, *Nuby*, *&c.* See Leslie's works, Vol. II. P. 268. Such was the *practice*, and we may see how it was continued by the *principles* disseminated, for it is well known the *female* Quakers *laboured* and *travelled* in more ways than one! See Bugg's Works, P. 207, &c. enforced by others, for the advice and encouragement of the followers in the same path of *abuse* against the CHURCH and Clergy; which does and must, as truly characterize "disturbing the Church" (for which it was *expressly* done) as an alienation of the subject from lawful obedience, marks *rebellion* and *treason* in the STATE. The following examples, therefore, shall be extracted (like the former) from *their own* works. For say they,

"*First of all*, our mouths were opened, and spirits filled with indignation against the *priests*, and with them, and against them, we *first began the war*—as the foundation of all wickedness, deceivers, Anti-christs." And this first work we entered upon, to lay open their shame.† "But what sayest thou, *O Church of England*, open thine

* A copious list is given of suicides by Quakers, and accidents happening to them in the commission of various sins, as *drunkenness*, *fornication*, *adultery*, &c. &c. also of punishments, for treasonable plots against the government; supplying the enemy with lead for bullets, &c. &c. in the persons of *Langborn*, *Brown*, *Rust*, *Pits*, *Chambers*, *Bolton*, *Green*, *Coveny*, *Yates*, *Russel*, *Phillips*, *Upsher*, *Atkinson*, *Willibee*, *Moon*, &c. &c.

† Edward Burroughs's Works, P. 30 to 34. Printed, 1654, in 4to.

thine eyes, and behold, &c. what monſters (i. e. Biſhops,) thou haſt generated in thine adulterous womb. I will try thee, an adulterous harlot, ſet up in the midnight of apoſtacy. Thy witchcrafts, (here let it be remembered that the *Quakers* accuſe all thoſe of witchcraft who ſpeak not by *inſpiration!*) and Sorceries, thy *common prayer* is ſeen to be conceived in thy adulterous womb, and to branch from the pope's eldeſt ſon.* Hear and conſider ye *Biſhops, Deans, Prebendaries, Vicars, Curates,* and ALL *Prelaticals.* You muſt all come to the bar." † "The purity of the Church is out of

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4to; in 1672, folio. Nayler had previouſly been an independent, but was rejected for his *blaſphemy*, and *wantonneſs* with the *wife* of Mr. Roper; declaring it as his mind, that he might LIE *with* ANY *woman* of the ſame opinion. An *authoriſed* whoredom! *Fox, Cater,* &c. choſe more privacy: as was *proved upon oath,* the firſt bedding with *Margaret Fell* in Newgate, and forbidding any to diſturb them: the latter debauching the ſervant of Richard Jobſon at Huntingdon, telling her it was *no ſin for them*: and alſo *Margaret Everard* upon the ſame plea; which he afterwards publickly vindicated. Other proofs are alſo given of *baſtards* by George Smith of Ely, his wife living, &c. &c. as may be ſeen in Bugg's Works, P. 208 and ſequel. A *rape* by Henry Pickworth, ſecured by a *warrant* from *Chriſtopher Berriſford*, Eſq. Juſtice, but made up for five pounds, as certified by *Thomas Barns*, P. 455, with other examples, in *William Warwick*, who kept a woman, *Thomas Thurſton*, pretending the ſpirits direction to ſeduce the governor's wife, as he did. The woman publickly alledging this reaſon at their meeting. *John Moon* dying of lues, &c. at P. 487. See alſo Leſlie's Works, Vol. II. P. 382. *Chriſtopher Atkinſon* and *Robert Letchworth* hanged for felony. See Buggs's Works, P. 349. Many other inſtances are recorded in Bugg's Pilgrim's Progreſs *from* Quakeriſm *to* Chriſtianity, 4to. chap. 14. P. 136 and ſequel; and at P. 140, a curious account is given of George Smith's conduct reſpecting his baſtard's birth: giving five pounds to have it removed twenty miles diſtant: placing it at nurſe, in the name of another man (Robert Turner) and *cheating* CHAPMAN of part of the money to be given for the writings. Bugg alſo adds, in P. 141, "I am the larger on this head, &c. becauſe he is alive, and able to juſtify himſelf by law." And, at P. 143, "I could enlarge much more on this head, as in the caſes of *Thomas Rudyard, Thomas Biddle, Elizabeth Wooly*, &c. &c. but with the author of tyranny and hypocriſy, P. 51, I ſhall ſay—*It is ſo full of obſcenity and prophaneneſs that love to the profeſſion of religion forbids its publication.* With an account of the innocent laſſes and daughters of Sion, mentioned in *Mucklow's* book, "The Spirit," &c.

* The writer ſeems not aware of his own relation to the pope as ſtated in note ſeven, or that *every* tenet of our admirable *Common-Prayer* was eſtabliſhed as apoſtolical *before* the Roman Catholic Church exiſted.

† W. Smith's Works, P. 164, printed 1663.

fight,

ſight, &c. as they confeſs, they have no health in them, &c.* Come, tell me, ye of the Church of England, admirers of Univerſities, Church Government, Littanies, &c. with other *dirty traſh* and foul ſuperſtition.† Stand up and anſwer me, ye members of the Church of England, are they not of popiſh generation.‡ Alas! poor ſouls, are you not at, your *Lord have mercy upon us*, from 7 to 70, § to the *ſhame and deſtruction* of human ſociety, equalling, if not outſtripping Papiſts and Heathens, &c. I am not of the world, W. PENN."‖

"The PRIESTS are twining ſerpents, filthy beaſts, *no* PRAYERS *can we ſend, but for their deſtruction.*¶ You are children of the devil, blaſphemers, ſlanderers, vipers; *you are damned curſed for the fire.* Sons of perdition, reprobates, adders, whoſe fair gloſſes of Scripture muſt go into the lake.** Hypocrites to whom the *plagues of God are due*: WE WITNESS that CHRIST IS IN SATAN'S CHAINS. For *deſtruction you are ordained*, into the lake, eternally, Luciferlike, &c. You feed upon *duſt*, which is the *Scriptures. You are* CURSED OF GOD.†† Your cup is the cup of devils, and your table, the table of devils, &c. How can ye eſcape *damnation?* Ye are anſwered from the mouth of the Lord.‡‡ The ſword of THE LORD is drawn *againſt you all*, and ye *cannot* eſcape, it *ſhall be upon you*, howl all ye prieſts, &c. plagues are coming upon you. The LORD OF HOSTS HATH SPOKEN IT. Joyful days, ye ſaints, joyful days ye righteous ones, freedom from all hirelings, &c." §§

The *Quakers* here ſeem *ſinging* and *dancing* for joy. Theſe quotations ſufficiently prove *what* ſpirit they are of, and that they not only *did* diſturb the church, but would have *overthrown* it by every means of *blaſphemy*, *murder*, and *perjury*.

In other ſpecimens, they ſay, the prieſts "are conjurers,‖‖ thieves,

* Alluding to this *ſcriptural* expreſſion in our liturgy. The parable of the Phariſee and Publican are too obviouſly applicable here, to be *miſ*-applied.

† An *attempt* to invalidate that diſcipline and order enjoined by the apoſtle, which the Quakers ſo much deſpiſe and *want*.

‡ See note 7.

§ This is an alluſion to our litany, as oppoſed to their doctrine of *perfection!*

‖ Truth exalted (or rather *belied*) by W. Penn. P. 8, 9; printed 1671.

¶ A proof of their *charity* and *love*! For more examples, ſee Leſlie's Works, Vol. II. P. 96 and Bug's Works.

** This will appear to be the Quakers picture of THEMSELVES.

†† News coming up, &c. P. 13.

‡‡ *Their* Truth's Defence, by G. Fox, and R. Hubbertherne; printed 1653, P. 14 to 16; 22 to 25; 27, 49 to 61; 80 to 84; 99; 101; 107, &c.

§§ News out of the North, by G. Fox. 1655, P. 27; 3[illegible]

‖‖ Let it be here remembered that Fox calls all thoſe conjurers who do not ſpeak *from the mouth of the Lord.* See his Saul's Errand, P. 7, 1654.

robbers, anti-chriſts, witches, devils, babylon's merchants ſelling beaſtly ware; the Scriptures, wolves, dogs, blood hounds, graſping after your prey, like the mouth of hell, barking like ſodomites, woe, woe, woe is your portion, and of your upholders, &c.*

"I ſpeak of you all, therefore FLAMES, FLAMES of fire is prepared by THE LORD, to *conſume* YOU as dry ſtubble: ſuch as you are, are not paralelled by *any thing* that draweth breath. GOD's *everlaſting decree is* ſealed againſt YOU. *Burnings, burnings, burnings,* with unquenchable fire, is *your portion* from the LORD GOD *of Heaven and earth.* How *dare you* preſume to *frame a God* to worſhip, *under the name* of goſpel-worſhip, and Chriſtian miniſtry, in ſtone-houſes called churches." Obſerve, "GOD PRAISES GOD, his praiſe and worſhip for ever, is, FROM THEE UNTO THEE." A pretty ſpice of the Quakers divinity! "O, I have ſeen eternity; I have ſeen eternity; O the plagues, &c. to be poured upon this wicked nation both prieſts and people. The Lord God hath ſpoken it, and he will not repent. A terrible portion of the *plagues* of GOD ALMIGHTY are you PRIESTS to have *above all others.* GOD ETERNAL hath ſpoken it. You have reaſon to be ſilent, and ſtop your mouths, and *ſit down contented to be thus ranked and paralelled,* which is truth, and no ſlander, and ſo I finiſh my teſtimony concerning you:"† with a ſpecimen of prophecy and command!

This (from *an abundance*) will ſurely be ſufficient to *prove* the QUAKERS *good intentions* towards the CHURCH and CLERGY, and how very averſe they *were* (and, indeed, *are* from profeſſing and teaching theſe principles) to excite any diſturbance in either. How *amicable* their ſpirit, how *dove-like* their tenets, how *fearful* of offending, how true and loyal. Surely, as Mr. Norris ſays, "*they are ſuch a bitter*

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* A brief diſcovery, &c. by Fox, Nayler, Aldham, Nicholſon, Harwood, and Lawſon. 1653, P. 7, 8 and ſeq.

† E. Burroughs's Works, Epiſtle, P. 30 to 34; printed 1654. 4to. 1672, folio. In a work, entitled Melius Inquirendum, by G. Whitehead and Rd. Claridge, P. 278 and ſeq. printed 1706, the clergy are called Pagan preachers, and Ethic lecturers from Tully, Seneca, &c. as pleaſing *better* than *the* BIBLE; *forgetting* they had called the Scriptures *duſt, dung, ſerpents, meat,* a *deadly poiſon, rotten foundation, an idol, not teaching to worſhip God,* &c. &c. (ſee Bugg's Works, P. 57) and blamed the prieſts for feeding upon them, or teaching from them. Excellent proof of *unanimity* in the Quaker doctrines, and ſample of their *infallible* ſpirit. Might not *they* bluſh, at the pagans here condemned. Surely they will be condemned *by* them, as our Bleſſed Lord hath foretold. Who having greater light, are "two-fold more the children of hell." "*Such* ſhall receive the *greater* damnation."

foul-

foul-mouthed ſect, that it would be a bleſſing if they were ſpeechleſs," believing, "the archangel received *better* language from the *devil* himſelf, when diſputing about the body of Moſes: they are truly *deſpiſers* of that wiſdom above, which is firſt *pure, peaceable, gentle*, and admiring that from *below*."*

So much for their "*juſt* and *lawful* trial of the miniſters," as this is called in Burroughs's Works.

Having thus conſidered their *good intentions* towards the CHURCH, and how much more eaſy it is for the author to "*defy*" proof than to repel it, we ſhall proceed in our next, to exhibit ſome few inſtances of their conduct reſpecting the STATE.

(To be continued.)

ART. IV. *An Eſſay on Military Law, and the Practice of Courts Martial.* By Alexander Fraſer Tytler, Eſq. Advocate, and Judge-Advocate D. of N. Britain. 8vo. Egerton. 1800.

WERE there in our Journal a department entitled, *The Reviewers anticipated*, we ſhould in that department conſider the work before us. Its "object being to exhibit the military law as a part of the laws of the land, enacted by the ſame authority, enforced by the ſame power, and reſting on the ſame foundation of juſtice, good policy, and humanity," it requires no great ſagacity to anticipate the character which will be given of it by thoſe *humane* critics, who are perpetually lamenting the miſeries of war, and groaning over the ſtate of ſlavery in which the ſoldier lives. But this is not the greateſt of our author's offences. He has dared to queſtion the authority of Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir William Blackſtone; to plead for the lawfulneſs of occaſionally *atchieving conqueſts*; and even to vindicate a *ſtanding army in the time of peace.* What a deſerter of *the rights of man!* But, let him ſpeak for himſelf.

"The foundation of the military or martial law is, that which is common to all law whatever,—the neceſſity of things. As from the condition of human nature, no ſtate can ſubſiſt without occaſional warfare, it was an early diſcovery in political œconomy, that a body of profeſſional ſoldiers *was* much better fitted for attaining the ends both of ſecurity and defence, and the atchieving of conqueſts, (which a neceſſary policy, at times, muſt juſtify) than thoſe temporary forces which *were* raiſed by occaſionally embodying and arming a portion

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* Norris on the Divine Light, p. 19.

of

of the citizens. War is a ſcience which is not to be attained in any meaſure of perfection, without a regular initiation in its elements, and a long and uninterrupted exerciſe of its duties. Moreover, as there is in all liberal profeſſions an *eſprit du corps*, or general character of the body, which is known to have the moſt admirable effect in cheriſhing the laudable, and in ſuppreſſing the faulty or degenerate temperaments of the individuals which compoſe it, the principle of honour, which is the general character of the military order of citizens, could not have had its full operation, unleſs the military vocation had ſtood diſcriminated from all others, and ranked as a profeſſion which *gave* to its members an appropriate character and name in civil ſociety.

"Expediency, therefore, and the wiſeſt policy having rendered the military condition a regular profeſſion in all civilized nations, it became neceſſary that this body of men, who, from their number, *were* capable of becoming either a powerful inſtrument of good, or a formidable engine of evil, ſhould be regulated by certain laws, excluſively adapted and proper to their ſtate. It was requiſite that they ſhould act with regularity, with promptitude and unanimity; and for that purpoſe it was eſſentially neceſſary that they ſhould feel themſelves perpetually under the ſtricteſt ſubordination, and yield the moſt perfect and abſolute obedience to the command of their leaders. For this purpoſe, a ſacrifice of a greater portion of the perſonal liberty of individuals is neceſſary in the profeſſion of a ſoldier, than in any other of the employments of civil life; for without that ſacrifice the army could not for a moment be kept together. Neceſſity, therefore, requires that certain reſtraints ſhould be impoſed on all the ranks of men who compoſe the military force of the State, which are foreign to the condition of other citizens. But when it is conſidered for what a noble end thoſe ſacrifices are made, no leſs than the ſecurity, peace, and welfare of the whole community, and that, in themſelves, they infringe not on any one eſſential ingredient of rational liberty, or the moſt comfortable enjoyment of life; when it is conſidered that thoſe trivial reſtraints are moſt amply compenſated by the wiſe, humane, and bountiful proviſions that are made for the ſoldier, after he is releaſed with honour from the fatigues of his profeſſion, and the immunities and privileges he enjoys in that title, above all others of his fellow-ſubjects; there is no man poſſeſſing a liberal or well-conſtituted mind, who will complain of the hardſhips of the military profeſſion, far leſs arraign its peculiar regulations of inexpediency or injuſtice."

This is ſo directly contrary to the illuminized philanthropy of the preſent day, of which the profeſſed object is to ſet mankind free from every reſtraint, civil, military, and religious, that we ſhall be much ſurpriſed, indeed, if it be not attacked by a hoſt of critics. Such of theſe critics as are maſters of their buſineſs will ſhove the book into a corner of their monthly catalogue, that their readers may be induced to ſuppoſe it unworthy

unworthy of minute attention; others will probably declaim againſt it, in general terms, as a miniſterial publication; but they will all avoid an examination of its reaſonings, for theſe reaſonings are unanſwerable. Such treatment as this, ſhould he meet with it, will not much ſurpriſe the author; for he ſeems to have expected nothing better, when he wrote the following paragraph:

"Theſe remarks I mean not to addreſs to our modern advocates for the *natural* and *impreſcriptible rights of man*, thoſe benevolent apoſtles of liberty, who, in their zeal for the happineſs of the whole human race, overlook and utterly diſregard all the inferior ties of ordinary patriotiſm; the predilection for one particular country above all others, the reſpect for its laws the duty of obedience to its government, the partial affection for its conſtitution. Of this enlightened ſpecies of philanthropy, it is an eſſential doctrine, that the military condition, which hitherto, in every civilized nation, has been held as honourable, dignified, and manly, is a ſtate of the moſt unjuſt, intolerable, and debaſing ſervitude.

"But if, with theſe generous advocates in the cauſe of humanity, I wave all argument (and that for the beſt of reaſons, becauſe we hold no common principles of reaſoning on which the argument could be conducted), it is with real concern, that I am compelled to notice, and, in ſo doing, widely to diſſent from the opinions of authors of a very different claſs, indeed, from thoſe alluded to."

Theſe authors are Sir William Blackſtone, and Sir Matthew Hale; the former of whom thus expreſſes his opinion of Martial law.*

"Martial law, which is built upon no ſettled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its deciſions, is, as Sir Matthew Hale obſerves,† in truth and reality, no law, but ſomething indulged rather than allowed as law. The neceſſity of order and diſcipline in an army is the only thing which can give it countenance: and therefore it ought not to be permitted in time of peace, when the King's courts are open for all perſons to receive juſtice according to the laws of the land."

After beſtowing very liberal but merited applauſe on Sir Matthew Hale and Sir W. Blackſtone for their profound knowledge of the *civil laws* of their country, Mr. Tytler obſerves, of this paragraph, that it "teems with error, with inconſiſtency, and with miſrepreſentation. The principles of military law," ſays he, "are as certain, determinate, and immutable, as are the principles of the common and ſtatutary law, which regulate the civil claſſes of ſociety.—The martial law is a code of regulations for the maintenance of order and diſcipline in the army. The mutiny-act and the articles of war,

* Comment. book i. ch. 13.

† Hiſt. C. L. c. 2.

which

which contain the rules of that diſcipline, are framed by the joint will and co-operation of the two Houſes of Parliament and of the Sovereign, the legiſlative and executive powers of the State; and the obſervance of theſe rules is enforced, either by plain, ſpecific, and fixed penalties appropriated to each offence, where ſuch offence is of a poſitive nature admitting of no gradations, or [the penalties] are left, in certain caſes, where the offence admits of degrees of criminality, to the deciſion of a jury, in other words, of a court-martial. With what juſtice or propriety the military law can therefore be ſaid, in the words of Judge Blackſtone, to be *entirely arbitrary in its deciſions*, every impartial mind will determine."

Having ſhewn that the *Bill of Rights* itſelf declares a ſtanding army, in time of peace, if with the conſent of Parliament, to be legal and conſtitutional, our author replies to the concluding ſentence of the paragraph quoted, by putting the following pertinent queſtions:

"Can the common and ſtatute law, adminiſtered in the King's ordinary courts, apply to, or take cognizance of, breaches of military diſcipline? Are the civil courts competent to the trial of deſertion, mutiny, diſobedience of orders, inſolence to ſuperior officers, breach of arreſt, falſe muſters, &c.? Are theſe tribunals veſted with the power of puniſhing cowardice? Or does the common and ſtatutary law reach the nameleſs and undefinable offences ariſing from that turpitude of conduct in the ordinary occurrences of life, which the military code moſt emphatically deſcribes as *unbecoming the character of an officer or a gentleman?* Yet without ſome power which is adequate to the reſtraint and correction of all thoſe [theſe] deviations from the duty of a ſoldier, the army could not exiſt for a ſingle day."

Sir W. Blackſtone who ſeems to have paid very little attention to the military ſtate and the laws by which it is governed, expreſſes his regret that the ſoldiery "ſhould be reduced to a ſtate of ſervitude in the midſt of a nation of free men; for Sir Edward Coke, ſays he, informs us, "that it is one of the genuine marks of ſervitude, to have the law, which is our rule of action, either concealed or precarious: *Miſera eſt ſervitus, ubi jus eſt vegum aut incognitum.*"

In reply to this groundleſs lamentation, our author aſks, "where is the country here alluded to, where the military law is either vague and precarious, or unknown? Surely it is not Britain. Can that law be termed *vague* or *precarious*, which conſiſts but of a very few ſimple regulations, deliberately enacted by the whole branches of the legiſlature; renewed, it is true, in their binding obligation from year to year, but ſcarcely undergoing even the moſt trivial alteration? Can that law be termed concealed or *unknown*, which receives not only the ordinary promulgation of all other acts of the legiſlature, by its entry in the printed ſtatute-book; but which muſt, by poſitive regulation,

regulation, be repeatedly inculcated on the memory of every individual of the military profeſſion? for the articles of war, the ſubſtance of the military code, muſt be read at the head of every regiment once every two months. How then can it be, with juſtice, aſſerted, that this law is either concealed or precarious? Such poſitions are equally abſurd as they are miſchievous. It gives me pain to make theſe remarks on a few particular notions of an author, for whoſe opinions on the general doctrines of the law, I have, in common with the world, the higheſt reſpect. But I plead here the cauſe of the Military profeſſion, which is injured and degraded through actual ignorance of the nature of its eſtabliſhment and laws."

This cauſe he pleads with complete ſucceſs, proving that martial law, ſuch as it is deſcribed by Hale, and marked by Blackſtone, has now no exiſtence in Britain; that the mutiny act, which is the foundation of the preſent military code, is more truly the act of the people than any other ſtatute of the realm; that the ſoldier is liable to no penalties not decreed by this act, but ſuch as are of a ſlight and ſubordinate nature; and, in a word, that the military law, far from being a ſet of anomalous " and arbitrary regulations, is a wiſe, humane, and liberal ſyſtem, built on principles as fixed and permanent, and reſting on a baſis of as undiſputed legality as the common and ſtatute laws of the land, of which in reality it forms a part."

We have dwelt ſo long on this introductory chapter, by which we have been at once entertained and inſtructed, that we muſt poſtpone our remarks on the great body of the eſſay to a ſubſequent Number of our Journal. We cannot, however, take our leave of the author at preſent, without noticing a few inaccuracies in his language, which, though they ſink into inſignificance, when compared with his ſound principles, legal knowledge, and logical reaſoning, it may be worth his while to correct in a ſecond edition. Two of theſe we have pointed out in paſſing, and have only to add to them, that the verbs *was*, *were* and *gave*, which, in the firſt extract, we have printed in Italic characters, ſhould be *is*, *are*, and *gives*. It was not an early diſcovery that a body of profeſſional ſoldiers *was*, at a period *prior* to the diſcovery, better fitted for attaining the ends of ſecurity and defence, &c. but that ſuch a body *is at all times* better fitted, &c. Again, when ſpeaking of the good effect of the *eſprit du corps*, Mr. Tytler ſurely does not mean to ſay that the operation of the principle of honour depends upon the military vocation ranking as a profeſſion, which, at ſome indefinite paſt time, *gave* to its members an appropriate character; but upon its ranking as a profeſſion, which *gives now*, *gave always*, and ever *will give* to its members ſuch a character. The verb, therefore, ſhould in both

theſe

theſe ſentences be the tenſe which Harris calls the aoriſt of the preſent. The ſame objection lies to the uſe of *were* in the beginning of the ſecond paragraph: the members of the military body now *are*, ever *were*, and ever *will be* capable of becoming either a powerful inſtrument of good, or a formidable engine of evil. Theſe are, undoubtedly, blemiſhes in ſtyle; but blemiſhes ſo trifling, that he who can put them in balance with the beauties of the compoſition, muſt be conſidered, we will not ſay as *dull*, but as a rancorous Jacobin.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ART. V. *Practical Obſervations on the Revelation of St. John.* Written in the Year 1775. By the late Mrs. Bowdler. 8vo. 5s. Pp. 104. Robinſons and Hatchard. London. 1800.

IN the whole courſe of our literary labours, we have never found ourſelves more fully rewarded, than in the peruſal of the publication before us. It may, perhaps, have gained more upon our hearts, from ſeeing not only the religious parent training up her offspring in the love of God and the knowledge of his word, but from being able to trace the effects of theſe early inſtructions through the progreſſive manners and habits of children, who have fulfilled every expectation, and who have exhibited the tracts of *their Eunice's* education in the face, and to the bleſſing of ſociety.

We know not, indeed, how to comment on a work which we would recommend to general notice, and in which, could the ſevereſt criticiſm diſcover any errors, it would be at once diſarmed by the avowal, and the motives of its truly chriſtian author for writing it. We will tranſcribe this paſſage as it ſtands ſubjoined to the preface of its amiable editor, and who thus (unconſciouſly we believe) brings an additional proof to many others, in the poſſeſſion of the public, of the juſtice of our reflections.

"As what I have written muſt remain after me, or not anſwer the purpoſe for which it is deſigned, I think it due to the modeſty of my ſex, and the humility of a chriſtian, to declare the motives which made me firſt enter on ſo bold an undertaking. I little thought to have ſet up for a teacher; but God, who has been pleaſed to bleſs me with a numerous family, has thereby made it my duty to inſtruct them; and that more eſpecially in the holy ſcriptures. Were men born, as ſome have imagined, with capacities ſufficient of themſelves to know and underſtand the truth, inſtruction were not only needleſs but raſh, as tending to prejudice young minds; but my own experience, as well as that of others, has

has convinced me this is not the case. The mind of man is a blank, and if care be not taken to fill it with useful knowledge, it will fill itself with trifles. Prejudice of education is absolutely unavoidable. He who is taught, is commonly prejudiced in favour of what he has learnt; he who is untaught, is as really prejudiced against even the most evident truths, merely because he is unacquainted with them. Reason unassisted will never teach man his duty; and the instruction of the parent was doubtless the design of Providence. The use of reason is to apprehend what is taught, and to rectify, when strong enough, the mistakes of education. That my children may be enabled to do so, is the chief reason why I have ventured to put my thoughts in writing. Had I only instructed them by word of mouth, my opinions would have grown familiar, perhaps have been adopted as their own; and, if erroneous, would thereby be more tenaciously retained; whereas, by leaving those opinions in writing, I give them opportunity, not only to examine them by themselves, but to call in the advice of more able persons. That I may have made many mistakes, is probable; but I hope my endeavours will be mercifully accepted by Him whom alone I ought to seek to please; to whom be glory now and for ever. Amen."

We will now resume the purport of our author, which seems to have been, to draw forth from a store-house of faith, little resorted to and less used, materials of practical utility—to fit the pattern of heavenly things to earthly realities—to shew that the whole book of the Apocalypse, beginning and ending with the work of redemption, was in all its parts so far intelligible, as to relate to events in which every human being was interested. And although many of them were sealed up till the mystery of God should be finished, though the song of triumph, the wrath of the nations, the reward of the saints, and the final reign of the Almighty, were terms to which no definite meaning could be affixed; yet proclaiming, as they did, the triumph of Christ over sin and death, the protection of the faithful, and the destruction of his enemies, they still taught us the consolations of hope, and the blessings of repentance: they inculcated the lesson of charity and brotherly love, and brought us before the throne of mercy to worship our God, our creator, our redeemer, and sanctifier. Through a series of prophetic warnings, they uniformly guided us to our great deliverer, and under every emblem, in every symbolical representation, the church of Christ was called upon to witness, and to receive the unbroken promise of her Saviour—*Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*

We wish not, in any sense, to detract from the merit and the labours of those, who have ventured to break the seal of prophecy, nor can we call it an idle curiosity to endeavour to look, as far as we are able, from the past and present, into future

future times, and from the things that are, to reaſon, with humility and cuſtom, on the things which ſhall be hereafter. But we may ſafely alledge, that from the erroneous calculations of ſome, from the raſhly-formed conjectures of others, or from poſitions, which, in the courſe of events, commentators have been forced to abandon, many have reſted ſatisfied *of their inibility to comprehend* this divine revelation. Inſtead of patience and ſubmiſſion to the will of God, ſo finely expreſſed in the character of the Lamb, and of thoſe who are his, inſtead of being warned of the dangers they are to encounter, and of feeling themſelves called upon, as they are, from the very beginning of theſe viſions, patiently to endure the ſufferings whereby their faith is to be tried, many have ſhut up the teſtimony of Jeſus, as if it were not written in the book, or as one in which they had no immediate concern. Of this error, worſe in its conſequences than the moſt miſtaken interpretations, let thoſe who have fallen into it, judge from the following judicious obſervations of our author.

"Another virtue taught us by a general view of the things contained in this book is vigilance. We are apt to conſider this revelation as an account of things to happen ſome time or other, towards the end of the world, but which concern not us. This is the way in which moſt men conſider theſe things; and therefore, if they read theſe prophecies at all, it is with the utmoſt unconcern and inattention; but ſuch men are ſurely very much miſtaken. The prophecy takes in all times from the birth of that child, who, under different ſimilitudes, is the great object here ſet before us; it gives an account of events happening in ſucceſſion, occupying a long courſe of years, but all concurring to one great end, the triumph of the Meſſiah; and, as the conſequence of that, to the final recompence of the wicked and the juſt, after a ſtate of trial, in which all muſt have a ſhare. We are warned of the coming of Chriſt as a thief in the night; and as the preciſe time was never told, and yet all ages have ſeen ſome or other of the events preparatory to his coming, all have been, and are, ſtrictly required to "watch;" and "ſo much the more, as we ſee the day approaching."

To a mind, however, ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the truths of the goſpel, as was that of our author, looking with the eye of faith to the full completion of prophecy, and to that glorious and approaching conſummation, when the ſigns of his Saviour's coming ſhall appear, as the Chriſtian's redemption draweth nigh, it was impoſſible but that ſhe ſhould place before her glowing imagination, the divine picture of things, and apply many of its peculiar ſcenes to the circumſtances around her:—to the corrupted ſtate of Chriſt's church, to the falſe doctrines that had crept in, and to the infidelity that would

would grow out of them, to choke the word of truth, to obſerve the brightneſs of religion, to counteract the principles of ſanctification, and, finally, to render of none effect, and to trample under foot the blood of the holy covenant.

Anticipating this dread event, and beholding the progreſs of a careleſs and ſinful world, ſhe catches, one might almoſt ſay, a ray of light from the ſpirit of prophecy, and her ſuppoſition of what might happen is now become a prediction verified, or daily verifying before our eyes.

"It is well known, ſays ſhe, "that the encroachments of the biſhops of Rome have tended to degrade that miniſtry which themſelves call ſacred; and it is too apparent, that the ill-conduct of many of the clergy, in all churches, has made their miniſtry contemptible; it is plain, alſo, that the ceremonies of religion are diſregarded, and the truths of the goſpel confounded with the errors of ſuperſtition. May not, then, a time come, when the prieſthood being ſet aſide, the outward frame of the Chriſtian church overturned, and wickedneſs triumphant; all, whether Papiſts or Proteſtants, Greeks or Mahometans, may unite under the pretended banner of reaſon, falſely ſo called, and require all men to blaſpheme, that is, to deny that worthy name by which we are called, or at leaſt to abſtain from ſuch petitions, as the churches of Britain, and other Chriſtian churches, addreſs to Chriſt as God, which to them muſt appear idolatrous? And could any thing but a miracle revive the church from ſuch a ſtate, and reſtore the faith and worſhip, ſet forth in this book, as the true worſhip of God through Chriſt? Former times would have heard with aſtoniſhment of ſuch a ſuppoſal; but when we already ſee the divinity of Chriſt conſidered as a matter of mere ſpeculation, and the knowledge of Chriſt ſet aſide in the inſtruction of children and ignorant perſons, becauſe they cannot underſtand the abſurd diſtinctions of metaphyſics; can we ſuppoſe, that Chriſtians thus uninſtructed will be ſtedfaſt in their faith, and ready to lay down their lives, or ſuffer torments, as the firſt Chriſtians did, only that they may not deny a doctrine which they are taught to regard as a matter of indifference? Will they, who never took up the croſs of Chriſt, but have ſpent their lives in pleaſure or the purſuit of gain, or have united both in one, will theſe forſake father and mother, and all that they have, to follow a ſuffering Saviour into deſerts or to priſon? No; ſuch perſons ſuppoſe themſelves to be Chriſtians, but in times of temptation fall away. Error is like a thick cloud at a diſtance, on the top of a hill; we look upon it with a kind of horror; but the more we approach, the leſs we are afraid of it; we grow familiarized by degrees, and when inſenſibly we are got into the midſt of it, we think it nothing but a miſt, which we may go through without danger, though its pernicious damps are all the while affecting our very vitals. Chriſtians who live as we do, grow ſtrangers to the doctrine of the croſs, and will ſcarcely bear to read

of the times of perſecution; yet ſuch once more may be the caſe; ſuch may be their trials. The religion of Deiſts, or of Socinians, is repreſented at preſent as the friend of freedom, as benevolence itſelf; but ſee it once armed with power, and the church of England will then probably be charged with idolatry; the worſhip of Chriſt will be as much ridiculed as that of ſaints, and her ceremonies equally deteſted with thoſe of the church of Rome; while weak Chriſtians, grown familiar with the latter by frequenting the churches abroad, will not know how to diſtinguiſh between the one and the other; and the Papiſts themſelves, at the ſame time, ſeeing the abſurdity of their favourite doctrines, will probably give up all at once, and meet their former perſecutors, and thoſe whom they uſed to perſecute, in the wide plain of infidelity."

But it is time to forbear making any further extracts from a work wherein our obſervations, were they to be continued, could conſiſt of little elſe. We truſt that thoſe we have already produced will be ſufficient to excite more than a deſire, in every Chriſtian reader, of peruſing the whole. And with the goſpel of truth in his hands, we know of no comment more calculated to animate virtuous intention, to arm the mind with fortitude, to excite a holy fear, to perfect love in obedience, and to prepare us for our laſt great ſummons to the preſence of the God of truth, than this little tract, which we hope will gladden many a parent's heart, and make many other children wiſe unto ſalvation.

ART. VI. *The Satires of Perſius.* Tranſlated by William Drummond, Eſq. M. P. 8vo. PP. 111. Wright. London. 1797.

AT the preſent period of polite literature, a high rank ſeems to be aſſigned to the poetical tranſlators of the claſſics; and not without reaſon. He who can make an ancient poet ſpeak a modern language, as if that language were the poet's own, ought, doubtleſs, to ſhare the fame of his original.

"In offering to the public a new Engliſh verſion of Perſius (ſays Mr. Drummond) my object has rather been to expreſs his meaning clearly, than either to tranſlate his words literally, or to copy his manner ſervilely."

This certainly is the object (or ought to be the object) of every poetical, nay, of every proſe, tranſlator. But, we expect more. In addition to perſpicuity, we expect eaſe, elegance, ſpirit, and harmony: and we expect all this in ſtrict union with

with fidelity. Nor do we admit of the ſlighteſt amplification. The tranſlator muſt not forget himſelf: whenever he becomes a paraphraſt he is no longer a tranſlator.

"As the tranſlator of Perſius, I have ſometimes thought it neceſſary to poliſh his language. Even Dryden found the expreſſions of this author too much forced to be literally tranſlated; and he obſerves, with more truth than delicacy, that his verſes are ſcabrous and hobbling.

"What Dryden judged too rude for imitation, the critics of the preſent day will probably think I have been prudent in not copying. I have generally, therefore, followed the outlines; but I have ſeldom ventured to employ the colouring of Perſius. Where the coarſe metaphor, or the extravagant hyperbole debaſes, or obſcures the ſenſe in the original, I have changed or even omitted it; where the idiom of the Engliſh language required it, I have thought myſelf juſtified, in abandoning the literal ſenſe of my author; and laſtly, where the bold hand of the Roman ſatiriſt has torn the veil, which ought, perhaps, for ever to have concealed from mankind the monſtrous and unnatural crimes of Nero, I have turned the attention of my readers to reflections leſs diſagreeable, and to objects leſs diſguſting.

"Some, I know, there are who think that in tranſlation not a thought of the author ſhould be loſt, and not one added to him. Such readers I ſhall not often pleaſe."

As a tranſlator, Mr. Drummond will never pleaſe ſuch readers; but, as a poet, he may. And, whenever he has been obliged to omit a thought of his original, or to add a ſentiment of his own, he ought to have pointed out the paſſage in a note, and to have ſpecified the circumſtance that forced him, even momentarily, to drop his character. The immoral tendency of a paſſage, indeed, is the only excuſe for the omiſſion of it. For any additions to the original no ſatisfactory apology can be offered.

"I muſt obſerve, (continues Mr. Drummond) that of all kinds of poetry, ſatire is the moſt difficult to tranſlate with fidelity, and yet with elegance. The epic, the tragic, or the lyric poet, ſpeaks to the heart, or to the imagination; and his ideas may be expreſſed in almoſt every tongue. What language but can convey the ſublime, paint the beautiful, or expreſs the pathetic!

Here we can, by no means, agree with our author. To be able to tranſlate ſatire with fidelity, a perfect knowledge of the original is neceſſary: to tranſlate it with elegancy, an intimate acquaintance with the tranſlator's own language and refined taſte is required. We admit theſe to be indiſpenſable qualifications. But who can tranſlate an epic, a tragic, or a lyric poet, unleſs his knowledge of his own language, and that

of his original, and his taſte, however refined, be accompanied with imagination, and ſenſibility, and genius? "What language (aſks Mr. D.) but can convey the ſublime, paint the beautiful, or expreſs the pathetic?" — But, who is the man, ſo richly gifted as to be a maſter of the *poetic* language—as to poſſeſs the "Os MAGNA SONATURUM"—"the WORDS THAT BURN?" Thouſands there are capable of tranſlating a Juvenal or a Perſius, to one, who can tranſlate Homer, or Æſchylus, or Pindar, or the ſublimer Odes of Horace. Notwithſtanding Weſt's fine Odes, Pindar has never yet been tranſlated. Mr. Gray has enriched our poetry with ſeveral tranſlated paſſages from Pindar equal to the original; for the mind of Pindar was his. But where ſhall we find a *ſecond* GRAY? We might proceed in this manner to the other Poets; but our Editor (more powerful than Apollo) *aurem vellit*; and we muſt confine our attention to Mr. Drummond. The prologue is ſpirited and harmonious.

F. "Ceaſe, ceaſe to dream. The golden age is o'er,
And mortals know thoſe happy times no more,
When Pan with Phœbus piped upon the plains,
When kings were ſhepherds, and when gods were ſwains.
Plain common ſenſe, thank Heaven, has baniſh'd long
The age of fable, and the reign of ſong.
No cities now diſpute the ſacred earth,
Which haply gave ſome favour'd poet birth;
Affairs of empire no Auguſtus quits
To judge with critics, or unbend with wits:
The world's great maſter might ſweet verſe admire,
Might love the Muſe, and liſten to the lyre;
Might ſeek the feſtive board, where Horace ſung,
And learn what accents fell from Maro's tongue.
Our Sovereign Lord, avenging Europe's wrongs,
Turns not his thoughts from politics to ſongs.
Alas, poor bards! fled are thoſe golden days,
When monarchs' ears were tickled by your praiſe.
Be wiſe, my friend,—the uſeleſs lyre reſign,
Forget Parnaſſus, and forſake the Nine."

As a fair ſpecimen of Mr. Drummond's abilities, in the character of a tranſlator, we ſhall lay before our readers a part of the third ſatire from the original, together with * Mr. Dryden's and Mr. Drummond's Verſions.

SATIRE III. *The Philoſopher and Diſciple.*

"Nempe hæc aſſidue. Jam clarum mane feneſtras
Intrat, et anguſtas extendit lumine rimas:

* We do not poſſeſs Brewſter's Verſion, but it is held in high eſtimation.

Stertimus

Stertimus indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quinta dum linea tangitur umbra.
En quid agis? ſiccas inſana canicula meſſes
Jamdudum coquit, et patula pecus omne ſub ulmo eſt.
Unus ait comitum: verumne? itane? ocyus adſit
Huc aliquis, nemon'? turgeſcit vitrea bilis:
Findor: ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.
Jam liber, et bicolor poſitis membrana capillis,
Inque manus chartæ, nodoſaque venit arundo.
Tunc queritur, craſſus calamo quod pendeat humor,
Nigra quod infuſa vaneſcat ſepia lympha;
Dilutas queritur geminet quod fiſtula guttas.
O miſer; inque dies ultra miſer, huccine rerum
Venimus? at cur non potius, teneroque columbo,
Et ſimilis regum pueris, pappare minutum
Poſcis, et iratus mammæ lallare recuſas?
An tali ſtudeam calamo? cui verba? quid iſtas
Succinis ambages? tibi luditur: effluis amens.
Contemnere, ſonat vitium percuſſa, maligne
Reſpondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
Udum et molle lutum es, nunc nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus ſine fine rota: ſed rure paterno
Eſt tibi far modicum, purum et ſine labe ſalinum.
Quid metuas? cultrixque foci ſecura patella eſt.
Hoc ſatis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quod Tuſco ramum milleſime ducis,
Cenſoremne tuum vel quod trabeate ſalutas?
Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus, et in cute novi.
Non pudet ad morem diſcincti vivere Nattæ?"

Dryden's Version.

"Is this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer ſhun;
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigeſted wine.
"This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate,
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My cloathes, make haſte: why, when, if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.
"With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers, lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:

Some peeviſh quarrel ſtraight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick:
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin,
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
" O wretch, and ſtill more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou, who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry?
Be ſullen, and refuſe the Lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen; but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
" Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould: now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.
" But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning, when a man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree—
Who, clad in purple, can'ſt thy cenſor greet;
And loudly call him couſin in the ſtreet.
" Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow centre to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?

DRUMMOND'S VERSION.

" What; always thus? Now in full blaze of day
Sol mounts the ſkies, and ſhoots a downward ray;
Break's on your darken'd chamber's lengthen'd night,
And pours thro' narrow chinks long ſtreams of light:
Yet ſtill ſubdu'd by ſleep's oppreſſive power,
You ſlumber, heedleſs of the paſſing hour;
Of ſtrong Falernian diſſipate the fumes,
And ſnore unconſcious, while the day conſumes.

See

See the hot ſun through reddening Leo roll,
The raging dog-ſtar fire the glowing pole;
The yellow harveſt waving o'er the plain,
The reapers bending o'er the golden grain;—
Beneath the ſpreading elm the cattle laid,
And panting flocks recumbent in the ſhade.
'Is it, indeed, ſo late?' the ſluggard cries.
'Who waits? here, ſlaves! be quick—I wiſh to riſe.
At length, to ſtudy ſee the youth proceed,
Charg'd with his book, his parchment, and his reed.
But now he finds the ink too black to write;
And now, diluted, it eſcapes the ſight:
Now it is made too thick, and now too thin,
And now it ſinks too deeply in the ſkin:
The pen writes double, and, the point too wide,
O'er the ſmooth vellum pours the ſable tide.
O wretch, whoſe habits into vices grow,
Whoſe life accumulates the means of woe!
Diſmiſs the ſcholar, be again the boy,
Replace the rattle, re-aſſume the toy;
Repoſe in quiet on your nurſe's lap,
Pleaſed by her lullaby, and feed on pap.
Who is deceived; for whom are ſpread theſe lures?
Is the misfortune mine, or is it your's,
That you refuſe to liſten to the truth,
And waſte in idleneſs the hours of youth?
Of ſhame ſure victim when that youth is paſs'd,
And ſorrow mingles in your cup at laſt.
Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind
Yields to the gale, and bends with every wind;
Seize then this ſunny, but this fleeting hour,
To nurſe and cultivate the tender flower.
Art thou of riches and of titles vain,
A ſplendid equipage, a pompous train?
Or doſt thou boaſt a Tuſcan race as thine,
A great, an ancient, and an honour'd line?
Does it ſuffice, the purple round thee thrown,
To hail the Roman Cenſor as thine own?
Vain honours all—how little are the proud,
Even when their pomp impoſes on the croud!
I know thee well; and haſt thou then no ſhame,
That thy looſe life and Natta's are the ſame?"

When we conſider that Mr. Dryden tranſlated the whole of this ſatire, for a Thurſday Night's exerciſe, we cannot but admire that poetic ſpirit, which, once kindled by its ſubject, ſeems to hold time in contempt. Generally ſpeaking, it appears from the above ſpecimens, that Mr. Dryden's is the more eaſy and free, and Mr. Drummond's the more poliſhed,

Verſion. * In point of Harmony, it is no wonder that Dryden is ſuperior to Drummond; for he is ſuperior to every other poet, whether in tranſlated or original verſe. *In the melody*

* We are here reminded of Mr. William Gifford's long promiſed verſion of Juvenal. We poſſeſs a fair copy of the tranſlator's tenth ſatire, which was preſented to us in MS. many years ago, as a ſpecimen of the whole: and we have ſeen his ſixth ſatire, which we think a moſt admirable piece of poetry. We ſcruple not to pronounce both the ſixth and tenth ſatire of Gifford's ſuperior to Dryden's. We are ſure, that an extract from our MS. will gratify the public.

" The meaneſt Tyro of the meaneſt ſchool
Hath ſcarce imbib'd his firſt and eaſieſt rule,
Ere all his boſom glows with fierce deſire,
To reach the Roman's art, the Grecian's fire;
' Divine protectreſs of the brave and wiſe,
O grant my humble ſuit,' he fondly cries;
' Give me to equal Tully's well-earn'd fame,
And o'er Demoſthenes to raiſe my name.'
" Yet both theſe ſpeakers fell, in evil hour,
The hapleſs victims of perſuaſive power,
Whilſt meaner pleaders unmoleſted ſtood,
Nor ſmear'd the roſtrum with their wretched blood."

" The ſacred trophies of the well-earn'd field,
The broken helmet, and the batter'd ſhield,
The waving ſtandard, and the mangled car,
The glare of conqueſt, and the pride of war,
The towering arch, on whoſe triumphal round
The weeping captive ſits in fetters bound,
Are deem'd the greateſt bleſſings here below,
That mortals can enjoy, or gods beſtow!"

" Produce the urn, that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty duſt that yet remains:
Alas! and cannot all the Man avail
To ſink the balance, or to turn the ſcale?"

" Hear what the maudlin bard enraptur'd ſings,
The toil of millions and the pride of kings,
Seas pour'd o'er deſart climes, and Athos, rent
From the firm boſom of the continent;
Cars rais'd on numerous fleets, and travelling o'er
The groaning Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
Whole nations drain'd, and mighty rivers quaff'd
By countleſs armies, at a morning's draught!
But how did *he* return, who wont to bind
The deep in chains, and ſcourge the obſtreperous wind.

With

lady of a couplet, Pope and Darwin have the advantage over Dryden; but not in *the harmony of a whole piece*. On the whole, we are pleaſed with Mr. Drummond's chaſte and elegant verſe; but we cannot diſſemble our opinion, that, in ſome inſtances, he has taken unwarrantable liberties with his author.

Mr. D. is, now and then, inaccurate in his language; and, in his Verſe, ſometimes flat, or feeble.

"The town may yet *accord* its praiſe,"

To *accord* praiſe, is not Engliſh.

"Which wealth *cannot* beſtow"
"Meſſala's proud and blear-ey'd race *could not*"
"With them I ſacrifice a wheaten cake"
"Of fortune's gifts *appreciate* the worth"
"Which *it can give*"
"*Do* ſtill invite"
"*Whilſt* thou *ſeem'ſt*
Atreus' *Feaſt*."

To theſe weak and claſhing, and defective lines, we might add a great many more. But ſuch faults may be eaſily corrected: and Mr. Drummond will reviſe, we hope, his verſion, with care, before he ſuffers it to appear in a ſecond edition. *

With keener ſtripes than Æolus e'er beſtow'd,
Tho' arm'd with all the vengeance of a God?
Say, how did he return? by Greece ſubdued,
By heaven abandon'd, and by earth purſued;
With one ſmall bark he gain'd his native ſhore,
Thro' floating carcaſes and ſeas of gore."

"In youth, a thouſand different features ſtrike;
All have their charms, but have not charms alike.
But age preſents one univerſal face,
Of every beauty ſpoil'd, and every grace;
The ſame its evils, and its marks the ſame,
A broken voice, a weak and trembling frame,
A drivelling noſe, a ſkull and forehead bare,
And toothleſs jaws to mump its wretched fare."

* A new edition, in octavo, has been ſince publiſhed, which we have not time to examine.

ART. VII. *The Miſcellaneous Works of Hugh Boyd, the Author of the Letters of Junius, with an Account of his Life and Writings.* By Lawrence Dundas Campbell. 2 Vols. 8vo. Pp. 1134. 14s. Cadell and Davies. London. 1800.

MANY years ago a pamphlet was addreſſed to "the moſt *impudent man alive*," and the perſon to whom this prominent effrontery was thus attributed, was generally underſtood to be the celebrated WARBURTON. How far the profound

found learning and vaſt abilities of the great author of THE DIVINE LEGATION OF MOSES, and the many other works of that author, which diſplay uncommon ſagacity and erudition, might juſtify a lofty conſciouſneſs of his own abilities, which a pamphleteer denominated by the familiar term *impudence*, the world muſt determine. Perhaps, however, the anonymous writer of the pamphlet, if he were alive at this period, and directed his notice towards literary queſtions, would be inclined to pay more reſpect to the great WARBURTON, and apply the imputation of *ſuperior confidence* to an author of a much humbler deſcription. The publiſher of the Works of HUGH BOYD, we ſhould conceive, if he had any ſenſe of modeſty, would have been contented to repreſent Mr. BOYD as the *ſuppoſed* or the *probable* author of Junius, but to aſſert, *point blank*, in his title-page, that Mr. BOYD *actually was* the author, is a ſtretch of boldneſs almoſt without a precedent in the annals of literature. It is, indeed, ſuch an exertion of effrontery, and ſuch an inſult to mankind, as calls for marked reprobation. Nothing but poſitive demonſtration of the fact could authorize ſuch a poſitive affirmation. The queſtion, as to the real author of Junius, has been often diſcuſſed, and many perſons have been ſuſpected, but though probabilities have led to particular individuals, yet, when theſe probabilities have been examined, they have been found to amount to nothing ſatisfactory. Moſt, however, of the ſuſpected individuals, from time of life, abilities, political connections, experience, and opportunities of information, have more reaſonably attracted the eye of curioſity and ſurpriſe, and may ſtill more rationally juſtify ſuſpicion than a young obſcure adventurer but recently arrived from a place remote from the ſcene of action, and but little acquainted with characters and events that were obviouſly familiar to Junius. It appears, that Mr. Almon, the predeceſſor of Mr. Debrett, in Piccadilly, gave occaſion to the notion that Hugh Boyd was Junius, and the reaſon is a very curious one, viz. his having ſeen the manuſcript of one of Junius's Letters, at a meeting of Proprietors of the London Evening Poſt, in the Autumn of 1769, when it was ſhewn to the company by Mr. H. S. Woodfall; and Mr. Almon tells us, that "the moment he ſaw the hand-writing he had a *ſtrong ſuſpicion* that it was Mr. Boyd's, *whoſe hand-writing he knew*, having *received ſeveral letters* from him concerning Books." So that without knowing much of the literary talents of Mr. Boyd, for he had *written merely concerning books*, and only from a ſuppoſed ſimilarity in the hand-writing, Mr. Almon ſtrongly ſuſpects that Hugh Boyd is Junius. But the reaſon which Mr. Campbell, the publiſher, gives for his confidence in Almon's diſcovery, is ſtill more curious, for

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he ſays, "previous to the appearance of Junius's Letters, Mr. Boyd had accuſtomed himſelf to write in a *diſguiſed hand.*" Now Mr. Almon contends that Boyd was Junius, becauſe the manuſcript of Junius nearly reſembled the *common hand-writing* of Hugh Boyd, ſo that the ſagacious Mr. Campbell believes in Mr. Almon's *diſcovery*, becauſe it is probable that Hugh Boyd, by his *previous preparation*, had written Junius's Letters in a *diſguiſed hand*, and that he ſhould make his *diſguiſed hand* nearly reſemble his *ordinary mode of writing*. Such a medley of confuſion can hardly be reduced to order, even by the profound judgment of Meſſrs. Campbell and Almon. But Mr. Almon, it ſeems, gave Boyd a *ſtrong hint* that he believed him to be the author of Junius, and he *changed colour* inſtantly, and after a ſhort pauſe ſaid, "the ſimilitude of hand-writing is not a concluſive fact." Without preſuming to diſtruſt the veracity of Mr. Almon, it ſhould be obſerved, that this relation depends *only on his teſtimony*, and the aſſertion of an individual cannot be admitted to *have much* force in dialectics. Beſides a ſudden, unexpected, accuſation may make a man change colour, whether that accuſation be founded on truth or falſehood. He might bluſh, from pride, at the idea of being important enough to be ſuſpected of ability to write works of ſuch admired popularity; or he might bluſh with indignation at the abrupt indelicacy with which Mr. Almon might vent his ſuſpicion. Theſe, however, are ſubordinate grounds in the enquiry, as to the real author of Junius; a queſtion which the author of Junius, by a ſolemn declaration, has ſet at reſt, and for ever put out of the reach of diſcovery, for it muſt be remembered, that Junius has made this poſitive declaration: "I am the *ſole depoſitary* of my own ſecret, and it *ſhall periſh with me.*" If, therefore, Junius had ever *voluntarily* diſcovered himſelf, he would have violated his own ſolemn declaration, and could have had no claim to the confidence of mankind. That a man ſo cautious, and ſo full of artifice, would have left it to the power of accident to have diſcovered him *involuntarily* is not to be imagined But Mr. Campbell grounds his chief argument, for his perſuaſion, that Hugh Boyd was Junius, upon the reſemblance in the ſtructure of the language and congeniality of political ſentiment in both writers. The firſt letter of Junius was publiſhed in January, 1769, and at that period Hugh Boyd was but little turned of twenty-two years of age. Granting him abilities equal to what Junius poſſeſſed, it is not to be imagined that he poſſeſſed the ſame political knowledge, experience, and art. Mr. Boyd's papers, publiſhed in Ireland, entitled, The Freeholder, were written in 1776, eight years after the firſt letter of Junius, for we may include 1769

in

in the account, as that letter appeared at the beginning of the year. In the courſe of eight years Mr. Boyd's mind muſt have been much improved and his knowledge much augmented; and if paſſages may be found in his writings ſtrongly reſembling paſſages in Junius, and if there be a correſpondence in political principles, ſuch parallels may eaſily be ſuppoſed to be the effects of Mr. Boyd's known admiration of Junius and a ſtudious attempt to keep him as his model in ſtyle and ſentiment. Such occaſional ſimilitudes, however, do not prove much, and even if the uniform tenour of Boyd's writings correſponded with that of Junius, in form and ſubſtance, that conformity would be far from deciſive. With Boyd's acknowledged talents it would be ſtrange, indeed, if, in the courſe of eight years, he could not ſufficiently imbue his mind with the character of Junius, to be a ſucceſsful imitator of his compoſitions. The merit is in the original, and when once the original has been ſubmitted to the world the taſk of imitation is not ſo difficult as ſeems to be imagined. We might illuſtrate this ſubject by a reference to the art of PAINTING, in which a copyiſt, though wholly incapable of producing works equal to thoſe of a great maſter, ſhall copy thoſe works with ſuch ſpirit and correctneſs as to deceive the original artiſt himſelf with a conviction that they were the labours of his own pencil. But Mr. Boyd, though unqueſtionably a man of abilities, has written nothing that can be compared with the general merits of Junius as a writer, and the paſſages which are brought from Boyd and put in competition with Junius have more the air of plagiariſm than imitation.

In *The Indian Obſerver*, publiſhed by Boyd in the year 1793, there appears to be no reſemblance to the ſtyle and manner of Junius. The ſubjects, indeed, are not controverſial and political, but, as GIBBON obſerves, "ſtyle is the image of character," and if Hugh Boyd were Junius the peculiarities of his manner would characteriſe his compoſitions whatever might be the ſubject. The probable inference is that time, employment, and deſultory ſtudy, had effaced, or impaired, Hugh Boyd's ſuperinduced habits of writing in imitation of Junius, when he was in India, and that, after the lapſe of ſo many years, he thought and wrote as he would have done if he had never propoſed Junius as his model. We have chiefly directed our attention to the works of Hugh Boyd, with a view to the ſuſpicion of his being the author of Junius, becauſe, though they evince a ſtrong underſtanding and a manly ſpirit, there is nothing in them that ſhews any literary merits which entitle them to critical praiſe, and to the immortality of the preſs. His Journal of an Embaſſy from the Government of Madras to the King of

of Candy, in Ceylon, contains nothing very intereſting; it ſeems, indeed, to be chiefly the complaints of *the ſtomach*, for an indifferent ſupply of *proviſions*. His FREEHOLDER, publiſhed in Ireland, to ſupport a particular candidate for a ſeat in Parliament, and his WHIG, publiſhed in London, are all upon the trite topics of *liberty*, *the conſtitution*, *the country*, &c. &c. which, however ſacred in themſelves, are generally employed by political readers for the promotion of party views. Mr. Campbell has given, in the firſt volume, a life of Mr. Boyd, well written, but overburthened with elaborate attempts to magnify his hero, and to bring the public into a belief that Boyd is Junius. Indeed Mr. Campbell diſplays ſo much judgment and knowledge when he is not purſuing the *hand in hand phantoms* of BOYD and JUNIUS, that, if Mr. Almon had not originally ſet the chace on foot, we ſhould be tempted to ſuppoſe that he is ambitious of being the founder of *a ſect of believers*, while he himſelf is ſecretly triumphing in his ſucceſs and laughing at their credulity.

ART. VIII. *An Appendix to the Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the ſuppoſititious Shakſpeare Papers: being the Documents for the Opinion that Hugh M^c^Auley Boyd wrote Junius's Letters.* By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. 8vo. PP. 156. Egerton. London. 1800.

HAVING ſaid ſo much upon the ſubject of Hugh Boyd and Junius, in the preceding article, we may be excuſed from entering into a very extenſive examination of a work upon the ſame ſubject, though recommended even by the reſpectable name of Mr. Chalmers. Mr. Chalmers, with his uſual induſtry, has collected all the documents which might favour the ſuſpicion that Hugh Boyd is the author of Junius, and with his uſual judgment has placed them in the moſt advantageous point of view. Still, however, nothing but conjecture is the reſult, and that conjecture is oppoſed by ſuch ſtrong arguments, that we confeſs we cannot find conviction where Mr. Chalmers thinks he has diſcovered it.

Mr. Chalmers, with great ſtrength of reaſoning, examines the grounds upon which ſeveral diſtinguiſhed characters have been conceived to be the authors of the letters which have excited ſo much admiration and ſo much controverſy, and, with great cogency of argument, impugns the ſuſpicions which have been attached to each of thoſe characters. Among them Lord Sackville, William Gerard Hamilton, Edmund Burke, John Dunning, (Lord Aſhburton,) John Roberts, Charles Lloyd, Samuel Dyer, and John Wilkes, are particularly and elaborately

elaborately noticed, and we think Mr. Chalmers has given very forcible reaſons for diſbelieving that any one of them was the author of the compoſitions aſcribed to him. As to Charles Lloyd, we have reaſon to believe that Dr. Parr is convinced he was really the author of Junius; upon what grounds we know not, but we ſhould conceive, that, upon a literary queſtion, not immediately connected with the politics and parties of the day, Dr. Parr is not likely to form a judgment upon haſty views and ſlight foundations. Conſidering the diligence and caution which ſeem to be eſſential features in Mr. Chalmers's literary character, we cannot avoid being much ſurprized at his confident perſuaſion, that the anecdotes of the author of Junius, prefixed to the edition of his works, publiſhed in 1771, were written by Junius himſelf. There is no reaſon to believe, and certainly no proof, that Junius gave ſanction to any regular collection of his letters, till he wrote the dedication and preface for the edition publiſhed by H. S. Woodfall, in the year 1772; yet Mr. Chalmers, in many places, ſeems to admit it as received proof, that Junius wrote the anecdotes alluded to, in which he highly praiſes himſelf, and endeavours to miſlead the public into a belief, that Edmund Burke is the author.

We know no reaſon to believe, as we have ſaid, that Junius was the author of thoſe anecdotes, which were probably produced by the uſual artifice of a bookſeller, to take advantage of public curioſity; and, though Junius might have ſolid grounds for reſigning the honour of being known in his real character, yet it is highly improbable that he would ſuffer any brow but his own to wear the wreath of immortality, unleſs, indeed, it may be inferred, that Mr. Burke was actually the author, and was deſirous, at once, of eſcaping the danger, and enjoying the fame, of ſuch compoſitions, an inference that Mr. Chalmers will aſſuredly not be inclined to draw, though it is the only one conſiſtent with the principles of human nature, and his own idea that Junius was the author of the anecdotes, publiſhed in 1771, and not noticed in the edition ſanctioned by himſelf, and publiſhed the following year.

Upon the whole, however we may differ with Mr. Chalmers on the long-agitated queſtion, *Who was Junius?* We can fairly recommend his APPENDIX to our readers, as a work abounding in literary anecdote, judicious criticiſm, and forcible reaſoning, too ſtrongly indeed tinctured with the paſſions of a diſputant upon topics that relate to his own reputation as a writer and a politician. Before we conclude we cannot help noticing ſome paſſages in this work which do not ſeem to have ſuch conſiſtency with each other as might be expected from the accurate judgement of this author. He ſays (P. 4.) "that the papers

of

of Junius were produced by a *juvenile* writer, who had not formed his ſtyle, upon any model nor by any rule." He ſpeaks (P. 15.) of the "*balderdaſh* of Junius, who expatiates on trifles, ſwells inſignificance by amplification, ſubſtitutes ſophiſtry for ſenſe, and verboſity for ſound." Yet Mr. Chalmers, (P. 30.) ſpeaking of the letters of Junius, deſcribes them as "Epiſtles which required the *attention of years*, uncommon capacity, and peculiar habits to write." He alſo, ſpeaking of the ſame Junius, ſays that the compoſition of his letters was "a taſk which required the greateſt activity and vigour; which ſhew *(ſhews)* extraordinary exertions of intellect, and uncommon flaſhes of genius."

There is one paſſage more that we muſt notice relative to an anecdote which Mr. Chalmers conſiders as "*deciſive evidence*," to prove that Wilkes was not Junius. Horne ſays, in one of his letters, "I would have ſought him (Charles the Firſt,) through the ranks, and, without the leaſt perſonal enmity, have diſcharged my piece into his boſom *rather* than any other man's." "On this paſſage," ſays Mr. Chalmers, "Mr. Wilkes wrote the following obſervation: (in Wilkes's Clarendon, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Chalmers) 'Mr. Horne copied this from a MS. marginal note on Mr. Wilkes's Clarendon.'" "We, hereby, ſee," continues Mr. Chalmers, "how readily Mr. Wilkes reclaimed his own. Had Junius, when he was hard preſſed for an anſwer to Mr. Horne, known this to be a plagiariſm, how he would have triumphed over his powerful antagoniſt." Surely Mr. Chalmers's uſual ſagacity has deſerted him on this occaſion, for if Junius were Wilkes, and conſequently did *know of the plagiariſm*, he could not have detected it without diſcovering himſelf to Mr. Horne, to whom he had lent his Clarendon, containing the MS. note. We could ſay much more about Junius and Hugh Boyd, but, we ſuppoſe, our readers are tired of a ſubject upon which they never can arrive at certainty.

ART. IX. *An Account of an Embaſſy to the Court of the Teſhoo Lama, in Tibet; containing a Narrative of a Journey through Bootan, and part of Tibet.* By Captain Samuel Turner. To which are added, Views taken on the Spot by Lieutenant Samuel Davies; and Obſervations Botanical, Mineralogical, and Medical, by Mr. Robert Saunders. 4to. PP. 474. 2l. 12s. 6d. G. and W. Nichol. 1800.

IN our review of the valuable production of Captain Symes, we noticed the importance of every publication which tended to enlarge the ſtock of our knowledge reſpecting the countries

countries ſituated in the vicinity of our Indian territories. Captain Turner's Embaſſy took place in the year 1783, during the vigilant adminiſtration of Mr. Haſtings; it was occaſioned by a diſpute reſpecting the occupation of an extenſive but uncultivated plain, covered with woods and ſunk in moraſſes, which forms a natural diviſion between Bengal and Bootan. The Raja of Bootan had ſeized upon it ſome years before, but was ſpeedily diſpoſſeſſed by the company's troops. This diſtrict is called Cooch Bahar, and the author gives a moſt unfavourable account of it.

"In the diſtrict of Cooch Bahar an uſage of a very ſingular kind has prevailed from remote antiquity, and I was aſſured by many of the inhabitants of its actual exiſtence at this day. If a Reiat, or peaſant, owes a ſum of money, and has not the ability to ſatisfy his creditor, he is compelled to give up his wife as a pledge, and poſſeſſion of her is kept until the debt is diſcharged. It ſometimes happens, as they affirm, that the wife of a debtor is not redeemed for the ſpace of one, two, or three years; and then if, during her reſidence and connection with the creditor, a family ſhould have been the conſequence, half of it is conſidered as the property of the perſon with whom ſhe lived, and half that of her real huſband.*

"The country has a moſt wretched appearance, and its inhabitants are a miſerable and puny race. The lower ranks without ſcruple diſpoſe of their children for ſlaves, to any purchaſer, and that too for a very trifling conſideration; nor yet, though in a traffic ſo unnatural, is the agency of a third perſon ever employed. Nothing is more common than to ſee a mother dreſs up her child, and bring it to market, with no other hope, no other view, than to enhance the price ſhe may procure for it. Indeed the extreme poverty and wretchedneſs of theſe people will forcibly appear, when we recollect how little is neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of a peaſant in theſe regions. The value of this can ſeldom amount to more than one penny per day, even allowing him to make his meal of two pounds of boiled rice, with a due proportion of ſalt, oil, vegetables, fiſh, and chili.†

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* "It is not poſſible for a traveller, paſſing rapidly through a ſtrange country, to catch the manners, or judge of the influence which cuſtom, or a ſenſe of honour, may have on the natural propenſities of the people. We may conclude that this bias muſt be very ſtrong in a community where ſuch a law continues to exiſt; ſince in any other, which ſhould adopt it as a novel inſtitution, the creditor would have a very inſecure hold on the probity of his debtor, not leſs, perhaps, from the reluctance of the latter to recover his wife, than to part with his money. The law would not ſubſiſt, if it was not known to be effective of its purpoſe."

† "A kind of red pepper, in univerſal uſe, made from the *capſicum annuum* of Linnæus."

"The

"The ſituation of this diſtrict exhibits a melancholy proof of different facts too frequently united, the great facility of obtaining food, and, at the ſame time, the wretched indigence of the lower order of inhabitants."

After traverſing this uninviting diſtrict, Captain Turner and his ſuite entered upon the mountainous country of Bootan, of which he gives a very particular and intereſting deſcription, that occupies the whole of the *firſt part* of the volume. He deſcribes not only the country itſelf, and its various productions, but the diſpoſition, the manners, the cuſtoms, and purſuits of its inhabitants, a hardy and hoſpitable race, ſtrangers alike to moſt of the arts, and to nearly all the comforts and conveniences, of civilized life. By his long ſtay at Taſſiſudon, (from May to September) the ſeat of government, and the reſidence of the Daeb Raja, whoſe obliging and communicative diſpoſition facilitated all his reſearches, Captain Turner was enabled to collect much curious information, which, from a mere paſſage through the county, he would have been unable to acquire; and the further advantage of being accompanied by ſo able a draughtſman, as Lieutenant Davis, and ſo ſkilful a botaniſt as Mr. Saunders, afforded him an opportunity of giving a more adequate idea of the ſublime ſcenery of Bootan, and the beauty of its natural productions, than any which the pen alone could convey. Of their perſons we have the following account:

"The Booteeas have invariably black hair, which it is their faſhion to cut cloſe to the head. The eye is a very remarkable feature of the face: ſmall, black, with long pointed corners, as though ſtretched and extended by artificial means. Their eyelaſhes are ſo thin, as to be ſcarcely perceptible; and the eyebrow is but ſlightly ſhaded. Below the eyes, is the broadeſt part of the face, which is rather flat, and narrows from the cheek bone to the chin; a character of countenance appearing firſt to take its riſe among the Tartar tribes, but is by far more ſtrongly marked in the Chineſe. Their ſkins are remarkably ſmooth, and moſt of them arrive at a very advanced age, before they can boaſt even the earlieſt rudiments of a beard: they cultivate whiſkers, but the beſt they produce, are of a ſcanty ſtraggling growth. In this heroic acquiſition I quickly ſurpaſſed them; and one of my Mogul attendants, for the luxuriancy of his, was the admiration of them all. Many of theſe mountaineers are more than ſix feet high; and, taken altogether, they have a complexion not ſo dark by ſeveral ſhades as that of the European Portugueze."

A houſe was aſſigned to Captain Turner, for his reſidence, at Taſſiſudon, which commanded a pleaſing view of a valley, with a river running through it, and encircled with a variety

of agreeable objects. He thus deſcribes a manufactory of paper, ſituated in this valley.

" In our perambulations down the valley, I often reſted at the place where the chief manufacture of paper is eſtabliſhed, which was made, I found, by a very eaſy and unexpenſive proceſs, of the bark of a tree, here called Deah, which grows in great abundance upon the mountains near Taſſiſudon, but is not produced on thoſe immediately bordering on Bengal. The method of preparing this material, as well as I could learn, is as follows. When a ſufficient quantity of bark is collected to employ the labourer, it is divided into ſmall ſhreds, and ſteeped and boiled in a lixivium of wood aſhes; it is then taken up, and laid in a heap to drain; after which it is beaten upon a ſtone, with a wooden mallet, until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; it is then thrown into a reſervoir of water, where, being well ſtirred about, and cleanſed from the coarſe and dirty part which floats upon the ſurface, it is ſtill further depurated in another large reſervoir of clean water. When the preparation is complete, the parts are finely broken, and that which ſinks in the water appears mucilaginous to the touch. All that now remains is to form it into ſheets, which is done upon ſmall reeds ſet in frames. The labourer dips the frame in the water, and raiſes up a quantity of the pulp, which, by moving the frame in the water, he ſpreads, until it entirely and equally covers the ſurface of the reeds; he then raiſes the frame perpendicularly, the water drains off, and the frame is hung up till the ſheet is nearly dry: it is then taken off, and ſuſpended upon lines. The paper thus prepared is of a much ſtronger texture than that of any other country with which I am acquainted, as it is capable of being woven, when gilt by way of ornament, into the texture of ſilk and ſatins, to which uſe I have ſeen it frequently applied in the manufactures of China."

During his reſidence in Bootan, Captain T. was witneſs to a formidable rebellion againſt the Raja, and from the windows of his houſe, commanded a view of the battle that was fought between the rebels and the Raja's troops, his account of which ſets the military ſkill of the Booteeans in a very contemptible point of view. The rebellion was ſpeedily cruſhed. A conſiderable part of this extraordinary people are *Gylongs*, or Monks, who lead a life of abſtemiouſneſs and celibacy.

" The religious of this deſcription are numerous in Bootan. Their ſole occupation lies in performing the duties of their faith. They are exempt from labour; enjoined ſobriety and temperance; and interdicted all intercourſe with the other ſex. Though many become voluntary members of this eſtabliſhment, yet its numbers depend moſt upon the cuſtom, which obliges every family that conſiſts of more than four boys, to contribute one of them to the order: and the ſame rule, under particular circumſtances, extends ſometimes to all the males of a village. At the age of ten, they are received into

into the aſſociation, and commence their tutelage. Their firſt years are paſſed in learning the rudiments of their profeſſion, and in performing a variety of ſervile offices to their inſtructors; in which drudgery, unleſs elevated by ſuperior talents, they continue beyond the age of twenty. However, though cut off from the enjoyment of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures of life, there are yet many advantages annexed to this claſs. They are certain of a liberal education; and, as their minds are more cultivated than the reſt of their countrymen, they have the beſt proſpect of being ſelected for public offices: and, in fact, the greater part of all, who are employed in ſuch ſituations, are choſen from among them. Yet whether the following peculiarity be imputable to early tuition, inability, or diſguſt, I cannot determine. It very frequently happens, that thoſe who have long enjoyed poſts of honour, or emolument, take the ſudden reſolution of retiring for ever from the buſineſs and the cares of life; afterwards, under the ſanction of a religious impulſe, the inſpired devotee chooſes ſome ſolitary ſtation, perhaps the ſummit of a mountain, where he builds himſelf a cottage, and having depoſited a hord of grain in it, ſhuts himſelf up, determined never again to return into the world, or hold any intercourſe with mankind.

"Thus ſecluded from ſociety, if, in conſequence of an erroneous calculation, he ſees his ſtock of food about to fail, while life maintains its poſt in full vigour, and is by no means inclined to quit its hold, the ſole reliance of the retired devotee, for future ſupport, muſt then reſt on the adventitious viſits of ſuch, as hold converſe with the buried living. The benevolence which thus miniſters to his neceſſities has alſo its appropriate merit; ſo that the recluſe may yet exiſt, for months or years, upon the bounty that places his daily food at his door, without the leaſt knowledge of the hand that feeds him; till at length the feeble principle that animates the human frame, and preſerves it from diſſolution, ceaſes to perform its functions, and the individual is no more. It is true, he might long have ceaſed to be of any earthly importance, whatever ſpiritual eſteem is attached to the devotee, the hermit, or the miſanthrope, term him which you will: yet this ſingular bent of character, all circumſtances conſidered, is not very much to be wondered at. Let it be remembered, that, in the firſt career of life, by a continuance in a ſtate of celibacy, the Booteea is recommended to diſtinction; as on the contrary, any matrimonial contract proves almoſt a certain hindrance to his riſe in rank, or his advancement to offices of political importance. Having therefore made the firſt ſacrifice to ambition, and remained long ſingle, in the hope of attaining to higher dignities and emoluments; chagrined, at length, by a ſeries of diſappointments, if a bare competency has been the fruit of his long ſervice, he withdraws himſelf from public life: being at the ſame time ſomewhat advanced in years, his paſſion for connubial connection is weakened, and his natural apathy confirmed. Having been detached by early habit from ſociety, uninfluenced by ties of duty or affection to family or friends, his moſt prevailing impulſe is the love of eaſe;

and indolence and vanity at once direct his choice to religious retirement. The multitude flatter with their admiration the penitential devotee; and motives perhaps, merely temporal, falsely obtain the praise of exalted piety.

"It will be obvious from hence, since population is opposed by two such powerful bars as ambition and religion, how great a diminution in the number of inhabitants must inevitably be the result. In fact, the higher orders of men, entirely engrossed by political or ecclesiastical duties, leave to the husbandman and labourer, to those who till the fields and live by their industry, the exclusive charge of propagating the species."

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

ART. X. *Sans Culotides:* by Cincinnatus Rigshaw, Professor of Theophilanthropy; Member of the Corresponding and Revolutionary Societies; Brother of the Rosy Cross; Knight Philosopher of the Order of Illuminati; and Citizen of the French and Hibernian Republics. 4to. PP. 136. Chapple. 1800.

THIS is a collection of political satires, in prose and verse, preceded by a dedication "to the people's most excellent Majesty." The satirist is strong and pointed in his animadversions; his prose is perspicuous, nervous, and animated; and his verse betrays unequivocal marks of a classical and poetical mind. Some readers will probably think his personal attacks too severe, and the members of the party, which is the object of these attacks, will, no doubt, pronounce them scurrilous and abusive. It shall be our endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the contents of the work, and to lay before them such specimens of it as will enable them to judge for themselves.

The first piece is entitled an "Essay on the Materiality of Moral Substances; and particularly of *Jacobinism:* addressed to the Anglo, Hiberno-Bavarian Societies of Illuminati." The second, "An Essay on the Specific Qualities of Jacobinism." These essays are in prose, and the following extract will suffice to mark their style and spirit.

"It is useless to observe, that Jacobinism was obscurely known to the ancients; since Paracelsus himself asserts the possibility of procuring a factitious gold in this mode. There was, however, a second very curious and recondite property, lately perceived to exist in it, which is entirely the discovery of the modern masters of illumination. It is, in fact, the antagonist quality to the power of aurifaction, and is that property (hitherto latent, though known by its effects,) of transmuting gold into paper. The moment the pure essence of Jacobinism is sublimed into finance, which may be accomplished by a very slight mixture of vanity; blow it strongly through the lungs of an orator, and let it play upon the bank, or the counting-house of a merchant.

merchant: inſtantly the whole maſs of gold there contained evaporates, as under the action of a burning lens, or ſpeculum; but, with a reſidue of thin light leaves, beautifully white, tranſparent, of a chartaceous ſubſtance, interſperſed with hieroglyphics of great ſignifi ance to all appearance, but which have only a conventional and fanciful value. Theſe have ſometimes accumulated to an amazing extent; the political atmoſphere has been darkened by ſhowers of them flying about in various directions, till their number has reduced their imaginary price to the ſtandard of common culinary and deterſive paper. One circumſtance attending this charta-poetic proceſs has not yet been inveſtigated; and we earneſtly recommend it to the diligent obſervation of future ſtudents. Whether in the operation we have deſcribed, the paper produced has the ſame affinity to tattered clothes and ragged linen, as the common ſheets of that uſeful commodity, made by the uſual manufacturers.

"Wonderful as this great myſtery of illumination undoubtedly is, we cannot be ſurpriſed that the warm imagination of earlier ages attributed to it ſome fictitious qualities, which our minuter inveſtigation has ſhewn to be non-exiſtent. It was ſuppoſed by ſome, otherwiſe great phyſiologiſts, to have the fanciful power of conferring youth, wiſdom, and terreſtrial immortality. Alas, how have our hopes, thus fooliſhly raiſed, been cruelly diſappointed! Has one wrinkle been chaced from the brow of beauty by its lenient operation at St. Anne's Hill? or has it cured one head-ache or hiccup contracted by the midnight lucubrations of the Crown and Anchor? has its wiſdom-giving power enabled Mr. Taylor, Mr. Nicoll, or Mr. William Smith, to arreſt the hungry ſtomachs of the Houſe of Commons, or ever to detain one member from his dinner? has it empowered Sir F. Burdett to anſwer Mr. Pitt, or to thaw the obdurate royaliſm of his Majeſty's gaoler at Cold Bath Fields? no—even in thoſe breaſts where its influence is leaſt counteracted, where no pride of anceſtry, no acquired wealth, no prejudices of ſociety, or education, thwart its ſacred energies; ſo little is the wiſdom conferred by it that ariſtocratic gold, and legal eloquence, can hardly ſave our profeſſors from the pillory and the halter. As to the immortality once expected from it; the weird philoſophers, like their predeceſſors in Macbeth, may, 'keep the word of promiſe to our ear, but break it to our hopes.' It cannot impede the ſliding facility of the rope at Newgate, or the ſtill more celebrated operation of the razor of reaſon. But it immortalizes our names, it embalms our character, and gives an eternal duration to many who could certainly enſure it by no other method. It ſhall, then, be my effort, in the reſt of this work, to conſign to that immortality, ſo dearly bought, and ſo juſtly merited, thoſe great men who, 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues,' have too invidious a chance of being buried, in a few years, beneath the accumulated preſſure of public indignation; or, at beſt, of furniſhing only a few pathetic reflections to the ſentimental editors of the Morning Chronicle, and the Newgate Calendar."

This is followed by a "notice of the editor" in which he marks

the modern definition of *Whig* and *Tory*, and ſhews in what it differs from the ancient definition. Theſe, with an "Apologetical Epiſtle to the Right Honourable the Earl of M——a," form the whole of the pieces that are written in proſe. The poetical pieces conſiſt of imitations of Virgil and are ranged in the following order: 1. Virgil's Third Eclogue imitated; ſcene, *Crown and Anchor. Anniverſary of Mr. Fox's election for Weſtminſter.* Time, *midnight.* 2. The Sixth Eclogue; ſcene, MOORFIELDS. 3. The 8th Eclogue; ſcene, *Brookes's.* 4. GALLUS; or, if underſtood *Patronymice*, the Frenchman. The Tenth Eclogue; ſcene, *Whig Club.* Time, *after dinner.* 5. The Firſt Book of the GEORGICS. 6. The Fourth Book of the GEORGICS.

From theſe we ſhall make ſuch excerpts as will tend to ſhew the manner in which the author treats his ſubject, and the character of his poetry. Our firſt extract is from the beginning of the imitation of Virgil's Third Eclogue, *Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus? &c.*

"Hail to that day, the faireſt of the year,
To Whigs of Weſtminſter for ever dear;
That happy day, when Covent-Garden ſmil'd,
As old Saint Stephen bleſs'd his fav'rite child.
That day, when laſt the rolling ſun brought round,
He ſaw the board with annual plenty crown'd.
Here Tooke, there Brinſley, led a patriot band,
That pac'd in ſullen ſilence down the Strand.
Then at their darling ſign their ſorrows drown,
Hope's golden Anchor, near the vacant Crown.
Fox had retir'd; when thus Horne Tooke began,
And Brinſley's mild replies alternate ran.

T. "Ah ſay, my friend, from whence that choſen train,
That dog your heels, and pledge you in Champagne?
Tell me, do theſe from Bedford Houſe repair,
Or Norfolk's revels in St. James's Square?

S. "No; know you not of Whigs the nobleſt band?
Reſign'd by Fox himſelf to my command.

T. "Ah, hapleſs race! for antiquated charms
Have lull'd your leader in a matron's arms.
There doubly ſpent in whoring and Champagne,
Vain Whitbread's malt, and Bedford's land is vain,
For new ſubſcriptions beggar half your train.

S. "Come, come, John Horne, be ſparing of your tongue;
Your taſte for veniſon is ſomewhat ſtrong.
No tax to pay—from requiſition clear,
You're 'paſſing rich, on *ſixty pounds* a year.'

T. "Yes, and no more—tho' Jordan ſigh unpaid,
Tho' raving Kemble damn th' ungainful trade;
While high Dutch Indians charm a Tory town,
And ranting Rollo knocks rebellion down.

S. "Could

S. " Could then your ſoul * on ſixty pounds aſpire
To ſeat democracy in Stephen's choir?
No—Envy bad you, tho' the election miſs'd,
Get Fox well pelted, and our party hiſs'd.

T. " What can eſcape the Premier's piercing eye,
When even your's an unpaid tax deſcry?
Did you, like him, to ſeize a place prepare,
When laſt you liſten'd to the Prince's pray'r?
For what, but int'reſt, brib'd your party tongue,
Or fram'd the ſpeech, for which poor Parker ſwung?"

The contention between the rival patriots is continued, in the ſame ſtrain, until the Ducal Preſident terminates it by a matter-of-fact obſervation—" the club's completely drunk."

Virgil's 8th Eclogue. *Paſtorum Muſam, Damonis et Alphesibœi, &c.*

" Soft were the ſtrains that fell from Fox's tongue,
When Tarlton's broken vows, he ſorrowing ſung:
Strange were the charms deſponding Brinſley try'd
When dropſick Maitland left his foſtering ſide.†
Groom-porters fail'd to tell what odds were giv'n,
And liſtening Lords forgot the nick to ſeven.
Oh thou! where'er thy triple banner waves;
Or if, where Nile regenerate Egypt laves—
Or rear'd triumphant on the Louvre's tower,
It ſtreams the badge of dictatorial power;
Or if in France thy will ſupreme creates
New laws, new freedom, for the Gallic States;
Or if in climes that feel a fiercer ſun,
Thy call fraternal the grim tenants own.‡

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* " *On ſixty pounds.*] At the Weſtminſter election four years ago Mr. T. *muſt* have poſſeſſed an income of three hundred pounds. One cannot ſurely enough lament the very rapid decline of this gentleman's circumſtances. It muſt, however, be ſome alleviation to the poignancy of his grief for the loſs of his friend Mr. Vaughan, that he will be enabled, by his death, (if our information be correct,) to indulge his known patriotiſm in a more liberal contribution to the exigencies of his country. *Dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs Amis, il y a toujours quelque choſe qui ne nous déplait pas.*" Rochefoucault. Max.

† " *Side.*] The political annihilation of Lord L. is here naturally accounted for."

‡ " *Tenants own.*] Under the ſcheme of general equality and fraternization, the hyænas cannot be excluded, and would make uſeful light troops, as well to harraſs the enemy while living, as to diſpoſe of him when dead. They might give beneficial leſſons in addition to thoſe already practiſed by the French, with reſpect to the art of ſubſiſting themſelves in an enemy's country."

Oh be it mine to ſpeak thy deathleſs praiſe,
And twine my wreath with Bonaparte's Bays.
This mourning verſe from Albion's muſe receive,
And learn how here neglected patriots grieve.
Thus Fox began: oh! power of frauds and ſtrife!
Thou guardian god of my conſiſtent life,
So oft appeal'd to, and ſo oft bely'd,
See recreant Tarlton by his King employ'd!
Begin my muſe, begin the plaintive ſtrain,
Hear it St. Ann's, and hear each neighbouring plain!"
" Me once ſelf-intereſt taught to join with North,
And praiſe too late a fellow-ſufferer's worth.
I fac'd, undaunted, all the load of ſhame,
Or ſhar'd with him, what both deſerv'd, the blame:
Begin my muſe, begin the plaintive ſtrain!
Hear it St. Ann's, and hear each neighb'ring plain."

" He ceas'd; the drops of ſorrow *gemm'd his eyes,
In varied accent Brinſley thus replies—
" Boy; ſome Champagne! and look, you froth it well:
Fix to my chair a ribband from the bell:
Light ſcented candles: every nerve provoke
The wine to reliſh, and applaud the joke.
Now crown the glaſs! bring more, and more Champagne;
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again!
" Let the gay captain raiſe the jovial ſong;
To ſtrains like his, ſeductive powers belong:
His manly voice can ſooth the aching breaſt,
With ſchemes expos'd, and blaſted hopes depreſt:
His humour, Nicholl's ſelf can underſtand,
And ſolemn Taylor hear, with ſimper bland:
Now crown the glaſs; bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again.
" Now the full bumper give to Maitland's name;
With thrice three general ſhouts the pledge proclaim!
That ſacred number ſuits the genial board,
With three rich courſes in juſt order ſtor'd;
To bear three bottles, be each patriot's boaſt,
And thrice three plaudits mark each maſter toaſt.
Now crown the glaſs! bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again!

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* " *Gemm'd.*] Quere, bung'd! a phraſe in common uſe, and derived from an exerciſe, very faſhionable among the honourable gentleman's intereſt in the city of Weſtminſter. It might ſeem alſo a metaphorical compliment to the profeſſion of one of his moſt ſteady and *valuable* ſupporters."

" Even

" Ev'n as theſe bumpers down my gullet glide,
May Pitt's curſt faction down the back ſtairs ſlide!
Again ſhall Maitland then repair to town,
And fill ſome office, tho' proud * London frown.
Boy; bring ſome olives—ſpread the anchovy toaſt—
Theſe French, and that from the Ciſalpine coaſt—
If theſe prevail not, all my hopes are loſt.
Now crown the glaſs! bring more, and more Champagne.
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again!

" With ſuch ſtrong love my ſoul for Maitland yearns,
As for a place in patriot boſoms burns,
For this each dull-bird ſweats, a ſpeech to frame,
This, Nicholl's wiſh, this Tommy Thompſon's aim:
For this, half dos'd, the livelong night they ſit,
And tho' they underſtand not, anſwer Pitt.
Now crown the glaſs, bring more, and more Champagne.
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again?

" This golden ſnuff-box, pledge of Maitland's love,
Muſt the ſad ſolace of his abſence prove.
Yet, as my noſe receives the pungent gueſt,
Each pinch ſtill vibrates to my vacant breaſt.
Now crown the glaſs, bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again!

" Theſe lines of Greek ſhall grace my Maitland's ſpeech,
Which Parr once deign'd my ſtudious youth to teach.
Illuſtrious Parr! in whoſe prolific throat,
Too thick for utterance, Greek quotations float;
Oft have I wrapt in thick tobacco's gloom,
Seen learned Dr. Parr a beaſt become;
Rake ſlumbering volumes from their long repoſe,
And from old Johnſon ſeize the palm of cumb'rous proſe.
Now crown the glaſs, bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again.

" Bring ſome clear cinders—wake the curling blaze—
In vain we toaſt; in vain the voice we raiſe:
No toaſt-maſter, this headſtrong Lord reveres.
No ſtrains of modeſt Morris touch his ears:
Now crown the glaſs, bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again.

" Hark, the loud rattle ſpeaks the coming coach,
My itching † thumbs foretell his lov'd approach.

He

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* " *London frown.*] It is ſuperfluous here to enter into the particulars of his Lordſhip's wiſh, to deſcend into office on the Eaſt ſide of Temple-bar, when he found he could not aſcend into place on the Weſt. The tranſaction is too recent to require any explanation of the paſſage alluding to it."

† " *Thumbs.*] It is impoſſible that this expreſſion can be borrowed from the lines of Shakſpeare,—

' By

He comes, he comes!—I catch the long loſt word
When echoing waiters cry, my Lord, my Lord!
His well known voice ſalutes my raviſh'd ear,
(Or wine deluſive, makes me ſeem to hear)
Now crown the laſs, bring more, and more Champagne,
And lure my Maitland to theſe arms again."

The firſt book of the Georgics, *Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, &c.*

" What makes rebellion ſmile; at what juſt hour?
To move nice queſtions; when to add the power
Of Whig to Democrats; what care muſt form
The ſtripling ſage, or guide the patriot ſwarm;
Such arts I ſing: And ye, illuſtrious pair,
Who bolſter up our cauſe each paſſing year,
Fox and Horne Tooke! if e'er your liberal hand
For wheat would ſubſtitute the acorn bland.
Daſh the proud cuſtard from all Mayors but one,
And let your Hervey eat the tart a one.
Ye too, the genuine ſons of Tandy's wiles,
Spawn of Chalk Farm, and nymphs of gay St. Giles;
Attend the ſong: and thou Hibernian * ſage
Grace with protecting nod th' inſtructive page:
Thou, whoſe full purſe Hibernia's bounties crown,
The juſt reward of virtues not thine own.
Thou † too, whoſe large domains in every ſhire,
Our hopes for equal property inſpire!
Thou who for us militia glories loſt,
And Yorkſhire's rolls! our bulwark and our boaſt:
‡ Thou too, whoſe efforts broke the huſband's whip
And oil'd connubal knots, to make them ſlip,
Thou too, illuſtrious § arbiter of wool,
Grave without thinking, and tho' empty, dull;
|| And thou great cenſor of ſpades, drills, and ploughs,
Whoſe judgment Coke adores, and Young allows;
Crops, lecturers, patriots, all whoſe fervid minds
No qualm repreſſes and no conſcience binds;

' By the pricking of my thumbs
' Something wicked this way comes—'

for were it ſo, Lord L. would be characterized as a thing wicked: ' which is, (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught."

* *Sage.*] Mr. Grattan: but this gentleman ſtruck a better thing out of his country, than Neptune did out of Attica.

† *Thou too.*] His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

‡ *Thou too.*] Mary Woolſtoncroft Godwin.

§ *Arbiter.*] Sir John Sinclair, Bart. M. P. ci-devant preſident of the Board of Agriculture—or his ram. The alluſion is doubtful.

|| *Great Cenſor.*] His Grace the Duke of Bedford—Vide accounts of the Agricultural meetings at Wooburn.

All

All who can wade remorſe and ſhame beyond,
Who toaſt, who club, who plot, who correſpond.
Oh! thro' the path myſterious guide my lay,
And the rich lore of Anarchy diſplay.
" In early youth to calm experience blind
When fraud-full fancy ſoftens all the mind,
Let the ſly ſage his noble toil begin
And ſtamp the witching rudiments of ſin.
But ſtill that heart the beſt return ſhall yield,
Which vice has ſapp'd and diſappointment ſteel'd.
" Now e'er you ſeek to win the youthful ear,
Sift well your ſubject, and th' aſſault prepare.
Each childiſh prejudice, each habit ſcan,
And learn each various bias of the man.
Mark which bold minds the blaze of truth will bear,
And which, more cautious, ſtart at what they hear;
With ſome the patriot jargon ſtill ſucceeds;
Some ruſh, where'er ſeductive pleaſure leads:
Theſe Hymen's joys and quick divorces move;
And all the ſweet viciſſitudes of love:
Of wealth divided ſome with rapture hear,
And ſcent the promis'd plunder from afar;
Your needy man is born for blood and ſtrife,
And embryo murders lurk upon his knife;
For niggard nature has her gifts confin'd;
Nor* laviſh'd every crime on every mind;
Such is her law, ſince heavenly juſtice hurl'd
Satan's grim troops into the nether world;
Troops, from whom modern Jacobins aroſe;
An hardy race unmoved by human woes.
" Then careful, on the waxen mind of youth
Stamp, deeply ſtamp, each democratic truth.
Yet not too long with crude inſtruction tire
The flagging ear, but other thoughts inſpire.
To day, man's perfect † energies expound,
By no reſtraint or fool-born conſcience bound;

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* *Nor laviſh'd.*] Analogous to this is the opinion of Mr. Jon. Wild, a very eminent *ſcavant*, now fully rewarded. That philoſopher held it to be the part of a wiſe man never to do more miſchief to another, than was neceſſary for effecting his purpoſe; for he ſaid, miſchief was a thing too precious to be thrown away.

† *Energies.*] Mr. Godwin has, in his great work, manifeſted, beyond fear of contradiction, that the human energies are in a ſtate of progreſſive improvement, and will gradually attain abſolute perfection, ſo as that all our wants will be ſpontaneouſly ſupplied.

N. B. The Britiſh Philoſopher pillaged this idea from the German profeſſor *Fichte.*

Then

Then to the flow'ry path of pleaſure lead,
Then paint the joy when prieſts or monarchs bleed:
Since the worn-mind for varying objects calls,
Ev'n lawleſs Love by repetition palls.
From hints too broad at firſt with care refrain,
Nor plant your precepts in a barren brain.
" Oft too, the power of ridicule employ
The tender ſeeds of virtue to deſtroy:
Whether 'tis ill-plac'd ſhame that ſaps the root,
Or keener ſhears forbid her germs to ſhoot,
Or oft aſſail'd, what once the mind rever'd,
Sinks to a bug-bear, but by folly fear'd."

" Aware of this, the varying ſigns await
That mark the weal or weakneſs of a State:
For ſigns there are, that Jacobins ſhould know,
What time to ſtrike, and when repreſs the blow;
When France prevails, let Napper Tandy roam:
When Auſtria conquers, keep your ſcouts at home.
That hour ill ſuits the deſperate mutineer,
When England's thunder Egypt's defarts hear:
On Acra's wall when ſtands the conqu'ring tar,
Nor bounds his glory by a naval war:
When the red flag which rul'd the main before,
Now flies triumphant on Aboukir's tower:
Or from the rugged North when armies flow,
And Paul ſtands victor on the banks of Po.
" But other ſigns and other manners tell
When ſafely treaſon may deſert her cell.
Then ſtoops to meanneſs the patrician mind,
No honour prompts it, and no ſcruples bind;
Ali e remov'd from poliſh'd arts appear
In equal rank, the boxer and the peer:
Then at ſome pot-houſe patriot coblers fix
Their nightly club, to gabble politics:
Ev'n new-born literature alarms the poor,
And books are bought, where books ne'er came before.
While ſafe at diſtance Paine unpuniſh'd croaks
The notes of treaſon to the ſimple folks.
In proſe ſublime, old Wyvil takes the lead,
And worries Pitt—becauſe they once agreed:
Unhappy Pitt! if once thy erring youth,
Led by bad company, forſook the truth;
Vaſt is the fine thy riper years muſt pay
To clear the forfeit of that luckleſs day!
Then oft expos'd,* the bare fac'd journals try
The public mind, and point their daily lye;

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* " *Expos'd.*] Vide Anti-Jacobin paſſim."

Then

Then from their garrets, Chriſtie, Parr, and Freind,
Their ſhort-liv'd pamphlets in Reviews * defend;
Still the ſame cauſe in tales or hiſtories plead,
Write books on books; and lo! the public read:
Not that their ſterile brains with genius glow,
Or from their pens ſtrong ſenſe and judgment flow;
But when, or baffled pride, or envy blinds,
Or wild ambition whets their eager minds,
So they but riſe, whate'er the means, they ſlight;
Hate right as wrong, and worſhip wrong as right.
Each his own maſter paſſion rules: but all
In union toil to work the Premier's fall:
Whigs, Democrats, and grave Diſſenters join
To ſcatter diſcontent and guzzle wine;
Hence clubs ariſe, the Crown and Anchor fills,
And B——d ſcarce can pay the tavern bills."

We could have extracted much more largely, from parts equally ſpirited and poetical; but our extracts have already been unuſually copious, and will amply ſuffice to enable our readers to form a correct judgment of the ſatiriſt's abilities and principles. One only remark we have to ſubjoin. Strong and ſevere as many of his animadverſions unqueſtionably are, there is ſcarcely one practice which he has imputed to the party, to which they have not had recourſe; indeed, we know of ſome, more foul, more deteſtable, than any which he has ſatirized. Nor is there any one of his expreſſions, however ſtrong, however ſevere, which would not be ſtrictly applicable to the man, who could have the ſhameleſs effrontery to pronounce in a Britiſh Houſe of Commons, ſuch a panegyric, as we have lately peruſed in the public prints, on that unprincipled enemy of the Britiſh Conſtitution, that monſter of vice and iniquity, BONAPARTE. If there could be any Member of either Houſe, ſo loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame, ſo deſtitute of all the feelings of a Briton, as ſo to panegyrize ſuch a being, the abhorrence of all good men, and the execrations of his country would be his deſerved portion.†

ART.

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* " *Reviews.*] Vide Analytical and Critical Reviews," &c. &c.

† Bonaparte has been called GREAT, forſooth, becauſe he traverſed with his army the unfortified and unguarded paſſes of the Alps; deſcended into the plains of Lombardy, either wholly unoppoſed, or at moſt, very feebly oppoſed by very weak and ſeparate detachments, of the enemy; and becauſe, after having been allowed to aſſemble all the ſcattered diviſions of his army into one compact body, he defeated the Auſtrians ſolely, *by the acknowledged ſuperiority of his numbers*, after one of the moſt deſperate actions that ever was fought, and after his own ſuperior forces had been beaten during a greater part of the day! If this be ſufficient to conſtitute *greatneſs*, no wonder we are taught, by ſimilar panegyriſts, to conſider the profuſion of a ſpendthrift, with the means of a pauper, and the

ART. XI. *The firſt and fourth Books of the Odes of Horace, tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Hatchard. 1799.

WITHOUT fatiguing attention with an elaborate diſquiſition on the Odes of Horace, the difficulty of tranſlating them, or the merits of their tranſlators, we ſhall, at once, announce the preſent verſion of the firſt and fourth Books, as the beſt (on *the whole*, decidedly the beſt) that hath yet appeared in an Engliſh dreſs. Hitherto, Francis ſeems to have holden the moſt diſtinguiſhed place among the Engliſh verſifiers of Horace.

That our readers may determine, to which of theſe rival poets the wreath is due, we ſhall lay before them, the third Ode of the firſt Book; firſt by Francis, and ſecondly, by the new tranſlator.

By FRANCIS.

" *To the Ship, in which Virgil ſailed to Athens.*

" So may the Cyprian Queen divine,
And the twin-ſtars with ſaving luſtre ſhine.
So may the father of the wind
All others, but the weſtern breezes, bind;
As you, dear veſſel! ſafe reſtore
The intruſted pledge to the Athenian ſhore,
And of my ſoul the partner ſave,
My much lov'd Virgil from the raging wave.
Or oak, or braſs, with triple fold,
Around that daring mortal's boſom roll'd,
Who firſt, to the wild ocean's rage,
Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage,
Tempeſtuous, when the ſouth deſcends
Precipitate, and with the north contends;
Nor fear'd the ſtars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the weſtern main,
Of power ſupreme the ſtorm to raiſe,
Or calmer ſmooth the ſurface of the ſeas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man who view'd with *fixt unſhaken ſight*,
The floating monſters, waves *enflam'd*,
And rocks, for ſhipwreck'd fleets, *ill-famed?*

---

the practice of incurring debts without the proſpect, or intention, of paying them, thereby involving hundreds in ruin to ſupport the profligate extravagance of one, as indubitable proofs of genius, liberality, and ſpirit; to regard the neglect of all public duty in order to devote every hour to inglorious idleneſs in the arms of a proſtitute, as an infallible mark of genuine patriotiſm and public virtue; and the faſhionable diviſion of time between tavern orgies, the gaming tables, and the ſtews, as indiſputable ſymptoms of the growth of amiability and gentleneſs of manners!!!

Jove

Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by the inhabitable main,
If ships profane, with fearless pride
Bound o'er the inviolable tide.
No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
Thus from the sun's ethereal beam
When bold Prometheus stole the enlivening flame,
Of fevers dire a ghastly brood
Till then unknown, the unhappy fraud pursued;
On earth their horrors baleful spread,
And the pale monarch of the dead,
Till then slow-moving to his prey,
Precipitately rapid, swept his way.
Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air;
Thro' hell, Alcides urg'd his course;
No work too high for man's audacious force.
Our folly would attempt the skies,
And with gigantic boldness impious rise;
Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside."

By the new TRANSLATOR.—*The same.*

"The goddess of the Cyprian green,
The brothers of the Spartan Queen,
Beaming from stars of light a friendly ray;
And he, whose power the tempest binds,
Restraining, all save western, winds,
So guide thee on thy way!*

Lov'd bark! as to thy duty just,
Thou giv'st once more thy sacred trust,
My absent Virgil to this anxious heart:
Oh, safe from peril, I implore,
Waft gently to the Athenian shore
My soul's far better part!

Sure, oak and triple brass were found
That hardy mortal's breast around,

---

* This reminds us of a similar passage in Theocritus, to which, perhaps, the translator had an eye:

"But ye, though now the closing waves pursue,
Quick rescue from the chasm the dying crew!
Lo, the clouds break! their scatter'd fragments fly,
Whilst the drear winds in whispering murmurs die;
And each mild star, that marks the tranquil night,
Gilds the reposing wave with friendly light."
Polwhele's Theocritus, Vol. I. P. 157.

Who

Who firſt dar'd ocean's unknown depths to brave;
Who firſt his fragile bark reſign'd,
Adventurous, to the driving wind
And unrelenting wave!

Nor fear'd the blaſt of Lybia join'd
In conflict with the northern wind,
The watery Hyads, nor loud Auſter's power;
At whoſe high bidding, on the deep,
The Adriatic billows ſleep,
Or black'ning tempeſts lower.

What form of death his ſoul could awe,
Whoſe ſteady eye unalter'd ſaw
The unwieldy tribes of ocean tumbling round?
Who ſaw, unmov'd, the ſwelling deep,
And fell Acroceraunia's ſteep
For many a wreck* *renown'd?*

In vain creative wiſdom's hand,
Amid the widely ſever'd land,
In length unſocial pour'd the hoary tides;
If, heedleſs of the high decree,
O'er every interdicted ſea
The impious veſſel glides.

To ſuffering ſteel'd, perverſely bold,
Man graſps the woe the Gods behold,
And fondly ruſhes on forbidden ill:
With fatal fraud Prometheus won
The ethereal flame: a world undone
Yet mourns his baleful ſkill.

Hence, looſ'd o'er earth's fair face to range,
A hoſt of ſpectres new and ſtrange,
Gaunt famine ſtalk'd, and fever's fiery race;
And death, till then a diſtant foe,
With gradual ſtep advancing ſlow,
Inſatiate urg'd his pace.

Amid the azure void of Heaven,
On plumes to mortals never given,
His trackleſs way the Cretan next eſſay'd:
The toil of Hercules defy'd
Black Acheron's oppoſing tide,
And burſt the infernal ſhade.

The darings of the human mind
No awe can check, no limits bind;

---

* *Infames.*

To

To Heaven itself our senseless pride aspires:
Nor Jove, (so fast our crimes increase)
Can give his vengeance pause, or cease
To grasp his angry fires."

To this translator Francis is dull and spiritless. Of Miss Seward's Horatian Odes we entertain no very high opinion; though we set a due value on her poetical talents. It may be amusing, however, to see *Francis*, *Seward*, and our anonymous translator placed in competition with each other.

Book the First. Ode the Ninth.

By FRANCIS.

" Behold Soracte's *airy* height,
See how it stands an heap of snow:
Behold the winter's *hoary weight*
Oppress the labouring woods below;
And, by *the season's* icy hand
Congeal'd, the *lazy* rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire;
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless, the rest of life resign:

For when the warring winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—And lo! the tempest dies
On the smooth bosom of the deep:
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow with its cares depise,
And make the present hour your own;
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The Joys *of dancing and of love.*

By SEWARD.—*The same.*

" In *dazzling* whiteness, lo! Soracte towers,
As all the mountain were one heap of snow!
Rush from the loaded *woods the glittering* showers;
The frost-bound waters can no longer flow.

Let plenteous billets, on the glowing hearth,
Dissolve the ice-dart ere it reach thy veins;
Bring mellow *wines to prompt convivial mirth,*
Nor *heed the arrested streams, or slippery plains.*

High Heaven, reſiſtleſs, in his varied ſway,
Speaks!—The wild elements contend no more;
Nor then, *from raging ſeas, the foamy ſpray*
Climbs the dark rocks, or curls upon the ſhore.

And peaceful, then, yon aged aſh ſhall ſtand;
In *breathleſs* calm the *duſky Cypreſs* riſe;
To-morrow's deſtiny the Gods command,
To-day is *thine*; *enjoy it, and be wiſe.*"

By the new TRANSLATOR.—*The ſame.*

"See! Thaliarchas! cloath'd in ſnow,
Soracte riſes white in air:
Keen Froſt forbids the ſtream to flow,
And ſcarce the woods their *plumy* burthen bear.

Haſte! *cheer the piercing ſeaſon's* cold,
Pile high with wood the blazing hearth;
Let generous wine, four ſummers old,
Flame from the caſk, and crown the board with mirth.

To Heaven *permit* the reſt, whoſe will,
When wild winds war with wintery ſeas,
Can lull them to a calm, ſo ſtill,
That not a murmur waves the trembling trees.

Inquire not of to-morrow's doom;
To-day account a certain gain;
While time yet ſpares thy youthful bloom,
Nor ſcorn ſweet love, nor ſhun the choral train."

Theſe three verſions are, neither of them, faultleſs. In Francis, we object to "*airy height,*" and "*hoary weight,*" as monotonous, to ſay nothing of the rhyme; and to "*the Seaſons,*" as too general a term; and, in Seward, to the paraphraſtic turn of the whole, in which the buſtling action of the original is entirely loſt. Her paraphraſe, indeed, is not from Horace but from Francis. Francis ſays, in a note: "*conſtet nive,* as if the whole mountain were an heap of ſnow;" to which Seward echoes: "as all the mountain were one heap of ſnow," &c. &c. In the new tranſlator, we find one or two expreſſions, too general, and, perhaps, affected; but we think him far ſuperior to Seward, and (except in the laſt ſtanza) to Francis. In the mean time we have not forgotten Mr. Boſcawen to whom ſome critics have adjudged the palm of victory. But not having his book in our poſſeſſion we could form no eſtimate of its comparative merits.

ART. XII. *Lord Auckland's Triumph; or, the Death of Crim. Con. a pair of prophetic Odes. To which are added, an Addreſs to Hymen; an Ode to the Paſſions; Advice to Young Women, or the Roſe and Strawberry; a Fable. With a moſt intereſting Poſtſcript.* By Peter Pindar, Eſq. 4to. Pp. 52. 2s. 6d. Weſt and Hughes, 1800.

WHOEVER

WHOEVER could expect to ſee a well-written eſſay againſt the progreſs of Jacobiniſm from the pen of *Marat*, or an Ode upon the Vice and Folly of ambition and conqueſt from the poetic genius of *Bonaparte*, would naturally hope to ſee the man who calls himſelf *Peter Pindar* enter the liſts, as the champion of decency, morality, and virtue. All the admirers of his former productions will, no doubt, be equally gratified with the preſent abortion of his proſtituted muſe; for it has the ſame claims to their notice and applauſe; it is, in ſhort, a child of the ſame family, a hideous lump of ribaldry, obſcenity, and falſhood, truly worthy of its parent. Of the two former qualities we ſhall not pollute our page by the exhibition of ſpecimens which abound in every ſheet; but the charge of falſhood it behoves us to ſpecify.

In the dedication, the poetaſter, alluding to the laudable efforts of the Biſhop of Durham, to enforce ſome regard to decency at the Opera Houſe, ſays;—"This *reverend* Biſhop and his *reverend* LADY ſaw *ſo much* at the Opera as aſtoniſhed, confounded, and petrified;" (petrified *whom* or *what*?) "they ſaw on a Saturday, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath." The object of this ſcandalous remark is manifeſt, but *there is not one ſyllable of truth in it.* Equally falſe is the aſſertion, in a note to P. 13, where, ſpeaking of the Biſhop of London, he affirms, that, "on a vacancy in the See of Durham, he ſtrained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thouſand pounds a year; the Biſhoprick of London, worth only *poor four thouſands* per annum, *ſcarcely ſufficient* to ſupply the *extenſive circle* of his charities! Good man, he was diſappointed; not only diſappointed too; his prayer was conſidered as a piece of meanneſs and ingratitude." It is well known that the revenue of the See of London is greatly inadequate, in theſe times, to ſupport the unavoidable expences of the ſituation; of the nature and extent of which ſuch a mind as Peter Pindar's cannot be ſuppoſed to have a proper conception. But the anecdote itſelf is a baſe fabrication of his own. Remonſtrance with ſuch a wretch is vain; but expoſure of him is a duty; on this ſubject we ſhall only ſay to him, *mentiris impudentiſſime.* But though the falſhood be notorious it is poſſible that he may plead ignorance of it, and ſeek to avail himſelf of the benefit of *Faernus's* obſervation;

> "Qui mentiuntur impudenter, hi ſuis
> Refellere ipſi ſe ſolent mendaciis."

Aware of the notoriety which has attached to the abominable profligacy of his conduct, Peter endeavours, in a ſtrain, half ſerious, half jocular, to impreſs on the minds of ſuch as *know him not*, an idea that he is reformed.

> "Yes, I was once a ſinner, I confeſs;
> But now my morals wear a *ſober* dreſs."

Had this really been the caſe, however we might have condemned his writings, we ſhould have ſpared the man; never will we reproach the penitent ſinner with his forſaken crimes; what a

man now *is*, not what he *has been*, is the true object of consideration with the moral censor and satyrist. But our credulity is not so easily imposed upon; Peter's assertions have no weight with us; and, unfortunately, we are in possession of facts which compel us to place this mock-confession on the long list of his falshoods. We are unwilling to add to those circumstantial details which our duty obliged us to enter into, when we noticed the last libel of this wretched rhymster; but we will just recall to his memory his late visit to a favourite bookseller, where his reception was such as to have disgusted any man who had one atom of feeling about him, though it did not prevent Peter from *begging* a dinner of him; the scene which ensued we shall not minutely describe; suffice it to say; the bard got beastly drunk, chiefly with his favourite beverage brandy, which he blasphemously denominates, the *liquid Messiah*, and, when a prostitute, with whom he had made an appointment for the purpose, called to take him to the play, he was unable to accompany her, and was left to sleep off the fumes of the spirit, in a corner of the warehouse, where he lay lifeless as a bale of damaged goods. Such is the *sober dress* which the *morals* of Peter Pindar are still accustomed to wear.

When we say that these pages exhibit a mishapen mass of most miserable doggerel, our decision will no doubt be imputed to prejudice by those tea-table critics whom we have frequently heard declare that Peter Pindar's poetry is *vastly clever*, *so witty*, and *so funny*, without making a single objection to his obscenity, his calumny, and his falshood. To such we exhibit the following stanzas with an humble request, that they will favour us with a description of its beauties, or an indication of its wit, for we honestly confess our inability to discover either. As to the confession which it contains, of the *blackness of his soul*, we willingly record it, as perfectly corresponding with his actions.

> " I never cast off PLEASURE from me—no;
> But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and *so*.
> For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* soul!
> *Black* velvet, mind! which when the god of day
> Doth visit with his all enlivening ray,
> Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole*."

We can assure our readers that we have not selected this stanza, for any pre-eminence of folly and absurdity which it can boast over its comrades; they are all of a-piece; but this first met our eye as we had occasion to refer to the page for another purpose. Let those who can amuse themselves with such nonsense, and who really think such a man as Peter Pindar worthy of encouragement, pay their half-crown for these Odes.

It now only remains for us to notice what the author *modestly* calls, " a most interesting postscript," which is, without exception, the most atrocious libel that ever issued from the press. Writhing in agony under the chastisement which we inflicted on him,* Peter

* In our Review for November last.

Pindar

Pindar undertakes to reply, not by a denial of the ſtrong facts which we preferred againſt him, but by the moſt wanton and malignant abuſe of ſome reſpectable gentlemen, who he is pleaſed to repreſent, as the projectors and conductors of the ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW; and, judging from his own diſpoſition, having no idea that our attack upon him could originate in a ſenſe of duty, or in any other motive than revenge, he modeſtly imputes it to the diſreſpectful manner in which *he* had ſpoken of thoſe gentlemen and their works. Now we know ſufficient of them to affirm that they entertain ſo juſt an opinion of this man's abilities and judgment, that they would treat his abuſe with ſovereign contempt, and think, with us, that the only thing to be dreaded is *his praiſe*. The excellence of their characters, however, was ſuch as to enhance the delight which Peter promiſed himſelf from the gratification of his malignity. With the enjoyment of ſuch pleaſures it is not our intention to interfere; but it becomes us to ſay from a regard for truth, that not one of thoſe gentlemen ever ſaw the critique which has excited ſo much indignation until it was before the public; and, farther, that, in what this man has ſaid reſpecting the ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, all his conjectures are erroneous, and all his aſſertions falſe.

Peter Pindar has conſtantly derived his information from Scullious and other authorities equally reſpectable whom he has contrived, by ſome means or other, to ſeduce from their duty to their employers; of courſe he has collected very little, if any, fact, and an ample portion of fiction; theſe his fertile imagination has worked up ſo as to anſwer the purpoſes of his malignant mind. It is but juſtice, however, to obſerve that he is the moſt credulous of all human beings; in ſhort, his credulity can only be equalled by his obſcenity, his malignity, and his blaſphemy

It is truly curious to obſerve the ſtudied forbearance of Peter towards *Lords*, ſince the leſſon of caution which he received from Lord Lonſdale, to whom he crouched with a ſervility of ſpirit, an abjectneſs of ſubmiſſion, that ſtrongly characterized the baſeneſs of his mind. When he has now occaſion to allude to a Lord, he takes ſpecial care not to mention his name. His prudence is as remarkable in one inſtance, in this poſtſcript, as it is deficient in another; for while he has ſo directed his abuſe as to avert the danger of perſonal correction, he has ſo laviſhed it as to ſubject himſelf to the laſh of the law.

Our object, however, is attained; we have eſtabliſhed the true character of the man to the conviction of the public; for, throughout his reply to our obſervations, if his poſtſcript may be called a reply, he has not dared to deny any one of the atrocious charges which we alledged againſt him. Though, by ſuch acquieſcence in the juſtice of our accuſations, for recrimination, (even were it as juſt as it is unjuſt, and as applicable to us as it is inapplicable) is no anſwer, except in a ſuit for a divorce, he muſt have forfeited all claims to the confidence, the protection, or even the countenance of the public (except, indeed, the vicious part of it);

yet, it marks his prudence, for he well knew that we had not advanced a ſingle fact which we were not fully able to ſubſtantiate, by authentic documents, and by the oaths of witneſſes, of unimpeached integrity, at the bar of a court of juſtice. Nor will we quit him here; for he ſhall find, if he again provoke our animadverſions, that the puniſhment which we have hitherto inflicted, ſeverely as he has felt it, is merciful, compared to that which we ſtill have in ſtore for him.

We ſhall conclude this article by ſhewing the effect which our former caſtigation produced on this determined enemy to the good and virtuous of every deſcription, as deſcribed by a correſpondent. "That animated philippic ſtung him to the quick. It drove him almoſt to madneſs, and drew from him ſuch horrible execrations as aſtoniſhed and terrified all who heard him. He had never before met with ſo powerful an adverſary, and he ſunk under his correcting hand. He has now indeed attempted to defend himſelf, but never was there ſo feeble and miſerable a defence. It conſiſts entirely in recrimination; that is, in oppoſing falſehood to truth;—He does not deny a ſingle fact that you have aſſerted. Every ſyllable you have ſaid of him remains uncontradicted; and he has conſequently *ſet his ſeal* to the truth of every charge you have brought againſt him."

ART. XIII. *Epiſtle to Peter Pindar.* By the Author of the Baviad. 4to. Pp. 40. Wright. 1800.

THE preceding article was not only written but compoſed before this Epiſtle was put into our hands; and, notwithſtanding the conformity of ſentiment, and even of language, which will be found between our review of the Prophetic Odes and the "Introduction" to the Epiſtle, not the ſmalleſt communication whatever took place between the worthy and eſtimable author of the Baviad and us, reſpecting the miſerable productions of Peter Pindar; and we here repeat, what we have before declared, that neither he, nor any of the reſpectable gentlemen who have been honoured with the abuſe of Peter, ever ſaw our review of his "Nil Admirari," until it was publiſhed, nor will have ſeen the preceding article before the regular period of publication.

The author firſt ſtates, in his Introduction, that he has, for a ſeries of years, been the object of Peter Pindar's ſcurrility, to whom he has never given the ſmalleſt ground of offence. Peter, it ſeems, imputed to him "the Purſuits of Literature," in a note to which ſome very juſt obſervations were made on the vile heap of obſcene and treaſonable traſh which he had publiſhed at different times. This imputation is here ſtated to have been utterly falſe, and for the truth of this ſtatement we do not heſitate to pledge ourſelves. But Peter has been but little in the habit of conſulting the truth or falſhood of his charges, as we have before had occaſion to ſhew. We have no ſcruple to declare ourſelves highly gratified by the praiſes beſtowed on our work, and on the critique of "Nil Admirari" in particular, by a gentleman whoſe

whoſe principles and whoſe talents have long ſecured, what they have juſtly been entitled to, our reſpect and eſteem. So long as we continue to enſure, and are conſcious of deſerving, from the goodneſs of our intentions, and the honeſty of our zeal, the approbation of ſuch characters, we ſhall deem ourſelves amply rewarded for our exertions in ſupport of the beſt cauſe, we are bold to affirm, the ſucceſs of which any body of men ever undertook to promote.

We could have wiſhed that the author had availed himſelf of the opportunity afforded him of making his wretched aſſailant feel the laſh of thoſe laws which he has ſo long been ſuffered to inſult and violate with impunity; and we ſtill hope that this will be the caſe; for we will "give the devil his due," and do Peter the juſtice to acknowledge, that if he do not *love* the laws of his country he *fears* them. When threatened with a proſecution by Lord Lonſdale, which he averted by the baſeſt ſervility, he had actually made preparations for his departure to America, that general receptacle for all the peſtilential dregs of Britain, and altered one ſtanza of a printed poem, in which he had reviled the Americans and their conſtitution, thereby converting, with a pliancy of principle habitual to his proſtituted muſe, a cenſure into a compliment, in order to pave the way for his reception in the United States. As, however, the author has condeſcended to inflict on him the laſh of a pen, that has already proved ſo fatal to literary fools and coxcombs, we cannot but congratulate the public on the appearance of one of the moſt able and animated productions which we have peruſed for a long time. Some of the extracts which we ſhall make from it will ſerve to make our readers ſtill better acquainted with "the Life and Character" of Peter Pindar. Firſt, as to his *miſnomer*.

"Why the fellow took the name of *Pindar*, it is not eaſy to ſay. Some *alias*, I will allow, it was proper for him to take; for the name he originally went by, had long been ſynonimous with every thing baſe and infamous; and was, therefore, to be laid aſide: but ſtill it remains a queſtion why he took that of Pindar. Pindar, it is true, wrote Odes, but they have nothing in common with the draggle-tailed doggrel of Peter; nor does he differ leſs in his moral and literary character, than in his poetical one, from this beaſtly profaner of his name. Pindar was a man of piety, a ſincere follower of the religion of his country, and a warm and enthuſiaſtic admirer of every great and illuſtrious name; while Peter ———, but I diſdain to purſue the contraſt. I will only add, that Pindar was loved and admired while living, and honoured and lamented when dead: while Peter has been ſcorned and abhorred through a long and profligate life; and when he drops, as he ſoon muſt, into the grave, will be followed by the hate and deteſtation of all but Atheiſts and Traitors. The reſt will experience at his death, ſome portion of that pleaſure which diſburthened Italy felt when Tiſiphone (his ſiſter-fiend) after ſowing the ſeeds of rancour and animoſity, opened the jaws of Acheron, and plunged to her native hell

" ——— rupto ingens Acheronte vorago
Peſtiferas aperit fauces ; quîs condita Erynnis,
Inviſum numen, terras, cœlumque levabat!

" Away then with the name of *Pindar*. Yet as Peter muſt have ſome name, and cannot with prudence take that of *W*——, I will preſent him with two—either of which will ſerve his turn to admiration. I ſpeak of Peribomius and Natta—The firſt a ſad, poor wretch, of whom I find this apologetical account :

" ——— hunc ego fatis
Impuro, qui vultu morbum, inceſſuque fatetur.

The ſecond, couſin-german to the former, and whoſe reſemblance to Peter has been already recognized by the author of the ' Purſuits of Literature,' is thus deſcribed by my friend, Mr. Drummond,

" Natta, to virtue loſt, knows not its price,
Fattens in ſloth, and STUPIFIES IN VICE ;
Sunk in the gulph, immerg'd in guilt he lies,
Has not the power, nor yet the wiſh to riſe."

The author had drawn a parallel between Peter Pindar and Anthony Paſquin, which he reſerves for a future publication. But he does not know that Anthony has very lately returned from America to England, and we ſincerely hope that the ſevere correction which he has experienced in both countries, and the miſerable diſappointment which he has ſuſtained in the former, will produce a reformation both of principle and of practice, and lead him to adopt ſuch a line of conduct in future as will tend to avert the new caſtigation thus prepared for him. It is the entertainment of this hope that deters us from extracting the ſevere reproof which Anthony received, previous to his departure for America, from the learned and upright Judge, who preſides in the Court of King's Bench.

The author thus explains his object in the compoſition of this Epiſtle.

" In the ſhort view which I have given of the life of a man, who for near half a century, has perſiſted in defaming every thing that is great, and honourable, and virtuous, and holy amongſt us, I labour leſs anxiouſly to ſhew how well he is qualified, by nature and habit, for the taſk, than to hold up to his few admirers (nearly, in my opinion, as worthleſs as himſelf,) a ſlight ſketch of the man whom it has delighted them to honour ; and to teach thoſe who have attracted his notice, that is, his abuſe, how little they have to apprehend from the malice of an impotent ſcribbler who, having waſted his youth and manhood in unprofitable depravity, is fallen in the dregs of life, into merited poverty, neglect, and contempt."

" The reader will obſerve that I have only conducted Peter to town. His ſubſequent adventures are reſerved till his next effuſion of malevolent dulneſs ſhall provoke me to come forward again. It muſt not be ſuppoſed, however, that I have exhauſted his country atchieve-

atchievements.—No; the tythe of them are yet untouched. I have now in my hand a letter from an Officer who aſſiſted in kicking him out of Maker Camp for his ſcandalous indecencies."

So much for the Introduction, which diſplays all that *nerve* and *ſpirit* which ſo ſtrongly characterize the proſe-writings of this diſtinguiſhed author. We hope to convince our readers that the poetical part of this Epiſtle is entitled to, at leaſt, equal commendation. On contemplating the following features of the early character of Peter Pindar, which are unqueſtionably drawn by the pencil of truth, the mind experiences the ſame kind of feeling which the bard himſelf experienced at the baſe mention of his deteſted name.

" A ſhivering horror crept through all my frame,
A damp, cold, chill, as if a ſnake or toad,
Had ſtarted unawares acroſs my road:"—

" CORNWALL remembers yet his firſt employ,
And ſhuddering tells, with what infernal joy
His little tongue in blaſphemies was loos'd,
His little hands in deeds of horror uſ'd:
While mangled inſects ſtrew'd his cradle o'er,
And limbs of birds diſtained his bib with gore.

" Anon, on ſtronger animals he flew
(For with his growth his ſavage paſſions grew):
And oft, what time his violence fail'd to kill,
He form'd the inſidious drug* with wicked ſkill;
Saw with wild joy, in pangs till then untry'd,
Cats, dogs, expire; and curs'd them as they died!

" With riper years a different ſcene began,
And his hate turn'd from animals to man:
Then letters, libels, flew on ſecret wings,
And wide around infix'd their venom'd ſtings;
All fear'd, where none could ward, the coming blow,
And each man ey'd his neighbour as his foe;
Till dragg'd to day, the lurking caitiff ſtood,
(Th' accurſed cauſe of many a fatal feud),
And begg'd for mercy in ſo ſad a ſtrain,
So wept, ſo trembled, that the injur'd train
Who, cowring at their feet, a MISCREANT ſaw,
Too mean for puniſhment, too poor for law,
O'erlook'd ('twas all they could) his numerous crimes,
And ſhipp'd him off 'to ape and monkey climes.'

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* " Let not the reader who ſhudders at this, therefore diſbelieve it. Almoſt the firſt accounts I remember to have had of this man, (and they were from one of his own profeſſion, from one who knew him well) related to the execrable uſe he made of his knowledge as an apothecary's boy, in torturing and deſtroying animals."

" THERE,

" THERE, while the negroes view'd with new diſguſt,
This prodigy of drunkenneſs and luſt,
Explore the darkeſt cells, the dirtieſt ſtyes,
And roll in filth at which *their* gorge would riſe;
He play'd one maſter-trick to crown the whole,
And took, O Heavens! the ſacerdotal ſtole!
How ſhook the altar when he firſt drew near,
Hot from debauch, and with a ſhameleſs leer,
Pour'd ſtammering forth the yet unhallowed prayers,
Mix'd with convulſive ſobs, and noiſome airs!—
Then roſe the people, paſſive now no more,
And from his limbs the ſacred veſtiments tore;
Dragg'd him with groans, ſhouts, hiſſes, to the main,
And ſent him to annoy theſe realms again.

" Cornwall, that fondly deem'd herſelf reliev'd,
Ill-fated land! once more the peſt receiv'd;
But, wary and forewarn'd, obſerv'd his courſe,
And track'd each ſlander to its proper ſource;
'Till indignation, wide and wider ſpread,
Burſt in one dreadful tempeſt on his head.

" Then flight, pale flight, enſu'd!—'TWERE long to trace
His mazes, as he ſlunk from place to place;
To count, whene'er unearth'd, what pumps he bore,
What horſe-ponds, till the country he forſwore,
And, chac'd by public vengeance up and down,
(Hopeleſs of ſhelter) fled at length to town:
Compell'd in crowds to hide his hated head,
And ſpung'd on dirty whores for dirty bread."

We cannot but tranſcribe the impreſſive admonition which concludes the Epiſtle. Happy, moſt happy, will it be for the miſerable object to whom it is addreſſed, if it penetrate deeply into his *black ſoul* (we uſe his own words), and produce that radical and perfect reformation, without which, whatever eaſe he may *affect*, he can neither know true happineſs here, nor ſalvation hereafter. But while we ardently hope to witneſs this reformation, we are led, from our intimate knowledge of the man, ſtrongly to fear, that the charitable attempt of the bard is only a renewal of the vain effort to waſh the blackamoor white.

" Enough!—Yet, Peter! mark my parting lay—
See! thy laſt ſands are fleeting faſt away;
And, what ſhould more thy ſluggiſh ſoul appal,
Thy limbs ſhrink up—THE WRITING ON THE WALL!—
O! check, a moment check, the obſtreperous din
Of guilty joy, and hear the voice within,
The ſmall, ſtill voice of conſcience, hear it cry,
An Atheiſt thou *may'ſt* live, but can'ſt not die.

" Give, then, poor tinkling bellman of three-ſcore!
Give thy lewd rhymes, thy lewder converſe o'er;

Thy

'Thy envy, hate—and, while thou yet haſt power,
On other thoughts employ the unvalu'd hour;
Leſt as from crazy eld's diſeaſeful bed,
Thou liſt'ſt, TO SPIT AT HEAVEN, thy palſied head,
The BLOW arrive, and thou, reduc'd by fate,
To change thy phrenzy for deſpair too late;
Cloſe thy dim eyes a moment in the tomb,
To wake for ever in THE LIFE TO COME,
Wake to meet HIM whoſe 'ord'nance thou haſt ſlav'd' *
Whoſe Mercy ſlighted, and whoſe Juſtice brav'd!"

The thanks of every virtuous man is due to the writer of this ſpirited Epiſtle for his able expoſure of a wretch who has too long been ſuffered to ſpit his venom, with impunity,

" On all that genius, all that worth holds dear,
Unſullied rank, and piety ſincere;
While idiot mirth the baſe defilement lauds,
And malice, with averted face, applauds!"

To *our* thanks he is peculiarly indebted for his zealous co-operation in the taſk which we had begun, and which, Peter may reſt aſſured, ſhall not be left unfiniſhed. We truſt, this worthy co-adjutor will continue to fight with us, in ſuch a cauſe, ſide by ſide.

We had almoſt forgotten to notice that the very appropriate French motto, in the title page, which the author has evidently quoted from memory, is, from miſtake, attributed to the ſatyriſt BOILEAU, when, in fact, it is taken from Corneille's tragedy of the *Cid*, (act I. ſcene 3.) and is addreſſed by Diego to Gomez, accompanied by what Peter Pindar has ſo often received, and what he ſo frequently deſerves, *a blow*.

DIVINITY.

ART. XIV. *Chriſtian Inſtitutes: Being a popular Illuſtration of the Creed; the Lord's Prayer; and the Ten Commandments: With the Sacraments of Baptiſm and the Lord's Supper. Deſigned for Families, Students, and others.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. 8vo. PP. 162. 2s. Rivingtons. 1799.

THOUGH we much approve the author's intentions in the preſent eſſay; yet truth compels us to declare, that it is a very flimſy publication. " Expoſitions and Commentaries (ſays the writer in his preface) upon the ſame ſubjects are not wanting: yet of theſe, ſome are much too learned for common uſe; others are too prolix;

* " ——————the luſt-dicted man
That ſlaves thy ordinance," &c. *King Lear.*

ſome

ſome are too expenſive for the generality of purchaſers; others are drawn up in the uninviting form of *dialogue*, by *queſtion* and *anſwer*: ſo that a convenience ſtill ſeems to be looked for from a popular performance, ſuited to a greater variety of circumſtances, ſituations, and purpoſes. With a view, in ſome meaſure, to anſwer this deſign, an attempt has here been made to bring into a ſhort compaſs the moſt material points of doctrine in our *Creeds*, &c. &c. by the aid of ſuch approved authorities and commentaries, as the editor conceived might ſafely be relied on:—that from hence a proper inſight may be obtained into the principles of the Chriſtian belief and practice: and that the reader may proceed with greater advantage afterwards, to works of fuller illuſtration, and to *expoſitions* of a ſuperior rank and character."

A good abridgement of Secker, or of Gilpin, on the Church-Catechiſm, might anſwer the deſign here propoſed: but to make a good abridgement requires conſiderable ability. From the fourth Section, which we ſhall tranſcribe entire, may be formed ſome judgement of our author's ſtyle and manner.

"*Of the Redemption of Mankind.*

"We next are taught the method of God's proceeding, in the redemption of mankind.—The nature of God is ſo oppoſite *to*, and irreconcileable *with*, ſin, that *he* ſpared not even *his* own ſon, but delivered *him* up to cruel torments, and to an ignominious death, becauſe *he* had taken upon *himſelf* the charge of our tranſgreſſions. And the Son of God ſo loved us, that he voluntarily offered himſelf for us, to ſuffer thoſe torments, and to undergo that death; *hereby to* diſcharge for us what we owed to God's juſtice, and to redeem mankind at the price of his own blood from the power of the devil, and from eternal death.

"The firſt created man had, by a tranſgreſſion of God's command, brought death into the world;—*thereby* ſubjecting himſelf as well as all his deſcendants, not only to temporal death, which is the death of the body, but to *that* of the ſoul alſo;—*that is*, to eternal puniſhment in the world to come.—Now from the time of this fall of *Adam*, men have been accuſtomed to offer animals to God in ſacrifice, which they ſlew, and burned to aſhes before him, to ſhew that they acknowledged themſelves *thereby to* be worthy of death.—But theſe victims could not, in the nature of things, appeaſe the juſt diſpleaſure and anger of God. It was not poſſible that the blood of bulls and of goats could take away the heavy charge and penalty of ſin. None but Jeſus Chriſt, who was capable of ſuffering in the human nature, yet in virtue of the Godhead reſiding in him was free from ſin, could fully ſatisfy the father's juſtice, by preſenting to him ſufferings, which in his free grace he could accept, inſtead of inflicting the puniſhment which ſin deſerves.—He then, who was perfectly free from ſin himſelf, was put in the place of guilty men. God, who ruleth over all, by a ſcheme, the entire nature of which we do not perfectly comprehend, having been pleaſed to accept the voluntary ſufferings of our Saviour as a ſufficient vindication of his own authority.—So that on the

the merit of that ſacrifice, free forgiveneſs was obtained for all mankind, conſiſtently with the honour, dignity, and ſecurity of God's laws. Chriſt's death deſtroyed the power of death:—that is, it has blotted out and cancelled the penalty of eternal death, which ſinful man had contracted, and has opened the way to eternal life.—He is therefore the true lamb of God, which taketh away the ſins of the world;—He is the ſacrificer and the ſacrifice: he has entered into heaven, of which the ſanctuary in the Jewiſh temple was the figure, not with the blood of animals, but with his own; and he offered to God once for all the ſacrifice of his own death; which being a perfect and ſufficient ſacrifice needeth not to be repeated, like the continual ſacrifices of the old law; though it muſt be continued, as perfect and neceſſary, by our offering it repeatedly in repreſentation and commemoration:—*thereby* to apply the virtue and efficacy of Chriſt's ſufferings, in our own perſons, to ourſelves.

"The name of *Pontius Pilate* is inſerted in the Creed, that we may continually be reminded by it of the time, and circumſtances of our Saviour's death and ſufferings; by what means and methods the deſigns of divine Providence were accompliſhed, that thus it ſhould be;—that Chriſt might ſuffer, by a foreign power, a particular kind of death, not preſcribed by the Jewiſh law; the ſentence of which, the Jews were not permitted either to pronounce, or execute; being obliged to refer all capital cauſes to the Roman Governor."

The ſtyle of this little work is by no means ſuited to the eighteenth century. A brother critic, who agrees with us, that the performance is ſlight and ſuperficial, would yet have been unwilling to concur with us, in dooming it to oblivion, had it been purged from its *herebys* and *therebys*, and *heretos* and *theretos*, and *herefroms* and *therefroms*, and *from hences* and *from thences*.

But we have detected ſuch grammatical errors; and there is ſuch a want of rhythm in the periods; ſuch a dull uniformity in the conſtruction of the paragraphs, and ſuch a feebleneſs in the expreſſion, that we ſhould ill diſcharge our duty as critics, by recommending "Chriſtian Inſtitutes" to the public attention.

ART. XV. *A few plain Reaſons for the Belief of a Chriſtian.* By Thomas Robinſon, A. M. Rector of Ruan-Minor, Cornwall. 8vo. PP. 44. 1s. Robinſon. 1800.

IN a ſenſible and well-written introduction to this treatiſe, the author remarks: "Few, perhaps, are ſo ignorant of the hiſtory of revelation, as never to have heard of the attempts that have been made to impede its progreſs, and fruſtrate its ſucceſs. Few are there, but muſt know, that perſons have exiſted, who have laboured by their writings to expoſe it to contempt as a fabrication and impoſture. But little was to be apprehended from the diſperſion of thoſe unfounded and fallacious arguments, which, too intricate and ſubtle for common underſtanding, were confined to the peruſal of men of talents and erudition."—"The infidels, of the preſent day, have had recourſe

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to a different, and, unfortunately, a more ſucceſsful method. By confident aſſertion, by ridicule, by the groſſeſt and moſt ſhameleſs miſrepreſentation, and by every artifice that could be practiſed on the ignorant and unwary, they have, too often, ſucceeded in poiſoning the morals, and perverting the underſtandings of that middle claſs which conſtitutes ſo valuable a portion of the community. Many have fallen into the ſnare, not from a conviction that revelation is deſtitute of ſufficient proofs, but merely from having never troubled themſelves to enquire into the ſolidity of the foundation on which it reſts for ſupport. Indifferent to religion they originally took it upon truſt, and conſequently were unable, in the hour of trial, to reſiſt the force with which they were attacked."—"With the hopes of affording ſome little aſſiſtance, in counteracting an evil of ſuch magnitude, the writer of this treatiſe, in defence of revelation, has been induced to make it public. He has drawn up a plain and compendious ſtatement of the principal arguments which are uſually adduced to eſtabliſh the credibility of the ſacred writings. Fully aware, that many other works on the ſame ſubject, far more able and ſatisfactory than any thing that can come from him, may have already preceded his, he has only to obſerve, that nothing preciſely of the ſame nature as that which he has here taken upon himſelf, has ever reached him, or, he believes, his neighbourhood."

A few years ſince, Dr. Beattie publiſhed two little volumes, entitled "Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion briefly and plainly ſtated," at the inſtance of the Biſhop of London. And the Biſhop of London himſelf hath juſt publiſhed a treatiſe, which he entitles "a Summary of the principal Evidences for the Truth of divine Origin of the Chriſtian Revelation; deſigned chiefly for the uſe of young perſons, more particularly of thoſe who have lately been confirmed in the dioceſe of London."

Mr. Robinſon's work has the advantage of being much cheaper and ſhorter than either of theſe publications; and is, therefore, more acceſſible to the poorer claſſes, and more likely to be read and ſtudied by perſons who have no great command of time.

The "*Reaſons*" are divided into five ſhort chapters. In the third chapter, Mr. Robinſon adduces his *Reaſons* for believing the New Teſtament. "That theſe reaſons (ſays he) are of the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſatisfactory nature, and fully adequate to the conviction of every rational enquirer, I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh by a diſtinct conſideration of the three following propoſitions:—1ſt. That the founder of the Chriſtian religion derived his commiſſion and office from God. 2dly. That he was not only inveſted with divine authority, but was, in reality, that very Meſſiah who had been ſo long promiſed, and ſo ardently expected. 3dly. That the accounts delivered down to us in the New Teſtament, relative to his life, doctrines, and character, are ſuch as are fairly entitled to our belief." P. 18. On the third propoſition, we are preſented with ſome ſtriking obſervations.—"When perſons relate any matters of fact, it is uſual to determine, from the character they bear, the degree of credit that is to be attached

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to their aſſertions. When, on enquiry, we find in the witneſſes, not only an unblemiſhed integrity, but ſufficient knowledge and penetration to aſcertain the truth of the circumſtances they atteſt; when we are certain, that they could not well be deceived themſelves, nor were likely to attempt an impoſition on others, we may ſafely acquieſce in the validity of the teſtimony voluntarily brought forward. Now, if we apply theſe rules to the evangeliſts and apoſtles, we ſhall ſoon be convinced, that they are by no means defective in any ſuch marks of true hiſtorians. If we examine into their integrity, we muſt ſoon perceive, from the tenor of their writings, that they were incapable of propagating a wilful impoſture. Their giving an account of their errors and imperfections, of their mean extraction and employments, their ambitious contentions, and their denial and deſertion of their maſter in his diſtreſs, is an argument of great force in favour of their veracity in other reſpects. They might have concealed every thing that tended to lower them in the public eſtimation with the greateſt eaſe, as it was not eſſential to the Chriſtian faith that it ſhould be tranſmitted to poſterity. If, therefore, they have recorded tranſactions that were likely to leſſen their own characters, we cannot well require a more ſatisfactory proof of their ſtrict and impartial regard to truth in every other circumſtance which they have aſſerted in their narratives. And beſides, they ſpoke of ſuch things only as they had ſeen or heard, themſelves, or had been informed of by others who had had ocular demonſtration. They have plainly ſhewn, by the general ſtrain of good ſenſe and judgment, which runs through their writings, that they were not likely to be deceived by impoſition; and the circumſtances they deſcribe are of ſuch a nature as not to admit of error or deluſion. Had they been inclined to impoſe on the world by the fabrication of a falſhood, they could not have expected to ſucceed in the deception. They wrote their accounts but a ſhort period after the death of their Maſter, at a time when multitudes were ſtill alive, who had been witneſſes of the different facts which they related, and who, if an opportunity had offered, would gladly have come forward to detect and diſgrace them. It is, indeed, highly improbable, that a ſet of men ſhould have united to aſſert, that a perſon called Jeſus of Nazareth had come from God, revealed eternal life, confirmed his doctrines by miracles, ſuffered death, and after three days had riſen again from the grave; and, after this, that the Holy Ghoſt had viſibly deſcended on his diſciples, on the day of Pentecoſt, and enabled them to ſpeak all languages; that [*from*] thence they had been diſperſed through all nations, and had confirmed their preaching by the operation of ſigns and wonders; it is, I ſay, not worthy of the ſlighteſt degree of credit, that ſuch a narrative ſhould have been attempted by the apoſtles, or ſuffered to be propagated by the Jews, (whoſe intereſt it was to put a ſtop to it) had it not been founded on facts, the exiſtence of which had been clearly and publickly aſcertained. But even were we to ſuppoſe, that the apoſtles were inclined to practice ſuch an impoſition, with what poſſible view could they have been led to attempt it? Men are not often found to do miſchief for miſchief's ſake,

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even when they may do it with impunity. How much more improbable, then, is it, that men ſhould do it, when ſo far from having the proſpect of advantage before them, they were certain of incurring the greateſt danger? Had they wiſhed to acquire the honours or riches of the world, they took the worſt poſſible method that could have been deviſed to attain them, as the doctrines they taught were in direct oppoſition to the inclinations of thoſe who were able to promote their private intereſts. They muſt have been already convinced, from the fate of their Maſter, that nothing but evil was reaſonably to be expected from preaching a doctrine which had been 'to the Jews a ſtumbling-block,' and would, probably, by 'the Greeks' be accounted 'fooliſhneſs.' They muſt have been well aware, that their perſeverance in the ſame cauſe would eventually expoſe them, as it before had Him, to contempt, poverty, impriſonment, and death." Pp. 32—35.

From this excerpt it will be judged, that Mr. Robinſon's ſtyle and manner are ſerious, argumentative, and impreſſive. The author affects no beauties of language; no ſentimental refinement; but is, every where, ſimple and unadorned. And, as he profeſſes, that his "deſign in this publication was to render himſelf uſeful to the middle claſſes," his plainneſs does credit to his profeſſions; and a ſound judgement is equally diſcoverable in the intention and the execution. In the mean time, he has diſplayed a conſiderable degree of ſcriptural erudition. He has compreſſed within the ſmall ſpace of forty-four pages, as large a quantity of theological matter, as we have ſeen expanded over two hundred, even in works of great merit and celebrity. And he hath contrived to throw an air of familiarity over arguments that have ſeldom been introduced into popular treatiſes. Though cloſe in the argumentation, yet he is never logically formal: though ſcarcely admitting into his pages a ſuperfluous word, yet he never offends for want of eaſe or fluency.

In Dr. Beattie's Treatiſe too many infidel objections are brought forward, for thoſe who are debarred, through their occupations, from entering deeply into the ſtudy of the ſcriptures. For though ſuch objections may be ſatisfactorily anſwered, in the opinion of men of ſenſe and learning, they often leave a diſagreeable impreſſion on the common mind, excite a wiſh for farther inquiry when the opportunities of inveſtigation are wanting, raiſe doubts and ſuſpicions where not a ſceptical idea had ever before intruded, and diſturb the tranquillity of many an honeſt Chriſtian.

In "the Summary of the Evidences," &c. by the Biſhop of London, there are various paſſages (eſpecially the compariſon, beautiful as it *is*, between the Bible and the Koran) not very happily adapted to ſuch perſons as "boaſt neither taſte nor literature." But we ſcruple not to aſſert, on the moſt attentive peruſal of it, that Mr. Robinſon's little work is calculated for all, high or low, rich or poor, who are required "*to give a Reaſon of the hope that is in them.*"

ART. XVI. *A Sermon preached before the Archdeacons and Clergy of the Deaneries of Hartſmere and Hoxne, in Suffolk; at the Viſitation holden at Eaſter, in the Year*, 1797; *and of that of Southwark in September*, 1799: *and publiſhed by their Deſire.* By the Rev. J. Brand, M. A. Rector of the Pariſh of St. George the Martyr, in Southwark; and Vicar of Wyckham Skeythe, in the County of Suffolk. 4to. PP. 18. Rivingtons. 1800.

THE main object of this diſcourſe is to impreſs on the minds of the clergy the neceſſity of additional zeal in "*Looking diligently leſt any man fail of the grace of God*" (the words of the text), in theſe disjointed times when infidelity rears her unbluſhing front in the different nations of the earth, and when the ſpirit of innovation or rather, of demolition, is widely diffuſed with all the pride of vanity, and with all the energy of wickedneſs. Mr. Brand marks the character of this miſchievous ſpirit, traces its progreſs, and deſcribes its origin. He beſtows juſt commendations on the moderation diſplayed by the original reformers of our church, and contraſts their conduct with that of the pretended reformers of the preſent day.

He makes a diſtinction between what he calls *the rights of extreme neceſſity*, ſuch as were called into action in this country in 1688, and the imaginary rights of *expedience*, on the dangerous queſtion of reſiſtance to civil authority. He quotes, (in a note) for the benefit of thoſe who aſſert the exiſtence of theſe latter rights, the words of one of the whig managers, on the trial of Sacheverell, who are favourite authorities with Mr. Brand;—"Reſiſtance is what is not, cannot, nor ought ever to be deſcribed and affirmed, in any poſitive law, to be excuſeable; when, and upon what never to be expected occaſions, it may be exerciſed, no man can foreſee; and *ought never to be thought of.*" This doctrine is unqueſtionably ſound, much, very much, as it differs from the precepts and practices of *modern whigs*.

Mr. Brand has an aptitude, almoſt peculiar to himſelf, in the application of events of ancient times to the tranſactions of the preſent, proceeding from a rich ſtore of knowledge, acquired by extenſive reading, and deep meditation. Of this a remarkable inſtance occurs in a note to the latter part of this diſcourſe. After ſhewing the origin of the pernicious principles now afloat in the world, he ſays;

"It is thus that thoſe bad principles have been engendered, which prevail in this day of trouble, and rebuke, and blaſphemy; and the characters and arts of their propagation ſeem predeſcribed in the ſecond epiſtle of St. Peter, when he cenſures a ſet of men, with whom ſome followers of the goſpel were mixed, 'ſpots in their feaſt of charity,' who, among their other evil deeds and diſpoſitions, were 'preſumptuous, ſelf-willed, not afraid to ſpeak evil of dignities, and of things they underſtand not, beguiling unſtable ſouls: for when they ſpeak great ſwelling words of vanity, they allure thoſe that were clean, eſcaped from them that live in

error:' and the Apoſtle expreſsly adds, that 'while they promiſe them liberty, they themſelves are the ſervants of corruption.'

"I muſt draw two conſequences from this citation. It preſents a ſtrong argument for what it is the ſubject of this diſcourſe to recommend, our vigilance over the progreſs of all errors of doctrine. If the primitive Chriſtians, even when under the rule of the Apoſtles, were liable to be ſeduced by evil principles, what muſt be the hazard of the preſent church, and how ought it to call forth all the vigilance of its miniſters?

"And, in the next place, it appears, that the principles, here condemned by the Apoſtle, were identically the ſame as thoſe which have, for ſome late years, involved ſo many parts of the Chriſtian world in deſolation. To ſhow this the time in which the epiſtle was written muſt be pointed out—then the principles in full action at that time."

"That this was the fact, we learn from the Jewiſh hiſtorian Joſephus, himſelf a great agent in this miſerable period. He informs us, that ſome time preceding it, there had ariſen what he expreſsly calls a ſchool of philoſophy, then new to mankind, in the country of Judea, the leaders of which firſt broached the doctrines of 'the free and the equal.' He mentions, alſo, in other places, an 'enthuſiaſtic attachment to democracy.'* And to the diſciples of

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* "The learned and pious Biſhop Newton has written a diſſertation on our Saviour's prophecy of the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, in four parts; comparing the prediction with the hiſtory Joſephus has left us of its accompliſhment. The firſt of theſe parts he concludes with reflections on parts of this hiſtory; the laſt of which is on the evident ſignals of the approaching ruin of a ſtate. And here he dilates on thoſe, which, at the time of his writing, he diſcerned to be common to this country, and the cloſing period of the national exiſtence of the Jews, as recorded in his author. In the enumeration of them he mentions '*factions* and diviſions,' but in general terms only. (On Prophets, edit. 9th, v. .ii P. 25.)

"Factions vary as to their principles or objects; either of which may, in th lapſe of time, become unimportant in the eyes of the moraliſt: when their tragical effects have once terminated, he may hope they will trouble the world no more. Hence it probably was that the Biſhop did not lay down, from Joſephus, the principles of the faction which led to thoſe crimes, which ſcattered his nation over the whole face of the earth; and if he were now to write, he would not content himſelf, in this part, with a general warning from Joſephus, on the ruinous effects of faction to a ſtate: he would go nto particulars, after his great authority; and probably enter upon ſome reflections of the following nature:

"What has not this country to apprehend from what is called the new philoſophy? Such was the very name of that ſpirit of deluſion God ſuffered to go forth to puniſh the accumulated guilt of the

of this new school, he affirms are to be ascribed all the miseries all the Jews suffered in their ferocious civil wars; and, from the invasion

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the Jews; for Josephus informs us, that 'the Jews had anciently three schools of philosophy—Judas and Saddoc inventing and adding a fourth, and gaining many zealous adherents, first filled the state with commotions, and planted the roots of those miseries in which we were afterwards involved by this novelty in philosophy—τῶν ἀσυνήθει προτέρων φιλοσοφίας τοιαῦδε.' Jos. Hud. 792. And of their leading principle, and the length they carried it, the historian says, 'they were possessed with an immoveable love of *liberty*, admitting God alone as their ruler and king.'—δυσκινήτῳ δὲ τῇ ἐλευθερίᾳ ἕως ἐσὶν αὐτοῖς, μόνον ἡγεμόνα καὶ δεσπότην τὸν θεὸν ὑπειληφόσι. Ib. 794.

"It is observed, by Grotius, that by the Latins, the term libertas, liberty; and by the Greeks, τὸ ἐλεύθερον or ἐλευθερία, is always opposed to the state of subjection under a king, and that with powers either modified or absolute; as he is to be understood. His words are 'as personal liberty excludes the idea of a master, so civil liberty excludes the idea of any king;' and, in his notes, he shows that Josephus himself adopted that opposition. De. Jur. l. 1. c. 3. 12. It may be cursorily hence observed, that a subject of a modified monarchy, who should endeavour to form a practical notion of civil liberty, from what he finds in the Greek and Roman writers, may imbibe some very dangerous principles from them.

"But the identity of the principles which desolated Judea, and now menace all Christendom, receive their fullest illustration from the conclusion of the character of Ananus, the high-priest, as given by the Jewish historians. He made a resolute stand against the insurgents, the anarchists, and *Sicarians*, or *Dagger-men*. This intrepid champion of public order, venerable in his life, dignified by family and by office, 'contentedly submitted to the *equality of rights* of the lowest, loved *liberty* beyond measure; and was passionately attached to democracy'—Ἠγαπηκὼς ΤΟ ΙΣΟΤΙΜΟΝ πρὸς τοὺς ταπεινοτέρους, ΦΙΛΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΟΣ δὲ ἐκ ποῦ, καὶ ΔΕΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΣ ἐραστής. Hud. Jos. 1183. The punctuation of Hudson is erroneous and corrected here; but the sense of Josephus is the same either way pointed.

"This suffices to establish what is said in the passage here to be confirmed; but I add two collateral points: as the factious demagogues of Judea had the same ends as those of this day, they pursued them by the same means; many of the Jews, it is affirmed in this history, 'delivered their *eulogies* of [anti-regal] liberty with the declamation of tragedians.' Our language is not so happy as the Greek in expressing this: οἶδα μὲν οὖν, ὅτι πολλοὶ ΤΑ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΕΘΡΙΑΣ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ ΤΡΑΓΩΔΟΥΣΙΝ. Ibid. 1085.

"And as the arts by which this miserable people were excited to involve themselves in utter ruin were the same, so were the crimes they were inflamed to perpetrate. At the conclusion of the last of Bishop Newton's four dissertations, mentioned above, he says,

vaſion of the Romans, which put an end to their exiſtence as a nation."

From theſe ſpecimens it will be ſeen that Mr. Brand has conſidered his ſubject with attention, and diſcuſſed it with ability.

ART. XVII. *A Sermon on the Excellence of Britiſh Juriſprudence: preached on the 10th of March, 1799, in the Cathedral Church of Saliſbury, before the Judges of Aſſize.* By William Coxe, A. M. F. R. S. A. S. Rector of Bemerton, and domeſtic Chaplain to the Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury. 8vo. PP. 28. 1s. Cadell. 1799.

MR. COXE here delineates, with an accurate pencil, the manifold bleſſings which the people of England derive from the matchleſs conſtitution of their government, and more eſpecially from the admirable wiſdom and impartiality which mark the adminiſtration of juſtice.

"Where ſhall we look for a parallel to this admirable, this bleſſed conſtitution? Not in the records of ancient times, which rather excite wonder, that ſyſtems ſo imperfect ſhould ever have exiſted, than that they ſhould have decayed. Not in the delirious dreams of modern philoſophy, the effects of which it is impoſſible to contemplate

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that, 'the flagrant crimes of the Jews, and the principle ſources of their calamities, in the opinion of Joſephus, were'—'their trampling upon all human LAWS, deriding divine things, &c. Καὶ ἀπέβαινε μὲν οὐ παρ' αὐτοῖς ΘΕΣΜΟΣ ἀνθρώπων, ἐγέλατο δὲ τὰ θεῖα, καὶ τῆς τῶν προφητῶν χρησμῶν ὑπῆς ἀγυρτικὰς λογοποιΐας ἐχλεύαζον. Ib. 1188. Newton, v. ii. P. 81.

"I muſt obſerve, that as no circumſtance of the times drew the attention of the Biſhop when writing to the peculiar force of the word Θεσμὸς, he has tranſlated it by the general term, law: 'Now θεσμος, by Ulpian, is interpreted, Νομος παραγγελευόμενος πως δει νομοθετειν; a law giving a precept how to make a law.' Archæol: Att. Rous and Bogan, l. 3. c. 1. whence by the Θεσμος we are to underſtand conſtitutions of legiſlation, not municipal laws. The paſſage there is more accurately thus rendered: 'All human legiſlative conſtitutions were trampled under foot; holy things derided; and the prophetic oracles ridiculed as the forgeries of common impoſtures.'

"One conſequence is to be drawn from this important hiſtory: that God, to puniſh the Jews for the violation of one covenant, the rejection of another, and the total of their crimes, permitted a national ſpirit of deluſion to go forth, to lead them to a deſtruction, the ſeverity of which no hiſtory has yet paralleled. And of this, that ſpirit of deluſion, or the fanaticiſm of liberty, was the proximate cauſe: and, from its effect, we may pronounce it to be, the moſt terrible known ſcourge of Providence, to make a guilty nation the executors of his judgments upon themſelves; the unrelenting miniſters of his anger."

without

without horror, or to ſpeak of in a language ſuited to this place and occaſion."

May all thoſe who enjoy learn to appreciate theſe bleſſings, and if there be any incapable of receiving conſolation from poſitive gratification, let them at leaſt endeavour to derive comfort from compariſon.

ART. XVIII. *A Sermon preached before John Sayer, Eſq. Commiſſary for the Parts of Surrey, and the Clergy of the Deaneries of Southwark, and Ewell, in Surrey, at the Annual Viſitation holden at Kingſton-upon-Thames, on the 29th of May,* 1800; *and publiſhed by their Deſire:* By William Foſter, D. D. Fellow of Eton College, Vicar of Kew and Peterſham, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majeſty. 4to. Pp. 20. Payne. 1800.

THE four excellent precepts of the apoſtle St. Peter, which the preacher has choſen for his text, "HONOUR ALL MEN: LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD: FEAR GOD: HONOUR THE KING" are truly ſaid to "connect, when fully underſtood, all our *ſocial*, our *religious*, and our *civil* duties." They are here briefly but ably expounded; placed in a clear and ſtrong point of view; and enforced with energy, in ſuch language as was to be expected from the pen of an accompliſhed ſcholar, and as was well ſuited to a learned congregation, though, from its perſpicuity and eaſe, intelligible by the plaineſt underſtanding. The general tendency of the precepts contained in the text is well explained in the following paſſage:

"All the precepts delivered by our Lord himſelf to his faithful diſciples; to the multitudes at large, and to particular perſons ſtill following him, and aſking him queſtions (all which precepts are tranſmitted to us by thoſe holy miniſters, who were appointed by him to 'go and teach all nations,') were clearly intended, firſt, to eſtabliſh the peace of mankind in this world; and through that to ſecure their everlaſting happineſs in another. Without this peace, eſtabliſhed as occaſions require in the affairs of the world, ſuch general diſtraction would prevail, as is totally incompatible with that ſerene frame of mind, which alone is ſuited to religious purpoſes. That proofs are not wanting in the world to evince the truth of this aſſertion, muſt give unſpeakable concern to every ſerious and thinking mind. We have long ſeen the attempts of a ſpecious, but falſe philoſophy, at one time, by argument to invalidate the truths; at another, by ridicule to depreciate the bleſſings of the Chriſtian revelation. We may prove too from its effects, that the minds of men, once ſet free from the ties of religion, ſoon reconcile to themſelves the violation of every ſocial duty. When, therefore, we are exhorted by the Apoſtle to 'honour all men,' to 'love the brotherhood;' we readily ſee, how well theſe precepts agree with all the acknowledged obligations of chriſtian charity. When he exhorts us to 'fear God,' from a ſenſe of his power in the ſupreme government of the univerſe; it ſeems neceſſarily to follow, that ſome general direction ſhould be added, of obedience to the ſubordinate governments conſtituted among men.

For by theſe alone is the peace of ſociety ſecured, and the worſt kinds of confuſion prevented. So that when in the laſt clauſe of the text we are exhorted to 'honour the King:' the precept itſelf applies to, and recommends that heavenly principle of moderation and peace, originating in a due ſubordination to legal authority, which pervades the whole goſpel ſyſtem."

The preacher's ſentiments, on the freedom of religious diſcuſſion with a view to the eſtabliſhment of religious truth, are ſuch as do honour to his mind; and his application of the text to the immediate object of commemoration, and to the dreadful events by which it was preceded, with his reflections and comments on the ſubject, ſet his principles, religious and political, in a very favourable point of view. With his juſt obſervations on the writings of modern *philoſophiſts*, we ſhall conclude our account of a ſermon the peruſal of which has afforded us particular pleaſure.

"It is clear from the writings of thoſe who, in the preſent times, have the hardineſs to deny the truths of revealed religion, and to queſtion the expediency of ſupporting eſtabliſhed forms of government; that by bold aſſertion, and ſuperficial argument, they have failed in the attempt to conceal their own ignorance of the *proofs*, whilſt they have avowed an audacious contempt for the *benefits*, of revelation; and that from a rejection of all *religious* reſtraint, the tranſition is eaſy to a diſregard of *human laws*, and the reciprocal claims of *ſocial duty*. For certain it is, if you could once efface from the minds of men the impreſſion, and detach from their actions the influence of religion; if you could once relieve the wicked from his fears of puniſhment, and wreſt from the good man his hopes of immortality, you would find, that morality, independent of religion, and ſupported only by human laws, would ſoon become a dead letter; the ſocial compact would be diſſolved; and thoſe ſcenes of confuſion enſue, which terminate in the ſubverſion of all order, and of all happineſs."

POLITICS.

ART. XIX. *Narrative of the Deportation to Cayenne, and Shipwreck on the Coaſt of Scotland, of J. J. Job Aimé. Written by himſelf. With Obſervations on the preſent State of that Colony, and of the Negroes; and an Account of the Situation of the deported Perſons at the Time of his Eſcape.* 8vo. PP. 300. 5s. Wright, London. 1800.

THE three former publications on the intereſting ſubject of the memorable revolution of Septemper 1797, were reviewed by us at the different periods at which they were publiſhed; and the Narrative now before us completes the account of the ſyſtematic atrociouſneſs of the directorial tyranny, in their treatment of thoſe who thwarted their views and oppoſed their attempts to perpetuate their abſolute

abſolute ſway founded on the ſyſtem of terror. M. Aimé was himſelf an active partiſan of the firſt meaſures of the Revolution which he appears to have eſpouſed from principle; an error not of the heart but of the head. But the ſcenes which he has witneſſed, and the perſecution which he has ſuſtained, have, no doubt, convinced him, ere this, that demolition is not the wiſeſt mode of improvement.

Of the deteſtable conduct of the agents in the Revolution, of 1797, we have had frequent occaſion to ſpeak in appropriate terms; and the more that conduct is explained the greater will be the deteſtation which it muſt excite in all but *revolutionary* minds. In detailing the concomitant horrors of this event, and the proceedings of the Directory and their minions the author forgets to notice the decided approbation given to the conduct of the Revolutioniſts by *Bonaparte* and the army under his command; an approbation which it is highly expedient to bring to the recollection of the public, at a time, when a Britiſh Senator does not bluſh to become the panegyriſt of that unprincipled uſurper. The horrors here related, reſpecting the republican priſons in France; the treatment of the baniſhed perſons while on board, and after their arrival at Guiana, throw all the terrific tales of the Baſtille far into the back ground, and even riſe pre-eminent over the recorded ferociouſneſs of the Eleventh Louis.

The narrator gives a tolerably accurate account of that grave of foreigners, Guiana. His deſcription of the bat of the country is curious.

"The bats are about the ſize of the largeſt of thoſe which we have in Europe. During the day they remain in the timber-work of the houſes, and among the leaves with which it is covered, where it is not poſſible to ſee them; and in the night they come forth in ſearch of food. If they find any one uncovered, they fix upon his feet, inflict a ſlight wound on his toe, moderating the pain by a gentle motion of the wings, which at once cools and ſets him aſleep: they then gorge themſelves with his blood, and leave it to flow till the veſſels are exhauſted. I ſaw an example of what I have now related, in the the chamber adjoining to that which I occupied. The perſon who had been bit was extremely weakened by the abundant bleeding he had undergone; and his ſheets were drenched in blood. I have ſeen alſo hogs who were bit by the bats, ſome of which have died."

The ſufferings of the baniſhed perſons at Guiana are accurately detailed, and a liſt given of all that arrived at different periods and of the fate of each of them. Very few of theſe unhappy perſons will live to return to their native country; and the new Sovereign of France, with all his boaſted clemency and juſtice, though he have now been in full poſſeſſion of abſolute power for many months, has not yet thought of reverſing the abominable mandate of the Directory (which he now affects to reprobate though he formally approved it at the time) which conſigned ſeveral hundreds of innocent men to baniſhment, without even the form of a trial.

Five thieves who were tranſported in the ſame ſhip with the *political* exiles, with ſome humour and with much propriety, "gave themſelves

ſelves the title of the Directory; they each took the name of one of the five Directors; they alternately elected a preſident, and, that nothing might be wanting to the reſemblance, they were become the ſcourge of all that ſurrounded them." M. Aimé contrived to eſcape from Guiana with *Perlet*, the editor of a well-conducted Journal which bore his name, and ſome others on board of an American veſſel which was unfortunately wrecked on the coaſt of Scotland. The paſſengers, however, were, moſt of them, ſaved, and Aimé ſpeaks, with great gratitude, of the kind and hoſpitable treatment which he experienced from the Scottiſh nobility and gentry. He ſailed from Leith to London, and being recalled to France, embarked in the Thames for Calais on the 20th of March laſt.

This narrative contains much intereſting information, and is worthy to be preſerved as an hiſtorical document. We have remarked ſome few galliciſms, chiefly in the tranſlation of the paſt tenſes of verbs.

ART. XX. *An Anſwer to a Pamphlet, entitled the Speech of the Earl of Clare, on the Subject of a Legiſlative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.* 8vo. Pr. 48. Robinſons. 1800.

THE object of this publication is to invalidate the teſtimony of Lord Clare not only reſpecting the propriety of an Union, but on plain matters of hiſtorical fact. On the former ſubject Mr. G. utters nothing but vain declamation, and ſenſeleſs rant; on the latter, the parties being at iſſue, we ſhall not preſume to decide between them. If Mr. Grattan's ſpeeches be of a piece with his compoſitions how he could ever have acquired a reputation for *eloquence* is to us a matter of aſtoniſhment; for the pages before us are replete with grammatical errors that would diſgrace a ſchool-boy; the ſtyle is extremely coarſe and turgid; and the conſtruction of the ſentences any thing but *Engliſh*. Mr. G. reproves Lord Clare for calling Mr. O'Connor an *unreſerved* friend of his; but he cautiouſly forbears to utter a ſingle word on his never-to-be forgotten interview with the traitors Neilſon and Hughes, at his own houſe at Tinnehinch; and is equally ſilent with reſpect to the reſtitution of the 50,000l. the memorable reward of Mr. G.'s *diſintereſted* patriotiſm, to which Lord Clare adverted in his admirable ſpeech. But theſe were tender ſubjects, and Mr. G.'s mind has been much harraſſed of late. His ſilence, therefore, is excuſable.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. XXI. *The Britiſh Garden; a deſcriptive Catalogue of hardy Plants, indigenous or cultivated in the Climate of Great Britain, with their genuine and ſpecific Characters, Latin and Engliſh Names, &c.* 8vo. 2 Vols. 9s. Cadell and Davies.

THIS is a tranſlation of the late Mr. Aiton's *Hortus Kewenſis*, with the addition of brief explanations of the Linnæan Syſtem.

ART.

ART. XXII. *Propoſals for a Rural Inſtitute, or College of Agriculture and the other Branches of Rural Economy.* By Mr. Marſhall. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Nicol.

MR. MARSHALL is well known as a writer on agricultural ſubjects; and his preſent propoſals, therefore, as being the reſult of deep inveſtigation, are certainly entitled to attention.

ART. XXIII. *A Meteorological Journal of the Year* 1799, *kept in London by William Bent. To which are added Remarks on the State of the Air, Vegetation, &c. and Obſervations on the Diſeaſes in the City and its Vicinity.* 8vo. 2s. Bent. 1800.

ACCURACY is the only criterion of excellence in ſuch a publication as this; and of Mr. Bent's accuracy no one can entertain a doubt, who has been in the habit of peruſing his Journals.

ART. XXIV. *Sheridan's Pronouncing and Spelling Dictionary; corrected and improved* by Nicholas Salmon. 12mo. 5s. Richardſons. 1800.

WE confeſs that we have been unable to diſcover any thing like improvement in this new edition of Sheridan's Dictionary, which appears to us much more likely to puzzle than to aſſiſt the ſcholar. Some of the new modes of pronunciation are truly fantaſtical, not practiced, and ſcarcely practicable.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

ART. XXV. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE not often an opportunity of reading the Critical Review, but now and then it falls in my way, and I give it a peruſal. To the Appendix of the laſt volume (XXVII.) I have paid particular attention. I will not ſay how I was affected in paſſing through its ſeveral articles, and will only remark that having been much amuſed on the whole, I found myſelf, juſt as I was about to part from my agreeable companion, exceedingly diſguſted. When I turned over the laſt leaf of the *occaſional retroſpect of Foreign Literature*, I found myſelf plunged headlong into the great gulph of politics. "*Di boni* (ſaid I to myſelf) is it come to this?" I have long lamented that Reviews ſhould at all touch upon political matters, becauſe nothing can have leſs connection with topics really literary. Since, however, political pamphlets are publiſhed, and ſince Reviewers think it neceſſary to notice every paltry publication that iſſues from the preſs, I have winked at that ſtrange admixture of matters literary and political, which their plan ſeemed to render unavoidable.

unavoidable. But when I was called upon to read politics, and politics alone, in a work which profeſſed itſelf to be merely *Annals of Literature*, my anger began to kindle, and I exclaimed, like the patriarch, *Who? where is he*, who practices thi *ſubtilty* upon me? I, however, reſolved to read what was ſo abruptly placed before me, *a review of public affairs from the beginning of September to the end of December* 1799.

To the ſtyle of this little after-piece I make no objection. The author manifeſtly affects the dignity of Robertſon, and I will not ſay that he has, in general, failed. But what is become of that Britiſh heart, which gives to Britiſh hiſtory all its intereſt? I had not waded far before the author, inſtead of acquainting his reader that his Majeſty finiſhed his ſpeech, informed him, that he *concluded his harangue*, &c. I ſtarted at the expreſſion, and began to ſuſpect the loyalty of a man, who deſcribed an action of his King, in words which are more frequently applied to a *mountebank*, or *mob-orator*. As I proceeded, I found at the cloſe of the paragraph, which mentioned the capture of Surinam, an intimation, that the colony and its dependencies were, after the capitulation, put under the *protection* of Great Britain. The word *protection* being inſerted in Italics, I felt myſelf perſuaded that it was nothing leſs than an illiberal Jacobinical ſneer, implying that Britiſh *protection* was of the ſame validity as French *fraternization*.

After a paragraph more, the maſk began to withdraw itſelf, the fleece ſlipped aſide and the fang of the hypocritical wolf began to appear. That noble action, the recapture of the Hermione frigate, is ſaid to be deſcribed in terms *too ſtrong and hyperbolical*, when it is declared by Sir H. Parker, to be 'as daring and gallant an enterpriſe as is to be found in our naval annals.' Now, Sir, which ought to be deemed the beſt judge of naval exploit; an obſcure anonymous Reviewer, or an old veteran of the waves? I have been long in the habit of contemplating, in a collective view, the naval ſtory of my country. I glory in that ſuperlative valour, which my countrymen have ſo frequently diſplayed upon the great element. But of all its periods, I am of opinion that of the laſt ten years of the eighteenth century, abounds moſt with inſtances of unexampled heroiſm. And among the many ſtriking feats which it has diſplayed, none has filled me with more aſtoniſhment and admiration, than the recapture of the Hermione. Captain Hamilton's letter, which conveyed the particulars of that gallant affair to the Admiralty, I could not forbear reading once, twice, and even thrice. I know nothing of that brave man, nor of any one of his officers. My tranſport in reading of ſo brave an action was not augmented and rendered exceſſive, by any knowledge of thoſe who were concerned in it. If I view the project in embryo, it muſt have originated from a heart, which was not only brave, but endued with a delicate ſenſe of honour; a heart which grieved to ſee a Britiſh frigate delivered up to the enemy, in a manner ſo cowardly and baſe as to have no precedent, and which longed to blot out the remembrance of a ſurrender ſo infamous, by recovering the veſſel

betrayed.

betrayed. To have *thought* only of ſuch an enterprize, had no attempt been made to put it into execution, would have been proof ſufficient of a noble mind, actuated by the moſt patriotic and liberal ſentiment. If a truly judicious plan was alſo arranged, previous to the attack, it reflects honour upon the head as well as the heart of Captain Hamilton. And if a plan judiciouſly arranged, was as judiciouſly executed, I know not what praiſe we can withhold, with any juſtice, from the brave men who aſſiſted in it. I am, indeed, Sir, full of wonder and applauſe, when I conſider that *one hundred* men ſhould, with ſo much cool intrepidity, attack treble their number, under the mouths of two hundred pieces of cannon—when I ſee them availing themſelves of the firſt moment of ſurpriſe and heſitation, and ſetting ſail out of the port, while they kept the Spaniſh crew in check—and when I perceive them finally prevailing, and maintaining their ſituation, with little or no loſs, in the midſt of an enemy which fell before them like corn before the reaper. It was an action of ſuch magnitude as almoſt to ſurpaſs credit, and could not have been effected, but by the union of conſummate bravery with great profeſſional ſkill, and the moſt critical judgement. The Reviewer ſeems to mention it, as a fact which diminiſhes the merit of the capture, that the ſhip ſurrendered when it was *out of the reach* of the artillery of Porto-Cavallo. But be it remembered, that its being *out of reach* was the effect, not of accident, but of that judicious and deliberate deſign which accompanied the whole proceeding, and finally crowned it with ſucceſs. Daſtardly, indeed, muſt have been that crew which had ſurrendered itſelf to 100 men, (many of whom muſt have been engaged in navigating the ſhip) while they were yet within reach of 200 pieces of cannon. View it, therefore, in whatever light the words of Sir Hyde Parker do not ſeem to be too *ſtrong and hyperbolical.* It was, without controverſy, *as daring and gallant an enterprize as is to be found in our naval annals.* None but a cold and diſaffected heart, could have ſpoken of an action ſo aſtoniſhing, with lukewarmneſs and indifference.

If Bonaparte meets with his ſhare of abuſe from this political critic, I fear, Mr. Editor, it ſo happens, becauſe his bayonets appear to be ſometimes Anti-Jacobin as well as Regicidal. But offenſively as he is pictured, when conſidered, by himſelf, as an uſurping monarch, no ſooner is he placed at the ſide of our virtuous and amiable King, than he appears to this dictatorial cenſurer to become *an angel of peace.* He appears as one *eager to evince his moderation,* and *deſire* of tranquillity. Not a grain of animadverſion or blame is beſtowed upon his *letter,* which every Engliſhman ought to reſent as an inſult to his Prince; which actually commenced with a bare-faced untruth, and ended with ſuch a parſimonious expreſſion of reſpect, as ſerved fully to falſify its apparent liberality. An anſwer was returned to this pert and ſpecious overture, which muſt ever be applauded for its moderation, when viewed with reference to the conſular epiſtle which occaſioned it. A very large majority of both Houſes of Parliament ſanctioned it with their approbation;

and

and ſo few were the diſſentient voices, that it is not likely that we ſhall ever ſee the Parliament of Great Britain, on any queſtion of importance, more unanimous. At the ſame time, I am firmly perſuaded that they ſpoke the general ſentiment of the people, *high and low, rich and poor, one with another.* But what ſays our Reviewer? *The anſwer to this letter was haughty, reproachful, and incompliant; inaccurate in expreſſion, and inconcluſive in reaſoning.* Rounded periods, Mr. Editor, are very pretty; but I am one of thoſe who ſometimes preſume to analyze them, and ſmile at their fungous excreſcencies. *Incompliant*, to wit: what occaſion for a term which adds no weight to the accuſation, and was implied in what had been already ſaid? The latter part of the ſentence ſeems to be as little neceſſary. For though the critic makes a feeble but ineffectual effort, to ſhew that *the reaſoning* of Lord Grenville's reply was *not concluſive*; the other part of his charge, *inaccuracy of expreſſion*, he has not attempted to prove. We will, therefore, leave him to produce evidence in ſupport of this cynical remark, and only take notice of what remains to be diſcuſſed, his unwarrantable aſſertion that the reply was *haughty and reproachful.* Now, Sir, when I conſider that the anſwer returned has received ſo fully the ſanction of Parliament; when I conſider that it certainly did not proceed from any ſingle individual, but conveyed the ſentiments of a King ſurrounded by as able a council as ever aſſiſted in the management of a nation; I cannot but conſider this as an unprecedented inſtance of audacity and impertinence. Let us only compare the two perſons apparently conferring. Bonaparte, a prodigal in blood, treacherous and cruel; and our amiable Sovereign, to whoſe ſuperior virtue even Bonaparte bears witneſs. Had no anſwer whatever been returned to the conſular application, had the meſſenger been diſmiſſed, as ſoon as he reached our ſhores, with his packet unopened, I could not have ſaid, after the inſult offered to our own ambaſſador, that he had been *haughtily* treated. The natural abhorrence which a virtuous heart muſt feel, at that total dereliction of feeling and even of common honeſty, which has marked the ſteps of the ferocious Corſican, would have juſtified our King in refuſing any intercourſe with a character ſo little to be confided in. If his epiſtle was heard, and replied to, it was the utmoſt conceſſion that could be made by any Prince who had a regard for religion and humanity. But if the reply was alſo *temperate*, manifeſtly *temperate*, when compared with the overture which occaſioned it, great muſt be the moderation and condeſcenſion of thoſe from whom it ſprung. Is *vice* to be allowed to *bolt her arguments?* and is *virtue* to have *no tongue to check her pride?* If ſhe ſpeaks, is ſhe to be bound to flatter only her antagoniſt? Does it not rather become her to diſſemble nothing, to deal in plain truth, and to charge iniquity, even to its *teeth and forehead?* Away then with that tame ſubmiſſion to an enemy, and that inſolent ſlander of our own cauſe, which can deem it *haughty* and *reproachful* to reject conciliatory propoſals from Belzebub. If Belzebub be a devil, it is not *pride* that tells him he is

a devil

a devil; nor undue *reproach*, that imputes war and the loſs of heaven to him and his miſcreants.

" Determined reſiſtance", *the uſual cant of the advocates of the war*, ſays our ſage Reviewer. And pray, Sir, is not this the uſual unmannerly language of Jacobinical petulance never in the wrong though ſupported by nobody.

' As the King, on the failure of the negociation at Liſle, declared himſelf ready to make peace at any time on the terms which he then offered, why ſhould he not now fulfill that declaration?" Such is the queſtion of the Reviewer. Had the government of France remained in *ſtatu quo*, this interrogation might have been allowed ſome weight. But circumſtances are altered, and by circumſtances muſt every queſtion of expediency be directed. Surely a King and his Miniſters may be allowed to deem that inadviſeable at one period, which was thought adviſeable at another. Beſides, let it be remembered, that our own overtures were (if the Critic pleaſes) *haughtily* rejected; nor has the enemy notified that he is willing to make them *now* the baſis of treaty. Our ambaſſador was inſulted, and we have in conſequence been ſtirred up to ſuch formidable exertions as the exigence required. When the lion is rouſed, can he any longer be deemed a lion, if he is cajoled again into ſlumber? We have brought our arms to bear againſt the foe; and are we now to liſten to his *precaviè*? God forbid that we ſhould have no feeling for thoſe who fall, and thoſe who are crippled, by war. And yet, ſound policy, and ſound religion, will aſſuredly juſtify the ſacrifice of a few, that the many may be more effectually preſerved. Having power to correct an enemy, which has never diſplayed moderation during its own exaltation, I can ſay nothing to arreſt the ſcourge which is lifted up for its chaſtiſement.

I ſhall notice only one more obſervation of this ſagacious politician, and leave him to his own meditations. " The Ruſſian Sovereign," ſays he, " in September laſt, gave a teſtimony of his zeal in the *good cauſe*." This is another Jacobinical ſneer, worthy of its author, who can allow no merit to Kings and Emperors.

But ſtrong as the antipathy of the Critical Reviewers is to every ſpecies of monarchy, it ſeems, that there are dignities of which they ſpeak no evil. Though the virtues of our own excellent King can extort from them no praiſe, they have much panegyric to ſpare for the regicidal uſurpers of France. Out of their own mouth, Mr. Editor, will I judge them, by appealing to their critique on the *Traité de Mécanique Céleſte* of *Laplace*. " We have, in this work," ſay they, " another remarkable inſtance of the ſucceſs with which the profound ſciences are cultivated in France. Amidſt all the convulſions of the ſtate, the ſciences continue to flouriſh, with a ſplendor almoſt beyond example in any age or country. In *all* changes of government, the *rulers*, far from feeling the effects of the *illumination* of the human mind, have permitted, have *encouraged*, have *even commanded*, the cultivation of the ſciences and arts, at once glorious to themſelves, and uſeful to the world." Taking this to be, what the author certainly intended it ſhould be,

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an indirect compliment to the rulers of France: aſcribing to them the glory, of having not only *encouraged* but *even commanded* the cultivation of ſcience, I ſhall beg leave to oppoſe it by the moſt incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. The Critical Reviewer will allow, that no author of modern France has done more to ſupport the dignity of her preſs than Vaillant. His *Oiſeaux d'Afrique* is unqueſtionably one of the moſt ſuperb productions of this ſuperb age. But what ſays he of the *encouragement* he received from the *government* of his own country? Hear him, hear him.

"As a reward for having devoted myſelf to the improvement of a ſcience, which I believed to be yet in its infancy, I have received nothing but outrage, I have experienced nothing but injuſtice: and the inſolence of thoſe who had deceived me, bears marks of baſeneſs and poltronery of which no private hiſtory affords an example. I am not the firſt who has complained of the unreaſonableneſs and perfidy of mankind; but, doubtleſs, I ſhall be the laſt, who, compelled to keep ſecret a truly baſe impoſition and a robbery the moſt manifeſt, finds himſelf under the cruel neceſſity of not daring to complain, without confuſion to himſelf, and without ſtigmatizing the man who has endeavoured ſo publickly to injure him.

"They who are in power have invited, have careſſed, and have flattered me. I will not diſſemble, that I depended upon their favour. The reaſons which ſeemed to enſure it were ſound and juſt. I complained with propriety of having ſacrificed my fortune, and the prime of my youth, to the improvement of a ſcience till then advanced no farther than theory, and which reſted on little experience. I controverted, it is true, the moſt brilliant ſpeculative writers, and the laboured concluſions of the cloſet, which no one ever affected to have produced with loſs to himſelf; but I came with my vouchers in my hand. I opened alſo a cabinet of natural hiſtory; I there depoſited the many ſpecies which I had procured at the diſtance of four thouſand leagues from Paris. The whole of that city, and all the foreigners it contained, had an opportunity of judging of my labours, and of comparing my obſervations with obſervations long ſince eſtabliſhed, in the midſt of my numerous collection of birds. More than five hundred ſpecies, either new or improperly deſcribed, bore teſtimony in oppoſition to ignorance or miſrepreſentation: one or the other of which I conſtantly excited. After the lapſe of ten years, they have not left me to myſelf. I have reaped no other reward for my fatigues, for my endeavours and my expences, than the honour of being conſtantly attacked; and I have not failed to find them ever in my way, when it was in their power to injure me, directly or indirectly."

"In the mean time, that revolution, which, ſay they, reſtores every thing and every perſon to his proper place, was not yet ſo far matured, that the government, adopting the only method which could be convenient to us both, was inclined to reimburſe me my expences. It was, however, already agreed, that my collection

lection ſhould be depoſited in the Muſeum of Natural Hiſtory, and that it ſhould advance to me ſixty thouſand livres, over and above a penſion which ſhould be ſettled on me, under the expreſs denomination of an indemnity. It was at this moment that the earlieſt efforts of liberty made their appearance. Giving way with tranſport to the firſt ſtruggles of this child of nature, I forgot inſtantly my individual intereſt, that I might think only of the general welfare: and I poſtponed to future times the care of my own fate, which was entirely ſuperſeded till that period ſhould arrive. At the time of the Conſtituent Aſſembly, the government appeared for a moment to be deſirous of fulfilling, on my account, the above engagements: but having an inſurmountable antipathy to ſolicitations, and having, above all, none of thoſe powerful friends, who are neceſſary to thoſe who wiſh to ſucceed, I was preſently forgotten. The Legiſlative Aſſembly ſprung up in its turn, and was upon the point of making good the arrears of equitable indemnity: but the Legiſlative Aſſembly was equally inclined to ſlumber in its juſtice. At length, the National Convention, endued with ſuperior power and diſpatch, ſeemed to undertake to repair the wrongs which I had hitherto ſuſtained. The majority of the members of the committee of public inſtruction viſited my cabinet; commiſſioners were appointed to inſpect it: the temporary commiſſion of arts was itſelf employed in the management of this buſineſs: the citizens Richard and Lamark made a report on the ſubject: in a word, no means whatever of taking poſſeſſion of the only riches I had obtained in the world were neglected. But affairs, more important no doubt, made them entirely forget my cauſe. Having written a letter to the committee, to bring it again to their recollection, they began to ſpeak of cauſing an eſtimate to be made of my cabinet. What! *eſtimate* one by one the ſeveral ſpecimens of a collection, which had coſt me thirty years labour, of which five were ſpent in traverſing the burning deſerts of Africa, and for which I did not aſk the twentieth part of their value! for, notwithſtanding the lapſe of time and the difference of my need, the ſum offered in 1789, was the ſame which I afterwards aſked of government in 1795. To be brief, this ſum, notwithſtanding its ſmallneſs, is ſtill detained in the national coffers, and my cabinet continues in my own poſſeſſion; from whence it will probably paſs into the hands of ſome foreigner, or be diſperſed abroad, ſince my circumſtances do not leave it in my power to preſerve it any longer."

"Hopes of another kind, however, occupy me at preſent altogether, and, perhaps, will make me forget injuries ſo long protracted. Given up entirely to thoſe attentions which my ornithology requires, I am happy not to ſee in the ſeries of national curioſities, the humble but rare tribute which I came to offer to my country. I will give theſe my birds to all Europe. I have multiplied prints of them painted to the life, and as faithfully deſcribed: they will be to amateurs and to connoiſſeurs a very valuable preſent: they will be able to conſult and to refer to them

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at all times: the originals will depart in vain from France, no poſſible occurrence will be able to affect them: every purpoſe of my ornithology is accompliſhed."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the *encouragement* given to one of the moſt ingenious and indefatigable men of the age, by thoſe Gallic *rulers*, with whom the Critical Reviewer ſeems to be ſo much delighted. I make no comment, but leave your readers to draw their own concluſions, and am, truly,

VESTER ET ACADEMICUS.

ART. XXVI. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

YOU do but an act of juſtice to injured authors, in allowing room for their friends to come forward in their favour, and to vindicate their character before the public. This is peculiarly an act of juſtice againſt ſuch writers as the Critical or the Monthly Reviewers. Theſe are often actuated by the mere ſpirit of Preſbyterianiſm, to aſſault the churchman, to abuſe the divine, and to vilify the orthodox. But they occaſionally inſult where they act from no principle; and write with malevolence, from mere ignorance. To vindicate the former, indeed, is the grand deſign of this department in your Review; but a ſubordinate one is often neceſſary, in humanity, to vindicate the latter too. For ſuch an office of humanity, I now claim a corner in your department, that I may do juſtice to an author whom I have been very recently reading; and repay him in ſome meaſure for the ſatisfaction which he has given me, by doing that for him which he diſdains (I ſuppoſe) to do for himſelf. "The hiſtory of the Anglo-Saxons, from their firſt appearance above the Elbe, to the death of Egbert, with a map of their ancient territories, by Sh. Turner," is written by one, of whom I know nothing, either perſonal or by letter, but whom, from the want of all additions to his name, I ſuppoſe to be of no profeſſion. From a hint, indeed, of his preface, that "his work" is merely "the child of leiſure hours," and therefore "could receive only an attention occaſional and interrupted," I believe him to be engaged in trade. And from the humility with which he writes in his preface, hoping only, "like an humble valet, to ſerve up thoſe circumſtantial minutiæ which the commanding minds" of others "have diſdained to accumulate;" when ſtill more, from what he ſays, he feels for the public, "ſenſations of the moſt anxious awe," while "his ground trembles beneath him;" he appears a writer, in his firſt publication, very ſolicitous about his reception in the world, and peculiarly alive, therefore, to ſuch cenſures as the Critical Reviewers have thrown out againſt him. For theſe reaſons I interpoſe betwixt thoſe Reviewers and him, and ſhall endeavour to repel the weapons which they have diſcharged at him.

Mr. Turner's remarks on the paſſage in Gildas, which he adduces, in P. 101, preſents (ſays the Reviewers) "a curious inſtance of falſe criticiſm." In what, then, does the falſity of this criticiſm lie?

lie? "This ſketch of mountain ſcenery," cries Mr. Turner, after he has quoted the paſſage in Engliſh, "comes appropriately from the pencil of a Cambrian, and is judiciouſly expreſſed in a ſtyle rumbling, rough, and fierce, like the object deſcribed," a mountain torrent. "The ungrammatical Latin, the wildneſs of the parentheſis, and the cafeleſs diſorder of the circumſtances of the deſcription, finely illuſtrate the view. An author leſs deſirous to make the ſound an echo to the ſenſe, might have expreſſed the effects of an impetuous torrent on the eyes of the ſpectator, which is a ſtriking trait of deſcription, more intelligibly; but then he would have robbed it of that ſublimity which always ariſes from the obſcure;" all this the Reviewer fancied to be "falſe criticiſm," becauſe he did not ſee the deſign of it. He thought it to be all ſaid with a ſerious face, when it was all ſpoken with a laughing eye. He fancied it to be ſoberly true, when it was but ſlyly ironical. He thus inverted the very nature of the criticiſm; and condemned in this inverted poſition, what he muſt have praiſed in the natural: nor can he be excuſed for the inverſion, as the commencing words of the paragraph ſo plainly point out the commencing irony. "With that copious *perſpicuity* of inexhauſtible rhetoric," ſays Mr. Turner, there concerning a writer, well known to be peculiarly loſt in his cloud of words, "which we muſt often admire in this *poliſhed* author," the moſt barbarous of a very barbarous age, "he exclaims," &c. Can irony be plainer? Surely authors are not bound, for the ſake of inattentive Reviewers, to put the finger-poſt of authority upon all their turns, and here to add, "Nota Bene, this is all irony."

Mr. Turner "ought to have recollected," ſays the Reviewer, as dogmatical now as he was inattentive before, "that it is very doubtful whether Severus erected any wall in Britain," and that "the *whole* reſts upon the weak authority of Spartian;" but the Reviewer is here as inattentive as he was before, and the dogmatiſm ends in a groſs miſtake. *Four* others, all hiſtorians, all antients, unite with Spartian to atteſt the conſtruction of a wall by Severus. Theſe are Eutropius, Aurelius Victor, Oroſius, and Caſſiodorus. So egregiouſly has the Reviewer erred, in point of fact! Even Horſley, one of our beſt and moſt popular antiquarians, declares, in direct contradiction to the Reviewer, that the wall of Severus has better atteſtations in its favour, than either of the other two.

Portus Adurni, adds the Reviewer, while he is picking petty objections againſt Mr. Turner, is not Portſmouth, but Old Shoreham: but, to ſhew the frivoloufneſs of ſuch an objection, we need only remark the uncertainty ſtill ſubſiſting concerning the place. Camden, at one time, thought it might be Arundel, yet at another, agreed with Selden in thinking it might be Aldrington, near Old Shoreham. Where he had no diſtances to conduct him, he could be led only by the ſound of names. *Arundel* ſeemed, at firſt, to reverberate the name, by a tranſpoſition of the letters; but Aldrington ſeemed at laſt to reverberate it without any tranſpoſition. Horſley, not ſatisfied with either poſition, ſelected Portſmouth as retaining at leaſt the firſt half of the appellation. Dr. Henry followed Horſley,

and Mr. Turner went with him. If the Reviewer likes not their position, he is welcome to *prove* it *wrong*, and to produce a *better* upon *proof*. But a mere recurrence to an old opinion, as if it had never been oppoſed, and never could be oppoſed, can only prove the maker to be acquainted with the old, and to be ignorant of the new.

The Reviewer intimates in his newly aſſumed pity for that very Gildas, whom he has juſt cenſured Mr. Turner for praiſing, as he thought, that Mr. Turner has attempted to make him ridiculous, "by depicting the poor Britons as ſitting withinſide the wall, to be caught like fiſh with the chained hooks of their adverſaries." But the Reviewer is as ſpiteful in his pity for Gildas, as he was in cenſuring Mr. Turner's ſuppoſed praiſe of him; only he is ſpiteful now to Mr. Turner alone, and was then ſpiteful to Gildas as well as him. Mr. Turner is now condemned for the folly of Gildas. Mr. Turner's account is Gildas's own; the whole is a *literal* tranſlation from Gildas, and expreſsly rejected from hiſtory, by Mr. Turner, as too burleſque in itſelf: but the Reviewer muſt come in for a ſhare in the folly. He reprobated the paſſage as Mr. Turner's, for its ridiculous deſcription of the Britons; yet then, to make them more ridiculous, and the paſſage more worthy of reprobation, dexterouſly interpolated a couple of words. The Britons are thus repreſented by the Reviewer himſelf, and not by Mr. Turner or by Gildas, as perſons "to be caught *like fiſh* with the chained hooks:" and the Reviewer is thus caught, like a fiſh, with his own hook.

The authors, whom Mr. Turner has quoted, in p. 154, note 27, ſays this hooked Reviewer, "are comparatively ſo *recent*, that their teſtimony cannot affect the queſtion," whether the Saxons came hither by invitation or not. The firſt author quoted to prove they came *not* by invitation, is Treculphus, who lived in 823. The ſecond is Sigebertus, who lived about the æra of the Norman conqueſt. If authors, of ſuch a date as theſe, are to be rejected from hiſtory as *recent*, the Anglo-Saxons will almoſt have no hiſtory at all. Yet Mr. Turner might have adduced an authority older than either of theſe; even Nennius the Britain, who expreſsly ſays, "venerunt tres chiulæ a Germaniâ *in exilis pulſæ*, in quibus erant Hors et Hengiſt—Gortigernus autem ſuſcepit eos benigné (c. xxviii). And "three of the Saxon veſſels," ſaid accordingly the hiſtorian who firſt noted the paſſage, "laden with men and equipped for a deſcent, were accidentally hovering on the Kentiſh coaſt." (Hiſtory of Mancheſter, 11. 15. quarto.)

From particular criticiſms the Reviewer flies off into general. Here I cannot refute, becauſe I can barely deny. What I can do, however, I will do for modeſt merit aſſaulted, and for timid ſenſibility inſulted. "Authors of great reputation and of none," he tells Mr. Turner and the public, "authors of veracity, falſehood, &c. are blended in one confuſed maſs." This charge I do, *ex animo*, deny, on a careful peruſal of the work. For all the incidents in the hiſtory, which are ſtated as true, by Mr. Turner, a reputable authority is conſtantly produced: he has carefully avoided to reſt

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any fact alledged upon a teſtimony diſcredited. I believe him, indeed, to have been more careful in ſeparating the true from the falſe throughout our ancient hiſtory, than even any writer preceding him. So directly contrary is this charge to the fact. Mr Turner indeed, has ſometimes thought it neceſſary to expoſe antiquarian theoriſts or fabling chroniclers to ridicule! And then the better author has been put ſide by ſide with the worſer, becauſe in their race of abſurdity they have only equal merit. But how different is this practice from that alledged by the Reviewer; and how diſhoneſt is it in any Reviewer, to found upon ſuch a practice ſuch a charge, in full oppoſition to the plain tenour of Mr. Turner's conduct?

The Reviewer even deſcends to a cenſure ſo low, as a mere point of orthography. He cenſures Mr. Turner for adopting "the recent mode of expreſſing the ſound of *th* by *z*, in preference to the former mode *db*." But the cenſure is as falſely ſtated as it is frivolouſly conceived. The former mode was not *db*, as this was not uſed generally; what was uſed was *dd*. For this Mr. Turner uſed *z*, I doubt not, becauſe the laſt Lexicographer of Welſh had adopted it, and his Dictionary, from its larger compaſs, muſt exclude every other: *z*, indeed, is a letter not uſed in Welſh. It was, therefore, put as a character, to expreſs the Welſh *th*. Nor can I ſee that this is more incongruous in itſelf, and this is certainly more ſanctioned by authority now, than *dd*.

But the Reviewer mounts at once from that low employment of picking ſtraws, to riding the clouds in general abuſe of Mr. Turner. With equal injuſtice and illiberality, I believe, he intimates Mr. Turner not to be "even in the ſmalleſt degree acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon language or remains." I think this very work itſelf demonſtrates the contrary. Nor can I conceive any principle except the malignity of prejudice, capable of aſſerting it does not. Yet even if it did not, no preſumption could lie againſt Mr. Turner, as if he was unacquainted with what he had no call to produce. He might have the knowledge, yet reſerve all diſplay of it for its proper place. The fact is, that any knowledge which he has ſhewn has *eſcaped* from him, and that he has *avowedly* reſerved his diſplay of it for a future volume. The preſent is only the firſt of *three* volumes, which he means to publiſh on the ſubject. In the third; as he tells us expreſsly in his Preface, "a review of their *laws, manners, government, literature*, and *religion*, will be requiſite." Mr. Turner muſt then, therefore, ſhew his acquaintance with, and will (I doubt not) ſhew his intimate acquaintance with "the Anglo-Saxon language and remains." But all theſe promiſes in Mr. Turner's plan, though ſo explicitly avowed by him, and though ſo grand in themſelves, the Reviewer has, with an unpardonable negligence, overlooked, or with more unpardonable perverſeneſs, ſuppreſſed, and then abuſed the author for not doing what he even does do in part already, what he actually promiſes to do in whole hereafter. He blames the riſing ſun for not ſhining out with the ſplendour of noon, paſſes over all its aſſurances of a noon-day ſplen-

dour hereafter, and reprehends the day-ſpring however bright as darkneſs itſelf.

With equal injuſtice and illiberality the Reviewer inſinuates Mr. Turner to be ignorant, that "in the Britiſh Muſeum are hundreds of Saxon manuſcripts." Whether Mr. Turner be ignorant, or not ignorant, of this, it is impoſſible for the Reviewer to know. He could only, in preſumption, believe, and then in raſhneſs pronounce, Mr. Turner ignorant of it. But the truth is, as I find from a friend of his, that Mr. Turner has long known of this treaſure, and has not neglected it; that he hopes in proper time to make the fruits of his application to it viſible in the eyes of the public; but that then theſe manuſcripts will be ſeen not to furniſh the important information, which the Reviewer ſeems ſo much at random to promiſe from them.

The Reviewer, however, deſcends from his clouds again, and ſtoops once more to his petty employ of picking ſtraws. Mr. Turner's heſitation concerning Offa's Queen, he ſays, ſhows him to be a ſtranger to the Saxon coins. This is extraordinary indeed. The bolt was ſoon ſhot, and miſſed its aim. Does he think Mr. Turner ſhould have quoted a *coin* for a name, when he had before him a *charter* with *the Queen's own ſignature upon it?* If the Reviewer himſelf doubted the orthography of his Majeſty's name, would he look at a guinea in preference to his royal ſignature? The Reviewer *muſt*, in conformity to his own argument, but Mr. Turner, with common-ſenſe conducting him, certainly would not.

Yet the Reviewer, in picking ſtraws, finds one ſo like what he had picked before, that he takes it up for mere love of trifles, and produces what I have rejected before. He now produces, however, one a little different. Mr. Turner was branded before, as not "even in the ſmalleſt degree acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon—remains," and as ignorant that "in the Britiſh Muſeum are hundreds of Saxon manuſcripts." But a cold iron only is now paſſed over his brow, and he is charged merely with non-application of a coin to his argument. In proof that Mr. Turner is "un-acquainted with the public treaſures of Saxon lore," the Reviewer ſays Mr. Turner might have illuſtrated his argument, P. 367, by a coin of Athelſtan inſcribed "Rex totius Britanniæ." The charge, however, is too heavy, and the piece recoils violently. Mr. Turner might have forgotten or might have neglected, to alledge the coin; and yet not be un-acquainted with the public treaſures of "Saxon lore." To infer the one from the other, indeed, is the extreme of folly. I have hitherto noted only the malignity of the Reviewer; but I now ſee his fooliſhneſs. This will be even more apparent as I proceed with him on the point. Mr. Turner's argument was a rejection of the tale, that Egbert was formally crowned and entitled King of England. Alfred, he ſays, was more properly the firſt *Monarcha*; or, in greater ſtrictneſs, Athelſtan was. Now if he has proved his aſſertion *without* this coin, he had no occaſion to alledge it. And, if he has not proved without the coin, to alledge the coin would not have helped him an atom in the proof. The coin could not weigh a grain in the balance, becauſe it

does

does not call Athelſtan; "Rex *primus* totius Britanniæ," but calls him ſimply "Rex totius Britanniæ." The queſtion therefore, who was the King ſo called *firſt*, remains all un-reſolved by the coin. If Egbert had the title firſt, Athelſtan would be ſure to have it after him. Yet whether Athelſtan or Egbert had it firſt, the coin announces no more, than whether the one was a baſtard and the other legitimate. And nothing but folly, reflected from a mirror of malignity, heightened in its glare, and redoubled in its force, could have blinded the eyes of the Reviewer ſo much, as to make him produce ſuch an accuſation of ignorance upon evidence ſo ridiculous in itſelf.

The Reviewer at laſt, like a dying ſnake, collects all his ſtrength into one exertion, darts upon his prey, and fixes his fangs on the fleſh. But his fangs have loſt their poiſon and their power. He loſes his hold, and drops harmleſs to the ground. He aſſails Mr. Turner thus, in aſſailing the antient Welch bards cited by him. He affirms them to be ſpurious. To a general accuſation, however, a vindication equally general is all that is requiſite in reply. Such I now make, aſcribing his want of belief to his want of knowledge, and attributing his accuſation to his ignorance. But as he comes out of his covert, and advances into open day-light, I encounter him hand to hand at once. All the pieces, aſſigned to the early poets of Wales, he then ſays, are unknown equally to Nennius, Geoffry, and Caradoc. Here mark the boldneſs of preſumptuous ignorance. The aſſertion is abſolutely falſe in every point. Caradoc had no occaſion to mention the poets of Wales, becauſe his hiſtory commences *after* their deaths; yet even he, as appears from the only copy of his work known, the tranſlation, mentions expreſsly the poems of one of them, Myrddin or Myrzin Wylt. Yet the Reviewer has the hardineſs to aver, that *all* the early bards of Wales were unknown to Caradoc. Geoffry alſo has actually left a poem in elegant verſification, addreſſed to his patron the Biſhop of Lincoln, upon Myrddin and Talieſſin. Yet this is the man, whom the Reviewer affirms to have known *neither* of them. And Nennius, the laſt of the Reviewer's three witneſſes, though the firſt cited by him as ignorant of *all* theſe bards, in a paſſage pretty plain of itſelf, but very plain as corrected by Evans, mentions *a number of them together.* I recite the paſſage as in the printed copy of Nennius, and ſubjoin the corrections of Evans in hooks. "Talhaern Talanguen" [Talhaiarn "Tatangwn," a bard cited by Talieſſin himſelf], "*in poemate claruit*; et Nuevin [Aneurin," whoſe poems are ſtill exiſting], et Talieſſin" [a poet well known] et Blachbar [Llywarch, a poet as well known] "et Cian qui vocatur Gueinchguant [Gwyngweon," a poet mentioned both by Aneurin and by Talieſſin], *ſimul uno tempore*," [in the ſixth century], "*in poemate Britannico claruerunt.*" * Thus does Nennius, who was alledged by the Reviewer to be ignorant of *all* theſe bards, actually ſhow himſelf to be very familiar with no leſs than *five* of them, all his contemporaries wholly or nearly, and all

* Nennius, c. lxiv. and Evans, Pp. 66—68.

celebrated in his days for their poetry. So daring could this critic be, in and from his very blindneſs! But let me now *pen a ſecret* to him, which I have juſt learned from the author's friend. Mr. Turner means, I underſtand, in the courſe of the ſummer to publiſh his reaſons for believing the poems to be genuine; and the Reviewer may then have a fair occaſion given him, of retracting his raſh aſſertions by informing his groſs ignorance, and ſo making the *amende honorable* to the public.

The ſtyle of Mr. Turner, which is pecked at by the bill of this owl in criticiſm, Mr. Turner (I believe) will readily ſurrender to the pecking of ſuch a bill. He would have been truly grateful, I think, for the remarks of a critic judicious in himſelf and dignified in his own language. But, when he ſees his critic ſtooping into vulgarity of language, in abuſe of *his* language, he can only turn away with diſguſt from ſuch a pretended preceptor. The Reviewer, indeed, is *a* very Anti-Longinus,

And has himſelf the very ſtyle he brands.

He thus ſpeaks of one "*endued* with eyes," and talks of the "inſcience" of another.

To his own "inſcience" I therefore leave him, wiſhing him "endued with eyes" more critical, and remaining,

Sir, with eſteem yours,

June 11, 1800. AMICUS CURIÆ.

[*In our next Number we ſhall give a full and impartial Review of Mr. Turner's Publication.*]

MISCELLANIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Have juſt received from Weimar the encloſed letter. The writer of it, who is my particular friend, permits me to make what uſe of it I pleaſe, and even to publiſh it in ſome reſpectable Journal, if I ſhould think it calculated to do any good, eſpecially if the letter to which it is a reply ſhall appear, as is moſt likely, in any of the oppoſition magazines. As I have derived great pleaſure from your excellent work, and have in conſequence a much higher opinion of your judgment in ſuch ſort of matters than of my own, I ſend you the letter as I received it, with liberty to make uſe of it or not, as you ſhall think proper. The accuſation againſt Wieland, which is evidently haſty, abſurd, and unfounded, and to which he replied in his Mercury, for April, probably, as my friend informs me, with too much peeviſhneſs, appeared in the St. James's Chronicle, 28th January laſt. Mr. Boettiger's intemperate poſtſcript appeared in the ſame number, to whom the following anſwer was remitted the ſame day that the copy of it was ſent to me.

I am, &c.

S. R.

The

Belvedere, near Weimar, 8th July, 1800.

The Poſtſcript, ſigned *Boettiger*, in the *New German Mercury*, of Wieland, for April, has not a little excited my aſtoniſhment, and I feel myſelf called upon to expreſs to you yourſelf, Sir, with freedom, but I truſt without any mixture of what you call *Britiſh ſpleen*, my thoughts on that very extraordinary performance. On the two papers which precede it, the one by Mr. Wieland himſelf, and the other by an anonymous writer, from Suabia, I ſhall make no remarks, as I mean not to enter into any diſpute on the ſubject, either of the *Illuminati* or the *Jeſuits*. I moſt readily acknowledge, indeed, that Mr. Wieland, being unjuſtly accuſed by ſome perſon or perſons, in England, on account of what has been called the *prediction concerning Bonaparte*, had the beſt right, and was called upon, in fact, to defend himſelf againſt an unjuſt and idle calumny. If, in ſuch circumſtances, a man expreſſes himſelf with more than ordinary warmth, provided he does not degenerate into ſcurrility, I ſhould certainly not be forward in finding fault with him. It is natural to write with warmth, when one conſcious of innocence is accuſed of any culpable action, or of any improper connection. It would not, however, be difficult to ſhew that in defending himſelf even Mr. Wieland has gone ſomewhat too far; that the Engliſh nation is not accountable for the abſurd reflections of an anonymous individual and a foreigner, or for the reveries of the *St. James's Chronicle*,* which has no claim to the title of *Hofzeitung*, or *Court Gazette*;—that Mr. Robiſon, though the author of a book on the Illuminati is, at leaſt, as little of a *ſycophant* as Mr. Wieland himſelf; and that the people of England are ſtill as able to diſtinguiſh truth from falſehood, and as little accuſtomed to credit haſty and unfounded inferences as thoſe of Germany or any other country. But as I do not mean to reply to Wieland I will not blame him.

With reſpect to the Abbé Barruel, as he has mentioned your name and treated your character with diſreſpect, you have, Sir, the fulleſt right to reply to him; and if, after fully and ſatisfactorily anſwering all his aſſertions and inſinuations againſt your own character, you ſhould endeavour to prove, which probably would not be difficult, that he is the ſupporter of downright deſpotiſm in civil government, and of ſuperſtition in religion; that, in many inſtances, he is a calumniator and a fanatic; as I am no partizan of Barruel, your work would meet from me with no oppoſition. But when I obſerve, that, inſtead of ſeriouſly replying even to him, inſtead of making any diſtinction between what is unqueſtionably true and what is falſe and calumnious, you only deal in injurious language, which you apply in a manner equally unjuſt and ungenerous to Mr. Robiſon and the whole Engliſh nation, I feel myſelf entitled to defend a moſt reſpectable character, and to reclaim againſt the unjuſt aſperſions thrown upon my country. I am not

* "The St. James's Chronicle" is a truly independent paper, originally inſtituted by men, celebrated for their genius and their talents, and invariably conducted on the ſoundeſt principles, religious, moral, and political. *Editor.*

aſhamed, Sir, to avow the *prejudices* natural to an Engliſhman; bu I truſt, however harſh the word may ſound in philoſophic ears, theſe prejudices will be found ſo liberal as to be conſiſtent with a love of truth—with the duties which man owes to man without diſtinction of country or climate—and with the reſpect which I owe to the ſimilar prejudices (equally honourable in men of all nations) of thoſe in whoſe country I am reſiding.

You abruptly, without the ſmalleſt preface or qualification, begin your poſtſcript in the following terms:—"That a book ſuch as that of Profeſſor Robiſon, of Edinburgh, a man hypochondriac and ſick in body and mind;—THE HORRIBLE HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF ALL THE GOOD HEADS OF EUROPE AGAINST FOLLY (*Dummheit*)—for ſo ought in propriety his ſlanderous *proofs of a conſpiracy* to be tranſlated; under the protection of a dedication to the miniſter Windham, (known as the moſt avowed ſupporter of an exterminating war againſt France) ſhould be ſo ſucceſsful among the Engliſh populace, (*Poebel*) and that half a dozen editions ſhould be ſo quickly ſold, will excite no wonder in him who has had occaſion to learn particularly the unbounded affection of the robuſt John Bull (equally great whether he is lodged in Billingſgate or St. James's-Street) for *bloody news*, bloody, horrible news, murder, conſpiracy," &c.

I confeſs, Sir, it was ſome time before I could believe that I had ſeized the proper ſenſe of this extraordinary paſſage, or that I could allow myſelf to think that Mr. Boettiger had written it. If I were not firmly convinced by numerous examples of the facility with which the ſincereſt men may be deceived, eſpecially when their paſſions are excited; I ſhould have imagined it utterly impoſſible that you could have ſeriouſly uſed ſuch language in ſpeaking of ſuch a man as Mr. Robiſon. I am certain you could not have done it had you ſeriouſly read and conſidered his book, or had you made ſuch enquiries as you eaſily might and ought to have made reſpecting his character and reputation. It is impoſſible for me to conceive what purpoſe you could propoſe to anſwer by ſuch an attack upon the man without once referring to his reaſons, or what cauſe could have prompted ſo egregious a dereliction of the common principles of prudence. Mr. Robiſon, as far as I know, has never done you any perſonal injury: he does not once mention your name in his book; and even though he may have fallen into ſome miſtakes in a ſubject which he does not pretend to have completely fathomed, his work by no means deſerves to be placed as you have placed it, on a level with the performances of Grub-Street. That he has long laboured under bad health is his misfortune, not his fault. I leave it to yourſelf, Sir, to determine whether the mentioning ſuch a misfortune as you have mentioned it be generous, or whether the concluſion you have drawn from it be juſt. You cannot be ignorant that many of the moſt illuſtrious men have laboured under bad health and corporeal infirmities, and have yet exhibited the moſt ſignal marks of genius and of ſound judgment. I cannot, therefore, believe that you would of yourſelf conclude

that

that because Mr. R. has long laboured under bad health his judgment muſt therefore be diſordered. If you have hazarded ſuch a concluſion on the faith of any of your correſpondents, I muſt beg leave to inform you that they have groſsly impoſed upon you. There are few men in Europe poſſeſſed of a ſounder judgment or of more extenſive acquirements than Mr. R. In mathematics and natural philoſophy he has very few equals, whether we conſider the depth of his knowledge or the ability with which he applies it to the uſeful arts of life. In moral ſcience he does not, indeed, admire the labours of Kant, and even thinks ſome of his principles, and, perhaps, their general tendency, dangerous; but he is intimately acquainted with that ſcience, as it has long been taught by the ableſt men in England, and it ought not to hurt the vanity even of a German and a Kantiſt, if Engliſhmen ſtill ſuppoſe that their own diſtinguiſhed moraliſts and metaphyſicians have not been entirely fools. In this age of infidelity he is not aſhamed to profeſs himſelf a Chriſtian; and he boldly and ably contends that ignorance (the want of accurate obſervation and of juſt and general views of nature and of providence) and vice are the great cauſes of the infidelity of the preſent day, and that they who pretend to be Atheiſts on principles of ſcience, will be found, on examination, to be mere ſmatterers, whoſe whole knowledge conſiſts in a few idle phraſes, which, uttered with the neceſſary gravity and confidence, attract the notice of the idle and runaway with the admiration of the diſſipated. Profeſſor R. has travelled through the chief countries of Europe, has been in America, and has viewed, with a philoſophic eye, the various modes of life, which the different countries, he has viſited, exhibit: he is acquainted with the moſt important languages, ancient and modern; is a man of unblemiſhed honour, and in every reſpect what we, in England, call a gentleman. Inſtead of being an enemy, as you have poſitively aſſerted, of all the good heads of Europe, a patron of folly, and a fanatic, there is nowhere a more ardent friend of real ſcience and of true liberty; as any man, indeed, who ſeriouſly reads the book againſt which you are ſo highly prejudiced, provided he has any preciſe notions of ſcience and of true liberty himſelf, will moſt readily diſcover and acknowledge. Nor is this the exaggerated praiſe of a friend; no one who knows Mr. R. as I have known him, and as he is almoſt univerſally known in Britain, will dare to call it in queſtion. The Engliſh Jacobins, the ſlanderous authors of the *Monthly Magazine*, and of the *Analytical Review*, and of other ſimilar publications, (which are often alike devoid of truth and modeſty) never fell into a more egregious folly, than by treating Mr. R. as you alſo have done, as an enemy to ſcience and to liberty, as nothing more clearly proves that their clamours reſult not from the love of true ſcience and of rational liberty, but from a deſire of univerſal innovation after the French model in philoſophy and in politics.

Mr. R. has in his book very ſimply and candidly related the accidental circumſtances which led him to the knowledge of the Illuminati, and the views with which he publiſhed what he had diſcovered; and every impartial man who ſeriouſly reads what he has written will certainly,

certainly account thoſe views honourable. In every part of his book he exhibits himſelf, what he really is, as the ardent friend of true ſcience, of rational religion, and of genuine liberty, and directs all his attacks only againſt philoſophy, falſely ſo called, againſt thoſe who, pretending to be wiſer than their neighbours, wiſh to perſuade us to live as without God in the world; and againſt thoſe who, with the words liberty, philanthropy, moderation, &c. ever in their mouths, promote only licentiouſneſs, rapine and murder. Such are the GOOD HEADS of Europe, and ſuch the FOLLY againſt which Mr. R. has written. That he may have committed ſome miſtakes in his account of the Illuminati, and, perhaps, drawn ſome falſe concluſions may be poſſible. Prove this to him in a gentlemanly manner and you will find him ready to rectify his miſtakes, and to thank you for your corrections. But you will find no reaſonable man in England, nor, I preſume, in any other country, who will diſbelieve *Robiſon's proofs* in conſequence of a mere poſitive denial dictated by paſſion. On the contrary, ſuch a mode of attack is naturally calculated to confirm every thinking man who has no other means of being undeceived. It cannot be denied, that ſuch a ſociety as that deſcribed by Mr. R. did exiſt, and that, though many reſpectable men were members of it, it was directed by perſons capable of going the moſt criminal lengths. Why not acknowledge this, and the danger of it? Is philoſophy in danger, becauſe a parcel of philoſophical villains, or perſons pretending to philoſophy, but led on, in fact, by ſecret ambition, are expoſed to juſt contempt? Is liberty endangered by the diſplay of Jacobiniſm in all its native horror? If you did not chooſe to enter thus far into the ſubject, you ought to have let it alone; for in attempting, by mere-aſſertion, to prove too much you prove nothing, and throw, beſides, ſuſpicion into the oppoſite balance. If you did not chooſe, therefore, to waſte your time by entering fully into the merits of the caſe, I again repeat, you ought to have let it entirely alone; and you might certainly have left it, with full ſecurity, to the aſſiduity and impartiality of the gentleman whom you ſo juſtly praiſed, and whoſe work on the illuminati you announce. There is no man in Europe better qualified for deciding on any difficult or diſputed queſtion than Mr. Mounier. His unſullied integrity, his unqueſtioned impartiality, his extenſive acquirements and active aſſiduity, and, above all, his intimate acquaintance with the nature and cauſes of the French Revolution, peculiarly fit him for ſuch a taſk; and very faſtidious, indeed, muſt be the party which ſhall refuſe to liſten to him. Yet, I am firmly perſuaded, there are many in England who have uniformly treated Mr. R. as you have done, who will, probably, not derive much greater ſatisfaction from the work which you announce, though, as I am ſure, that Mr. Mounier will treat Mr. Robiſon as one gentleman and one ſcholar ought to treat another, I think, I may ſafely venture to predict, that his work will meet from no one with a warmer and more reſpectful reception than from Mr. R.

Reſpecting what you have been pleaſed to ſay, in the ſentence I have quoted, about the Engliſh populace, I will reſtrain myſelf from expreſſing my feelings or my indignation. It muſt have been in a very

very unthinking moment, I am perſuaded, that you united together under the ſame cenſure the inhabitants of Billingſgate and of St. James's-ſtreet, and I can poſitively aſſure you, that your knowledge of honeſt John Bull is neither ſo intimate nor accurate as, perhaps, you imagine. A foreigner, and eſpecially one who has never been in England, treads on tickliſh ground when, in order to raiſe a laugh, or excite prejudices againſt that country, he makes alluſions to local circumſtances and local characters, which it is difficult even for the natives to manage with eaſe, elegance, and effect. I muſt beg leave to inform you at the ſame time, that England has not yet fallen into ſuch a ſtate of inſignificance and of bad taſte as you have been here pleaſed to aſſert; nor will you find the people receiving implicitly and without examination, as you have told us, any book, merely becauſe it is filled with *bloody news*. There may be individuals, in high ſtations, who believe, and even you yourſelf, I preſume, muſt allow, that there is ſome curious and important information even in Barruel; but I know no perſon who refers to his work as a diplomatic codex, and, I am credibly informed, that its merits have been ably canvaſſed, and many of its faults ſeverely expoſed in the journals the moſt favourable to the Government. Your remarks, therefore, on *the pilots of the Britiſh veſſel of State and on the members of the reſpectable Senate of the Imperial iſles* (*Raiſerlichen Inſeln*), appealing in open Parliament and in State Papers to what you call the abſurdities of Barruel, fall harmleſs to the ground when narrowly inſpected and compared with the facts; and your endeavouring to account for a folly, in great part of your own creation, by referring to the *dazzling effects* of party ſpirit, and to the *inſolent licence* in the uſe of means employed by Machiavelic politicians to win the public opinion, is ſimilar to the conduct of thoſe philoſophers who endeavour to account for facts of which they have not eſtabliſhed the exiſtence.

I am not ignorant of the wild and unfounded calumnies which have been circulated in Germany againſt the government of my country, in conſequence of its conduct in the preſent war, and I cannot help remarking that an Engliſhman has at leaſt as much reaſon to be indignant at ſuch wanton and ignorant malice, as a German can have, on account of the works publiſhed in England againſt the Illuminati, granting them to be in every reſpect as ill-founded as you would have us believe. It has been too much the faſhion of late years among the German writers to calumniate the Britiſh government, and to circulate, with unbounded confidence, the lies and miſrepreſentations of the oppoſition papers in England, and of the Republican Gazettes of France. Yet it is now as evident as day-light, and every perſon free from the party ſpirit againſt which all ſo loudly declaim will readily acknowledge, that had England followed the plan they ſo ardently laboured to recommend, Europe would at this moment have exhibited only one common heap of ruin, devoid alike of religion, of learning, and of liberty. I love ſcience and I love freedom, but I abhor all affectation of extravagant novelty both in the one and in the other, becauſe I believe it to be equally fatal to both. I think in ſuch a country as England, where liberty is acknowledged and eſtabliſhed by the laws,

laws, that the parliament and the people have a right to watch over and even to be jealous of the government. But, on all occaſions, with reaſon and without, and eſpecially in caſes totally unprecedented and of extreme difficulty and danger, to be crying out againſt the Machiaveliſm of adminiſtration, and the danger of liberty, is equally weak and wicked. I firmly believe, and am ſure it would not be difficult to prove (in part it has been unanſwerably proved already) that there never was any government or adminiſtration in Europe, leſs directed by Machiavelic principles than that of England during the preſent war; and poſterity, if poſterity eſcape the deſolating principles of theſe times, will ſee and acknowledge it, when the paſſions and partialities of the ſeveral agents ſhall have long been buried in oblivion; amongſt many other epithets applied to Barruel, you call him a penſioned (*beſoldeten*) prieſt, an allegation which you certainly cannot prove, and which I am poſitive is not true. You certainly wiſh the ſame thing to be believed of Mr. Robiſon, from what you ſay of his dedication to the *miniſter Windham*, though the ſmalleſt attention or enquiry would have proved to you, that this dedication was the effect of an early acquaintance at college, accidentally renewed in London, and not of miniſterial patronage. Mr. Pitt has been, in a peculiar manner, accuſed both abroad and at home of keeping in his pay a liſt of writers to defend his adminiſtration. It would have been highly uſeful and highly praiſe-worthy in him if this had been the caſe, if he had employed a few perſons of ſufficient abilities, integrity, and diſcretion, and furniſhed them with ſufficient materials, where circumſtances rendered it neceſſary, in order to expoſe matters to the public eye in their juſt light, and to prevent the baneful effects of the repeated lies, and continual miſrepreſentations of the oppoſition papers, ſome of which were certainly known to be in the pay of the French Directory, and, perhaps, may ſtill continue in the pay of the new government. Unfortunately the miniſter has not the ſame ideas on this ſubject, for he ſuffers all the odium (yet if placed on a proper and liberal footing I know not why it ſhould be odious) without the advantages. No miniſter, I imagine, was ever more careleſs of ſuch means of ſecuring the public opinion, though if exerciſed in a manly liberal manner nothing could be more juſt or uſeful. He has, indeed, been ſerved "by writers not his own."

The idea ſeems to exiſt upon the Continent that every paper called miniſterial is a *Court Gazette*, and thus Wieland denominates the *St. James's Chronicle*. There is no official or Court paper in England, except the *London Gazette*, which never contains any thing but official news, State Papers, and proclamations. The other newſpapers range themſelves on the ſide of the miniſter, or on that of the oppoſition, according to the principles or prejudices of their reſpective editors; and though we are daily entertained by the latter with re-

* For a *caſe in point* we refer our readers to P. 204. Vol. I. of our Review. And, we now add, that we have ſince received indiſputable proofs that *one paper*, at leaſt, was in the pay of the French Directory. *Editor.*

marks

marks on the baneful influence of *party ſpirit* and of *political corruption*, a ſufficient number of anecdotes are known reſpecting the leading papers of this deſcription to prove that they are equal adepts in the practice, as in the theory, of what they thus frequently make the theme of their moſt pathetic declamations.

I do not mean, Sir, to aſſert that my country is totally, and in every reſpect, faultleſs, either in its government, or in the general conduct and character of the people. Whatever may be my own private opinion in comparing it with other countries, I ſhall never ſo far forget what I owe to foreigners, as to diſguſt them with ſenſeleſs claims of ſuperiority. But I reclaim loudly and poſitively againſt England's being repreſented (as ſhe too often has been in Germany, and as ſhe ſeems in a peculiar manner to be repreſented by you) as the patroneſs of ignorance and deſpotiſm on the one hand, and the cauſe of an unjuſt and unneceſſary war on the other. I am well convinced, indeed, that if I had even the tongue of an angel, and could wield the pen of the readieſt writer, I ſhould attempt in vain to ſilence the envious calumnies and groſs miſrepreſentations which are ſo artfully and aſſiduouſly diſſeminated amongſt a certain ſet of men both in England and on the Continent. But I conceive that I have the fulleſt right to call upon you to retract aſſertions both againſt Mr. R. and againſt my country, which as they are totally devoid of truth and juſtice muſt be the effect of falſe information, or muſt have dropt from your pen, in an unguarded and unthinking moment.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

JAMES WALKER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT was far from my deſign to provoke a reply to my firſt letter. And, to avoid any thing like controverſy with the Reviewer, I will only ſay, in anſwer to the charge of miſquoting and miſrepreſenting him, that I was not conſcious of the faults imputed to me when I wrote to you; and, at this time, I do not believe I have been guilty of them. In my opinion, it does not require much ingenuity to interpret my letter more to the credit of the writer, and ſo as to give no offence to the Reviewer.—Mrs. More's Statement of the Doctrines of Chriſtianity is a very ſmall part of her book on education: and *the ſevereſt cenſure of her opinions and expreſſions on religious ſubjects will conſiſt with a general admiration and praiſe of her talents as a moral writer.* This one remark implies all I ſhould ſay, if I were to enter into a particular vindication of myſelf. But, I forbear.

In his animadverſions on my firſt letter to you, the Reviewer intimated his conjecture of ſome *ſchool* to which I may belong. But, I know not any *ſchool*, or ſect, or party, in whoſe liſt I ſhould not bluſh to read my name. I profeſs, indeed, to be one of the people called

called *Chriſtians:* and, it has been my good fortune to have been educated in the church of England. I have told you before, that I am a friend of the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers as defenders of our happy conſtitution in church and ſtate. I will explain myſelf further on this ſubject; and will endeavour to convince you, that I am a good churchman, and as much an enemy to ſchiſm as the reſpectable Mr. Daubeny.

If any one were to aſk, what has been the means, by which this nation has been preſerved from the prevalence of revolutionary principles and from democratic ruin; I ſhould aſcribe our ſalvation to the revered character of our moſt gracious Sovereign, to a general confidence in the integrity of his heart, to the loyalty of a vaſt majority of his faithful ſubjects, and their zealous attachment to the conſtitution. I ſhould aſcribe it to the wiſdom, the courage, and firmneſs of adminiſtration. I ſhould aſcribe it to the wiſdom of the parliament; and, to the conviction, which the moſt independent members, in both houſes, entertain, that his Majeſty's Miniſters are purſuing the true intereſt of the people. I ſhould aſcribe our ſalvation to the Alien Bill, to the prudent ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act, and to the armed aſſociations. I ſhould aſcribe it to thoſe many excellent publications from the preſs, which have expoſed the ſophiſtry, the weakneſs, and the wickedneſs, of ſeditious, democratic, and Jacobinical authors, reviewers, and ſcribblers; and, in the catalogue of uſeful publications, and of thoſe of the firſt importance, I would mention the Anti-Jacobin Newſpaper and the Purſuits of Literature, the Britiſh Critic, and the Anti-Jacobin Review. I would ſay theſe at home, and our brave ſoldiers and mariners abroad, have been the bulwarks of the nation againſt the domeſtic and foreign enemies of Britain, and of our happy conſtitution in Church and State.

But, it would not be inconſiſtent with a very high ſenſe of the importance of the Britiſh Critic and of the Anti-Jacobin Review, if I confeſs that I do not always approve either the praiſe or the blame, which I find in theſe uſeful publications, eſpecially on religious ſubjects. The compoſitions of occaſional correſpondents, writers of various talents, views, and tempers, are admitted into theſe periodical publications; and, I may diſlike ſome of them, or ſome things contained in theſe compoſitions, without any diſlike of the Reviews themſelves; and, without any unfriendlineſs towards thoſe who are the principal writers and managers of them.

To convince you that I am a good churchman and as much an enemy to ſchiſm as Mr. Daubeny is, I will tranſcribe a note, which I wrote only a few days before I read the Anti-Jacobin Review for the month of March; and which was written for a very different purpoſe than its introduction into this letter. "It was one thing, to tolerate the ſcruples of *diſſenting brethren*; and quite another, to extend the original limits of toleration ſo widely, that the very members of the eſtabliſhed church, who have none of thoſe ſcruples, may deſpiſe all rule, all order and government, and ſet up ſchiſm-ſhops in every

every pariſh. It was one thing, to tolerate *religious* Diſſenters, who could ſubſcribe to the ſame *doctrinal* articles with their brethren in the eſtabliſhed church; and quite another, to give licence to *political* Diſſenters, openly and publicly, to blaſpheme thoſe doctrines which are held moſt ſacred by the nation; to *deny the Lord that bought them*, and blaſpheme God and the King, by their bitter and indecent invectives againſt the eſtabliſhed religion, *i. e.* againſt the conſtitution in church and ſtate. This was giving licence to the modern *Fawkeſes*, to carry on their horrible work in broad day-light: and, this exceſſive latitudinarianiſm, for I cannot call it *charity*, will probably end, in what the firſt G. *Fawkes* and his aſſociates intended to perform, in the deſtruction of King and Parliament, and utter ſubverſion of the laws and religion of this country. They, who ſhould guard againſt this danger, I fear, are too faſt aſleep, or too deeply infected with latitudinarian principles, to ſee the danger till it become impoſſible to prevent the cataſtrophe."

The term *Calviniſm* was uſed, in my firſt letter, as the Reviewer ſuppoſed, in its *general* ſenſe; becauſe the doctrine of *irreſiſtible grace* was not mentioned by the Reviewer, and I did not perceive, in Mrs. More's Statement of the Doctrines of Chriſtianity any thing to excite an idea that ſhe might be charged with having taught this doctrine, either directly or by conſequence. The expreſſion *irreſiſtible grace* is uſed by ſome modern Calviniſts; but, I think, *Calvin* had too much learning, and too much good ſenſe, to uſe an expreſſion ſo very exceptionable as this is. I do not recollect any thing like it in his book of inſtitutes. And moſt certainly, the doctrine of *irreſiſtible grace* is no part of Mrs. More's public creed; I mean, it is not aſſerted in her Statement of the Doctrines of Chriſtianity. Recollect her words, "Grace muſt be *uſed*, or it will be withdrawn;" *i. e.* it is imparted conditionally, and will be withdrawn, if not uſed: and, there is no medium between *not uſing* the grace of God and *reſiſting* it. She affirms, indeed, that "Chriſtianity is a new principle infuſed into the heart;" and this, you may ſay, looks ſomething like irreſiſtible grace. But this is not the whole of what ſhe affirms: ſhe affirms, that Chriſtianity is a new principle infuſed into the heart *by the word and ſpirit of God*. This addition makes a very material difference, by the *word* and *ſpirit* of God; by the word *received*, by the word *believed*, by the ſpirit *yielded unto*, and both *obeyed*. Not by the one without the other: for, if by the word without the ſpirit, her doctrine would be Pelagianiſm; and if by the ſpirit without the word, it might be *irreſiſtible grace*, or myſtic enthuſiaſm. But, if infuſed into the heart by means of the word, as well as by the influence of the divine ſpirit, it is grace propoſed and offered to us: it is grace which *may* be reſiſted, and the infuſion of it as a habit effectually prevented. And, if grace cannot be reſiſted, effectually and finally, even that *grace of God which bringeth ſalvation*; or, if the ſpirit of God cannot be reſiſted in his operations; then, there can be no ſuch ſin as the ſin of unbelief, and no ſuch thing

thing as ſinning againſt the diſpenſation of the ſpirit; and, I think I may add, there can be no ſuch thing as eternal damnation. I write this with reverence, and with ſubmiſſion to the dictates of revelation.

But, the ſecularity and profaneneſs of profeſſing Chriſtians, much more than the perverſion and abuſe of the doctrine of grace to the purpoſes of enthuſiaſm, has rendered the doctrine of the grace of God extremely unpopular in our day. They who are any thing more than Pelagians, or who inſiſt that the grace of God is neceſſary to produce repentance, faith, and ſanctification, or, in Mrs. More's words, to *infuſe a new principle into the heart*, and who urge a conduct ſuitable to this doctrine, are generally reproached under the denomination of *Calviniſts*. And, ſo ſtrong and extenſive is this prejudice, I have known ſome good people, who have fancied themſelves to be Calviniſts, and who would call themſelves *moderate* Calviniſts; but who, in reality, were no more Calviniſts than I am. Yet, though I am not a Calviniſt, I revere the name and memory of the great Reformer, whom Biſhop *Jewel*, the brighteſt ornament and glory of the Engliſh church, called that Godly Learned Father John Calvin; and of whom *judicious Hooker* ſaid, "I think him incomparably the wiſeſt man that ever the French church did enjoy ſince the hour that it enjoyed him:" and he added this teſtimony concerning him, "Though thouſands were debtors to him for divine knowledge, yet he was debtor to none, but only to God, the author of that moſt bleſſed book "THE BOOK OF LIFE." And truly, I think, it ſhould not be lamented, as our misfortune or diſgrace, that ſome pious clergymen, and lay-members of the eſtabliſhed church, follow Calvin's method of interpreting the ſacred Scriptures: but, we ought to be aſhamed of it, as a ſymptom of receding to the extreme point directly oppoſite to Calviniſm, (and all oppoſite extremes are equally removed from truth and wiſdom) that the venerable name of *Calvin* is become a bear's ſkin, in which pious miniſters of this church are expoſed to contempt, to be reviled and perſecuted.

The tranſlator of *Moſheim*, thinks "the cautions, annexed to the 17th article of the church of England, intimate that *Calviniſm* was that which this article was meant to eſtabliſh." Mr. *Daubeny*, and many others, thinks theſe cautions prove the contrary. Biſhop *Burnet* thought "the cautions added to this article intimate, that St. Auſtin's doctrine was deſigned to be ſettled by it." *Sub judice lis eſt*; and, while it is ſo, *i. e.* until the church of England formally renounce the Calviniſtic interpretation of this article in the houſes of convocation and of parliament, it will be very uncandid and unjuſt to reproach any clergymen, or laymen, for interpreting this article calviniſtically. And ſurely, it would be fair and equitable, if we indulge the prejudices of thoſe who lean towards Calviniſm, when we ourſelves incline, or connive at thoſe who incline, towards Pelagianiſm; againſt which the Church of England, in her articles, has expreſsly decided.

Calvin

Calvin adopted the ſentiments of St. Auguſtine, on the ſubject of predeſtination: but, *St. Auguſtine's* doctrine does not comprehend the tenets of *Calvin*. Calviniſts, therefore, ſubſcribe to this article, as expreſſing their own opinions, which it certainly does to a certain degree; and, it is a natural, and very pardonable, prejudice in them, to ſuppoſe that it *implies* the reſt. There is an example of this in the hiſtory of the reign of *Elizabeth*. The moſt learned and pious men, at that time, were preferred to the higheſt offices in the church; and moſt of them were either *doctrinal* Calviniſts, or what we ſhould now call *moderate* Calviniſts, but, in truth, the followers of St. *Auguſtine*. The authors of the *Admonition* were rigid Calviniſts, in doctrine and diſcipline. In the *Admonition*, they expoſed and exaggerated every inconvenience and blemiſh they could eſpy in the eſtabliſhed church, and imputed a thouſand imaginary faults to her. And, if they had thought the doctrine of the church, on the moſt important articles of religion, and eſpecially on the ſubjects of grace and predeſtination, had been erroneous, it would have excited the greateſt outcry. But, upon theſe ſubjects, they were quite ſilent. "Hitherto," ſaid Whitgift, in his Anſwer to the Admonition, "(thanks be unto God) in all this diſcourſe, there is not one piece of falſe doctrine of any ſubſtance aſcribed to this church of England by theſe libellers; and therefore, it hath (as God will) the firſt note of the true church of Chriſt, i. e. *purity of doctrine.*"

They, who are Calviniſts in doctrine and diſcipline, may be no friends to our conſtitution: their principles incline them to be enemies: and generally, I believe, they are avowed enemies; or only want a fit opportunity for declaring themſelves. But, to ſay this of *doctrinal* Calviniſts, is little leſs than ſaying *Whitgift* and *Hooker*, and the majority of the Engliſh Biſhops and clergy, in the reign of *Elizabeth*, and of *James* I. were no friends of the eſtabliſhed church; for, either they were Calviniſts, or held that doctrine of grace and predeſtination, which, in our day, would be ſufficient to give any one that denomination. But, it is not wiſe, to reproach thoſe as enemies, who are diſpoſed to be conſcientious and orderly conformiſts, leſt we make them ſuch. Prudence dictates, in the preſent day eſpecially, that we comprehend all we can within the muſter-roll of our friends. Mr. *Daubeny* confeſſes, "that the Calviniſtic notion may conſiſt with the moſt pure and ſpiritual Chriſtianity." If ſo; the intereſts of Chriſtianity are not involved in the diſpute; and pious Calviniſtic clergymen ought to be treated with reſpect and brotherly kindneſs. There are ſome of this claſs, I believe, in every dioceſe. Their Dioceſans treat them with the liberality which has long diſtinguiſhed the Biſhops of the Engliſh church: and, Sir, it can never be decent, in perſons of inferior rank, to cenſure thoſe whoſe pious and orderly conduct the Biſhops approve.

I have no objection to any proper correction of errors in doctrine and irregularities in practice. But I do object, and proteſt againſt the cruelty of dreſſing innocent and worthy characters in bears' ſkins, to be worried by dogs. There muſt be ſome ſhades of difference in our conceptions and expreſſions of every truth. This fault, if it be

one, cannot be avoided. Every attempt to correct it will be in vain. Let blameable, that is, avoidable errors and irregularities be corrected; and let it be done *with meekneſs of wiſdom*. Admoniſh your erring brethren; but remember, they are *your brethren:* for, while they hold the foundation, though they build upon it with no better materials than wood, and ſtraw, and ſtubble, and diſſent from you in many ſubordinate points of doctrine and practice, they are your brethren ſtill. Convince them of *your* charity, though you ſhould fail to convince them of *their* faults. The violence of argument and the injury of abuſe are utterly inconſiſtent with the genius of Chriſtianity. They are in themſelves very great faults, and very unfit inſtruments to correct faults in other people. I would rather err with pious, though miſguided, *brethren*, than unite with *wiſe* bigots in pelting them with ſtones and dirt for their faults. I can hope our great maſter will pardon theſe, and approve their ſincere piety: but, he will never fail to puniſh the outrages of perſecutors.

I conclude with the words of the writer, upon whoſe criticiſm I have preſumed to animadvert; adapting them to my preſent purpoſe. "I ſhall loſe no ſlight portion of that ſincere reſpect which I have felt for the managers of the Anti-Jacobin Review, if they do not receive this friendly admonition with unfeigned gratitude; and if the future numbers of this uſeful work do not derive material improvement from this ſeaſonable and benevolent remonſtrance."

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

I. S.

P.S. I wiſh it to be underſtood, that my argument does not extend to the juſtification of any one, who will not ſubmit to the order and diſcipline of the Church of England. I know not any argument, that will juſtify any one in practices inconſiſtent with the rules of the ſociety of which he is a member. At this time, eſpecially, every ſtep inconſiſtent with the order and diſcipline of the church, and which gives encouragement to ſectaries, ought to be avoided with anxious ſcrupuloſity. Whoever encourages ſchiſm in the church is, in fact, undermining the State. I believe there are very few of the clergy, who lean towards Calviniſm, that can be juſtly accuſed of irregularities; and, they, who are not guilty, will not be offended by this admonition.

Upon the LEVELLING SOCIETY, ENGLISH ASSASSINS, *&c.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ENCOURAGED by the impartial manner in which you have ſpoken of the Riſe and Diſſolution of the Infidel Societies, I have the pleaſure to inform you that I have alſo been honoured with a letter from his Lordſhip the Biſhop of Durham, containing a poſitive opinion as to the originality and good tendency of the ſame work. Another eminent dignitary, and other of the nobility and clergy, have alſo expreſſed their opinion of the importance of its information to the upper ranks of ſociety. But, though I have received *actual aſſiſtance* from

from ſome *private characters*, ſtill as there are cogent reaſons for not deferring ſome intelligence of greater weight than the former for another edition of my work, I ſhall, *for the preſent*, wave the conſideration of the dangerous conſequences of reſponſibility; and, after anticipating the objection, why theſe diſcoveries were not made ſooner, proceed with my preſent object.

Firſt, the obſtacles to diſcoveries, where large bodies of people are concerned, generally ariſe from *miſtruſt* and *fear*. The former is always natural; but the latter may take its dimenſions from doubts, *too often well founded*; not whether the parties entertaining theſe doubts will be rewarded, but whether even their perſons may meet with *timely protection*; a conſideration naturally enhanced by a ſenſe of the imminent danger always apprehended from being expoſed to deſperate characters.

That theſe apprehenſions are not ideal, nor ſtarted to ſerve any private, or party purpoſe, muſt evidently appear to the prejudiced, the *ſupine*, and *ſecure* of all deſcriptions in Church and State, when it is proved, that, in addition to the enormities indicated in "*The Riſe and Diſſolution of the Infidel Societies*," a SYSTEM of RAPINE and MURDER has been organized, and acted upon, by a body of men once 140 in number; not unaptly terming themſelves

THE LEVELLING SOCIETY.

According to the account I have received from a perſon, once in the executive committee of the London Correſponding Society, the aſſociation I am now ſpeaking of was projected and organized by one of the perſons indicted with Thomas Hardy in 1794. Their firſt place of meeting was at the ſign of the Blue Poſts near Dean-ſtreet, Soho. The leading men had belonged to the Correſponding Society, and one of them was alſo a member of the Friends of Morality, meeting at the Temple of Reaſon, deſcribed in the third chapter of my pamphlet. The avowed object of the Levelling Society, ſpecified in their articles, was to obtain an equal diviſion of land and all other property, and to extirpate all diſtinction in ſociety either by force or fraud, or by both if neceſſary. Secreſy was alſo enjoined by oath, and the failure thereof to be puniſhed with death by the reſt of the members.

In purſuance of this plan, ſeveral of theſe perſons appear to have armed themſelves with piſtols, &c. and to have ſubſiſted upon their depredations, principally committed upon the Weſtern Road about Uxbridge and Windſor. And as all kinds of property were free to be taken from the rich, eſpecially the *clergy*, the nobility, the contractors, &c. a committee was charged with a portion of the ſame, to pay for printing, for pikes, and other arms, to be in readineſs againſt the time when open force might be uſed againſt the Government: in the mean while, the members were to harraſs the rich by deſtroying horſes, ſheep or game. Several inſtances of cruelty to horſes may poſſibly be traced to this ſource. To prevent being ſuſpected, as common thieves, it ſeems it was the practice of theſe marauders never to take any high road, but thoſe the moſt unfrequented. Inſtead of ſkinning the ſheep in the uſual manner, it appears they uſed to deprive them of their wool by ſcalding, knowing

the ſkins frequently lead to detection. That theſe particulars may not be doubted, and that the manner in which they tranſpired may be accounted for, it may be recollected, at a certain office, that about the latter end of the Summer in 1798, two men were committed for three months impriſonment to the New Houſe of Correction in Cold-Bath-Fields, for being found by the patroles in a field near Kenſington, armed with piſtols and cutlaſſes, about one o'clock in the morning. In this priſon, having an opportunity of converſing with two perſons confined for ſeditious practices, and whom they had known in diviſion the ſecond, of the London Correſponding Society, they immediately let them into the ſecret of their order, aſſuring them they were by no means profeſſional thieves; but being unknown to the Police Officers, and bringing perſons to appear for them who had known them when they lived in ſome degree of credit, their firſt ſentence was mitigated from ſix to three months impriſonment, as before indicated. And what may make this diſcovery of the greateſt importance to ſociety, is the well-known fact that the murder of Mr. Melliſh, who was ſhot in the country moſt frequented by theſe deſperadoes, has not yet been accounted for!

From the inveterate enmity expreſſed by theſe men againſt all contractors, it has been ſuggeſted that the late threatening letters, burning of barns, &c. may alſo have ariſen from an aſſociation ſtill in exiſtence. But a further developement of theſe cauſes and effects may depend upon the zeal and patriotiſm of thoſe who have the welfare of the State and that of its benefactors ſincerely at heart.

The ſurprize expreſſed by all who read the Riſe and Diſſolution of the Infidel Societies is certainly flattering; and it may, probably, increaſe when circumſtances admit of the adoption of your advice relative to a cheaper and more compreſſed edition, for the accommodation of the lower orders of ſociety.

I am, Sir, with much reſpect, yours, &c.

HAMILTON REID.

P. S. In your laſt Review, the Infidel Meetings are ſtiled "Schools of Aſſaſſination." In fact, ſo frequent and ſo vague were the propoſals in the clubs for aſſaſſinating ſome eminent character or characters, that, like eruptions naturally proceeding from ſuch volcanos, they, at length, became matters of indifference and created little or no notice! Did room permit, ſome very curious traits might be given upon this extraordinary ſubject. I ſhall only add, that juſt before the apprehenſion of a number of the United Engliſhmen, *a Committee of Aſſaſſinators* was ſpoken of, as a part of their conſtitution.

POETRY.

Verſes to the Memory of COUNT SUWOROW.

FOE to religion's foe; of Ruſſia's throne
The prop, th' avenger, and the pride in one;
Whoſe conqu'ring arms, in bold defiance hurl'd,
Cruſh'd the rude monſter of the weſtern world;

'Tho'

Tho' wrapt in gladneſs now thy wars ſhall ceaſe,
'Mid the pure regions of eternal peace;
Accept the praiſe thy genuine works demand,
Nor ſpurn the labours of a Britiſh hand,
Whoſe patriot breaſt, tho' proudly prompt to ſmile
On the rich glories of his native iſle,
Unenvying ſtill can own each virtuous ſoul,
From the parch'd Indies to the Northern Pole.
Oh, did that arm ſtill lead thy vet'ran band,
Enured to conquer at their chief's command?
Ne'er would the foe have met the awful ſhock,
Or the proud conſul paſs'd the fated rock.
Soon had thy ſword aveng'd an injur'd God,
And Atheiſts trembled as the giant trod:
What tho' each fool, in proud opinion great,
Would blaſt that worth he dares not imitate;
Tho' thine like Alfred's name be doom'd to ſtand,
In the rude annals of a barb'rous land;
Yet ſhall not Europe, to thy deeds unjuſt,
Permit the chief to moulder with his duſt;
Long as the Alps high-towring riſe in ſnow,
While rolls the Trebbia, and while ſwells the Po;
Thoſe rocks, that torrent, ſhall thy praiſe rebound,
And earth aſſenting ratify the ſound,
While glory ſtamps it on the liſts of fame,
And next her Pitt's inſcribes Suworow's name;
Pitt, whoſe high worth applauding worlds advance,
The pride of Britain, and the ſcourge of France.

W————s.

HISTORY.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

IT has too often been our lot to depict the ſituation of Europe in moſt gloomy colours, and to give vent to thoſe feelings which muſt unavoidably reſult from ſuch a ſtate of things in every mind that is true to its King, its country, and its God. Once more this painful duty recurs, and, at a period, when it was leaſt to be expected. Whoever attentively conſidered the comparative reſources of the Belligerent Powers at the opening of the preſent campaign, and will now obſerve their reſpective ſituations, muſt find ample ground for aſtoniſhment and abundant cauſe for lamentation. The man who can caſt his eye over the map of Europe and ſeriouſly contemplate that portion of it which is now in poſſeſſion of the French, without the moſt lively apprehenſions for the fate of civil ſociety, muſt either have a mind incapable of reflection, a heart devoid of feeling, or elſe ſome ſecret ſource of conſolation unknown to us. At any former period of our hiſtory, had France impelled by the dictates of ambition, urged by the deſire of aggrandizement, or ſtimulated by a thirſt for conqueſt, ſought to eſtabliſh her ſway over all the neighbouring States,

and

and to ſtretch her authority over a line of coaſt extending from the German ocean to the Adriatic, not only thoſe characters who guided the councils and directed the force of Britain, but *every* Member of her Parliament, the whole population of her empire, would have reſiſted, with adequate energy, the daring attempts of her enemies, and have determined, with one voice, never to give up a conteſt in which the power of France was ſtaked againſt the ſafety of England. We are warranted to draw this concluſion from the recorded ſentiments and the uniform conduct of all our beſt and wiſeſt Stateſmen of paſt times, who well knew how to appreciate the danger reſulting to their country from the ambitious ſpirit of her principal rival and enemy. What then ſhould be the general feeling, what the univerſal voice, of Britons, when they ſee ſuch an extention of territory, ſuch an augmentation of power, acquired by a ſtate ſo conſtituted as the French Republic is, founded on ſuch principles, profeſſing ſuch views, and executing ſuch projects? Unleſs every trait which ſo nobly characterized their fathers be obliterated, unleſs all ſenſe of patriotiſm be ſunk in a degrading ſpirit of ſelfiſhneſs, unleſs their minds are ſo debaſed as to riſk the ſpeedy deſtruction of their country, her religion, her morals, and her laws, rather than ſubmit to thoſe burthens, and unite in thoſe exertions, by which alone it can be averted; the general feeling muſt be that of indignation at the monſtrous pretenſions of ſuch a State, and the univerſal voice be expreſſive of a determination either to curb a power employed to effect our ruin, or to periſh in the attempt. It remains to be ſeen what will be the deciſion of Britain in the preſent alarming criſis.

In our laſt we expreſſed our opinion that the victory of Morengo, if truly ſtated by the French, would decide the fate of Italy. It certainly was not truly ſtated by them; and the loſs ſuſtained in it by our Allies might have been eaſily repaired, but for the moſt extraordinary conduct of General Melas, *ſubſequent* to the battle. The battle itſelf was obſtinately conteſted on both ſides; the French had an acknowledged ſuperiority of force, notwithſtanding which, for nine hours, the Auſtrians were victorious; and the tide of victory was turned, not, as has falſely been aſſerted, either by the ability or the exertions of Bonaparte, but partly by the provident conduct of General Deſſaix, (who, with the aid of freſh troops, erected a new battery at a critical point, and at a critical period); and, ſtill more by the ſituation of General Melas, whoſe faculties, though frequently ſupported by wine and ſpirits, appear wholly to have forſaken him in the latter part of the day. When he was in this ſtate, one falſe movement which weakened his centre afforded an opportunity to Deſſaix to make a vigorous and ſucceſsful charge with a body of cavalry that had not yet been engaged. The diſorder occaſioned by ſuch charge would, however, have been ſpeedily remedied by the Auſtrian General Zach, if he had not, moſt unfortunately, fallen into the hands of the enemy, at the very moment when he was about to take upon him the command. But even after this defeat, what was the ſtate of the two armies? The Auſtrians had loſt 9,000 men, and the French from 12 to 14,000; the former, enraged at having had the victory ſo wreſted out of their hands, were eager to renew the

conteſt

conteſt on the following day; and the latter had obtained only the barren advantage of keeping poſſeſſion of the field of battle. When matters were thus ſituated, the Auſtrian Commander, inſtead of ſeconding the ardour of his men, concluded a capitulation, unparalleled, we will venture to affirm, in the annals of war; a capitulation by which he voluntarily ſurrendered into the hands of the enemy, nearly all the fruits of one of the moſt glorious and ſucceſsful campaigns recorded in hiſtory. Any attempt to aſſign the cauſe of ſuch conduct would be alike fruitleſs and abſurd; its conſequences, unhappily, are more obvious and explicable.

In poſſeſſion of Mantua and the ſtrong lines of the Mincio, the Auſtrians, no doubt, might ſtill defend the ſouth of Italy from the incurſions of the French; but what reliance, what confidence can be placed in their efforts, after this dreadful Convention? We can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves that General Melas would dare to ſign ſuch a Convention, without ſome general inſtructions previouſly given by the Aulic Council; and if the Aulic Council had the power and the will to give inſtructions that could ſanction ſuch a Convention, they muſt be traitors to their country, and decided enemies to the cauſe in which the allies are embarked. We do not like to hazard conjectures on ſuch a ſubject; but, we confeſs, that, in the preſent ſtate of Europe, our fears, for its ſalvation, are ſtrong, and our hopes weak.

In Germany the French continue to advance, though ſlowly, and all the movements of General Kray indicate the expectation of reinforcements, and a reſolution to wait their arrival, before he riſks a deciſive action.

Let thoſe who feel diſpoſed to give credit to Bonaparte for his pacific intentions, and for the ſincerity of his declarations, as to his reſpect for the independence of foreign ſtates, examine his recent conduct with regard to Genoa, Piedmont, and the Milaneſe. Every one knows that the King of Sardinia was dethroned without the ſmalleſt provocation, and in direct violation of ſolemn treaties, by the very men, whoſe proceedings Bonaparte has affected to reprobate. Yet no ſooner has this deteſtable hypocrite acquired the means of repairing the injuſtice of his predeceſſors, than he imitates their conduct, and again depoſes the monarch whom they had deprived of his crown. In the Ligurian and Ciſalpine Republics, too, the baſe uſurper, who inſolently boaſts of having reſtored the rights and liberties of the people, has ſubjected them to the immediate and abſolute controul of a *French* General!!! A *foreign* uſurper himſelf, over the people of France, he has, conſiſtently enough, determined, that every people who ſhall be ſubjugated by French arms, ſhall have a *foreign* uſurper alſo!

We have not room to make any obſervations on the internal ſituation of France, where the ſame hypocriſy, on the part of her firſt Conſul, is viſible. Anxious to conciliate all parties, profeſſedly from regard to public juſtice, but really, from motives of private intereſt, he has favoured the return of the emigrants, and now experiences the difficulty of reconciling juſtice to them, with ſatisfaction to the Jacobins. Hence ariſes a perplexity which, at any other time, and on any other occaſion, would be truly laughable.

At

At home, we have only to notice an attempt, in the Houſe of Commons, to inſtitute an enquiry into the management of the Houſe of Correction in Cold Bath Fields. We are very far from thinking that no juſt cauſe of complaint ſubſiſted againſt the Governor of that priſon; on the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion that ſufficient miſconduct has been proved againſt him to call for his diſmiſſion; but, at the ſame time, we cannot give credit to the movers of ſuch enquiry for the purity of their intentions, for we are fully convinced, that had men, confined for ſeditious or treaſonable practices, experienced the ſame *indulgent* treatment in that priſon, which they have invariably experienced in Newgate, *they* would have been ſilent. We are happy, however, to ſee that the inquiry is now put into its proper channel, and that the Houſe of Commons is not to encroach upon the rights of the Crown.

Another attempt has been made, in the Houſe of Commons, in the courſe of this month, which calls for ſome animadverſion. It has been contended that the Houſe has a right to diſqualify any member from voting on a queſtion, in the deciſion of which he has a *pecuniary* intereſt. On the contrary, we maintain that the aſſertion of ſuch a right is utterly incompatible with the conſtitution of the Houſe of Commons, and with its conſtant practice *. The members are not, upon any occaſion, to be conſidered in any other light, than as the repreſentatives of the people of England, whoſe intereſt, and not their own, they are bound to conſult; it is not, therefore, *conſtitutionally* ſpeaking, in the power of the Houſe, to diſqualify a member from voting on any particular queſtion.

* For a more ample diſcuſſion of this queſtion, we refer our readers to Mr. Gifford's Second Letter to Mr. Erſkine, which Mr. Tierney had evidently conſulted, though he choſe to conſider, as *exceptions* to, thoſe inſtances which Mr. G. had adduced as *proofs* of, the rule.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "new and improved plan of Freedom for *Libertinarians*" is received.

Profeſſor Boëttiger's Reply to Mr. Walker with Mr. W's. rejoinder and his third Letter to the Profeſſor, meant for inſertion in *Wieland's* New German Mercury, ſhall appear very ſoon.

TO OUR READERS.

At the concluſion of our Review of *Mr. W. Gifford's* Epiſtle to Peter Pindar, we have noticed a ſuppoſed miſtake of the author in quoting *Boileau* inſtead of *Corneille*. But we have ſince referred to *Boileau*, and find that he has taken the paſſage from *Corneille*, in a parody of ſome ſcenes in the *Cid*.

ERRATA.

Page 176, l. 9, for αγωνι ξομενοι, read αγωνιζομενοι.
. . . 219, l. laſt, for *accauſtics*, read *acouſtics*.
. . . 221, l. 14, from the bottom, for *moneds*, read *monads*.
. . . 223, l. 25, and l. 17 from the bottom, for *men* read *man*.
. . . 224, l. 18, from the bottom, for *Atheiſts*, read *Theiſts*.
. . . 225, l. 2, from the bottom, for *required*, read *acquired*.